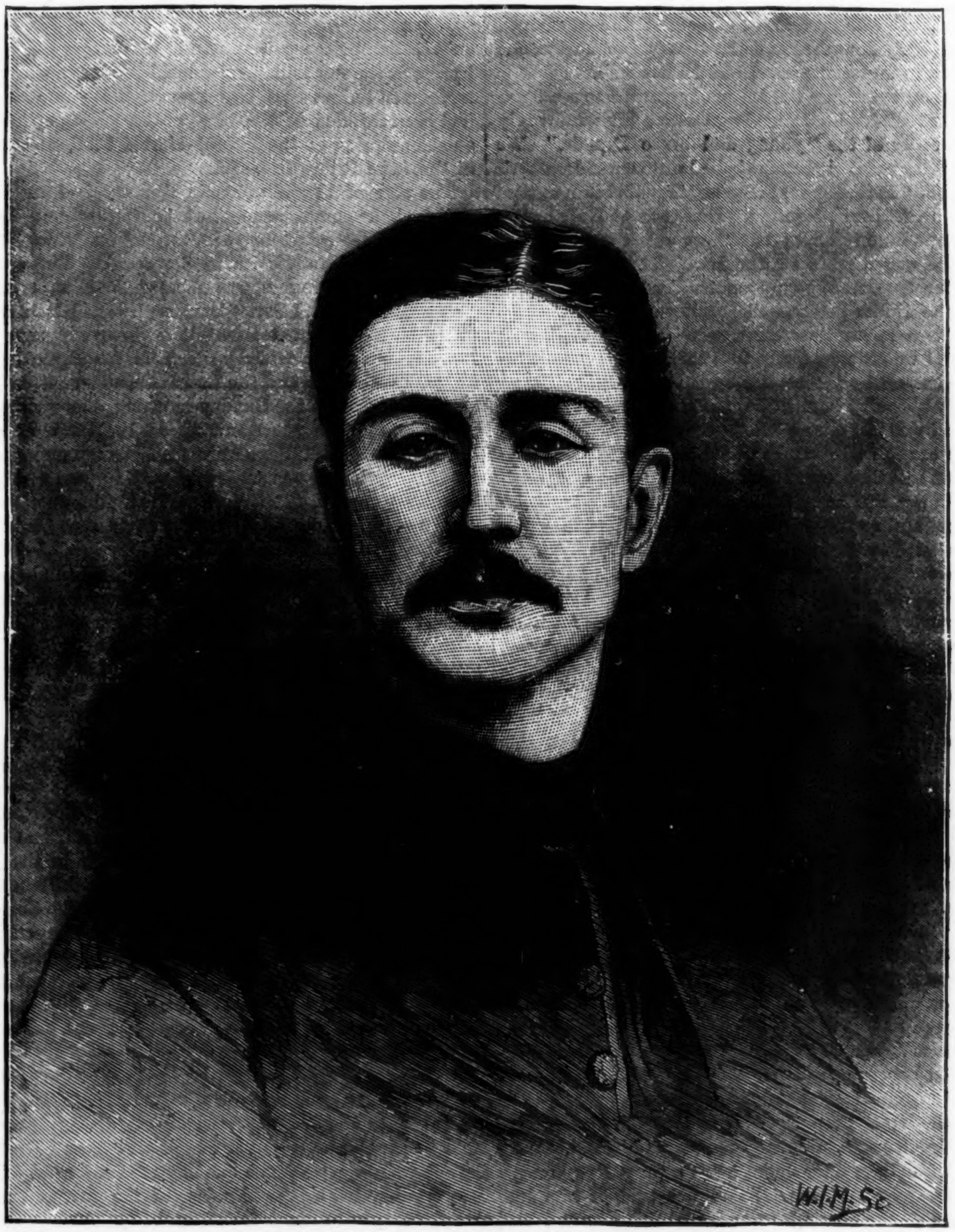
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.—No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1879. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

NAPOLEON IV.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE WOOLWICH CADET'S UNIFORM.

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NAPOLEON IV.

THE irony of Fate is a cant phrase, yet it never was more cruelly illustrated than in the news which flashed so recently upon the world, announcing the death of the Prince Imperial, and not by such a soldier's death as even princes might be proud to die, but by the assegai of a nameless savage in a paltry ambuscade, of which, in the recklessness of youthful daring, he had seemingly had no suspicion. Nothing called him to the accursed war at the Cape but the beacon-light which has spurred so many men on to wrestle with destiny, the will-o'-the-wisp of martial honor and the martial instincts of his family.

It was open to him to lead the life of the *jeunesse dorée* of the age, to be the favored guest at receptions, to be honored in great houses, to receive as the son of Napoleon III. the grateful recognition of a people whom his father had befriended. But he preferred the dangers and excitement of what he truly described as a war between barbarism and civilization, to inglorious ease; and he has died.

The end came because the lad really wanted to see fighting, and he took his life in his hand with a high and ready courage worthy of the "young and brave Dunois." We may take it for granted that the ballad of his grandmother's composition, "Partant pour la Syrie," impelled him to start on his South African adventure. There was no Holy Sepulchre to wrest from infidels; but there was a war of civilization to be waged against barbarians. The reliquary and piece of the true cross found on his dead body, and left there by the Zulus because they believe that the luck of "charms" goes with the wearer, were in the true Dunois feeling, and we are now aware that there was also an invocation addressed by the soldier born in the Tuileries and educated at Woolwich, that he "might prove the bravest knight, and wed the fairest fair."

Nobody can tell whether he would have made a general; but, at least he had the qualities of a soldier—bravery, coolness in danger, self-forgetfulness. Still his death will be the most painful reminiscence of this painful war, in which glory is so hard to win, and which, when it is won, will be of so little worth. Better that his first baptism of fire had also been his last. He would at least have been defending his own country against invaders; he would have fallen at the head of troops to whose allegiance he had something like a natural right. What England has given him now is only an inglorious death in an unjust quarrel. That her own children should die so, is matter of infinite regret, but it is a harder fate still for the son of the exile and the stranger.

It is not yet fourteen years ago, and Sadowa had not yet been fought nor Venetia given back to Italy, and a word from one taciturn, drooping-lidded man at the Tuileries would have had power still to arrest for another cycle the ascendency of Prussia and the fulfillment of Italian unity, when the young Prince—a boy of ten—made his first entry into public life as nominal President of the International Commission for the great Exhibition of the ensuing year. But two years later we remember him at Châlons, a sous-lieutenant on a little horse, riding down the ranks of the *Grande Armée* and distributing good-service rewards to veterans from Algeria and Mexico. Another three, and he is at Camden House, a pale, grave exile, working stoutly at his books for Woolwich "to be made a man."

Amidst the whirl of personages and circumstances, his inner history was little noted by the curious world. "A charming child, but rather delicate"; "a promising young man, decidedly clever," was all that was said of him by the multitude, in his boyish splendor at Biarritz and St. Cloud, in the sterner training of his adolescence, in the purposeful retirement of his opening manhood. But, however tortuous the paths of dynastic ambition, or however self-deceiving the not unnatural wish to benefit one's country and one's family may have proved to others of his House, no censure can fall on him. Bred in the glittering luxury of the Second Empire, there must have been sterling metal in the lad to bear the storms of adversity as he did, so that they only purified and hardened him; preparing himself the while for the high destinies of which he could not possibly help dreaming, by self-reliant labor, patient courage, and spirited resolves to prove himself, at the first chance, an *enfant de France*, whether his natal land acknowledged him or no, in fields of battle which, for peril and hope for honor, might reasonably compare with any campaign against Algerine, Arab or Kabyle; and if the evil destiny of his race overtook him on the very threshold of his task, it has been better, surely, to die even so, than, like the First Napoleon's only son, of sickness in an Austrian prison-palace. And, in the view of his premature fate, the few and slender incidents of his life acquire an interest quite as great as though the proudest dreams had been fulfilled of the most enthusiastic partisan, who, on the morning of the 16th of March, 1856, welcomed the birth of the Prince Imperial.

The star of the Napoleonic dynasty had reached the zenith at the commencement of the Springtide of 1856, the first of the ten gorgeous years throughout which the Tuileries appeared to dictate to the world. The accouchement of the Empress was most painful and difficult. Baron Dubois and Dr. Corvisart attended her. The pains of labor lasted twenty-two hours, during which immense crowds remained wedged in the Place de Carousel, and the Senate and the Lower Chamber sat *en permanence*. At 3.15 on the Sunday morning, the boom of one hundred and one guns announced the birth of a male child. The glad tidings were immediately announced to the Emperor, who was anxiously waiting in an adjoining apartment, by M. Abbatucci. What illuminations, and what intense, universal joy! The Pope sent his benediction during the course of the day. Messages of congratulation came pouring in from crowned heads and the notables of the earth; and when De Morny endeavored to announce in formal terms the glad tidings to the Chamber of Deputies, he was interrupted by cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and was forced to descend from the tribune, after having simply pronounced these words: "Gentlemen, I see you share the joy of all France."

The Emperor made Baron Dubois Commander of the Legion of Honor, gave 100,000 francs to charitable institutions, 10,000 francs to the Dramatic Authors' Society Relief Fund, the same sum to the Relief Fund of the Society of Men of Letters, the same sum to the Relief Fund of the Society of Dramatic Artists, the same sum to the Relief Fund of Musicians, of Sculptors, Painters and Etchers, and lastly, the same sum to the Relief Fund of the Society of Inventors. His Majesty, moreover, on this joyous occasion, granted pardon to 800 convicts, and amnestied all the refractory National Guards, 679 soldiers imprisoned, and 50 sailors, who had been condemned for various misdemeanors. All the money so far mentioned came from the private civil list of the Emperor.

Then the Municipality of Paris voted 100,000 francs to pay the debts of the poor mothers who had put their children out to nurse, and 100,000 francs to redeem implements of labor which had been sent to the pawn-offices. Lastly, all the children born on the same day received a *dot*. It was thus, surrounded by the blessings of the poor and needy, that the Hope of France drew breath.

We must refer the reader to the chronicles of the time

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for particulars of the *ondoiement*, or half-baptism; of the presentation of the *bébé* on Tuesday in the Pavilion de Flore, to Senators, Deputies, Municipal Council and representatives of the Army and Navy and the National Guard; of the cradle overshadowed by Napoleon's eagles, the present, after immemorial custom, of the great City of Paris; the baby-linen of spotless white, with here and there a blue rosette, in token that the child was *voué au blanc*—consecrated, *i.e.*, for a certain period, to the Virgin; of the gifts to the household; of the Natal Ode by Théophile Gautier; and of the addresses, in answering which the Emperor so neatly harped upon his young son's claim to be called thenceforth "a child of France." Cardinal Patrizzi was sent by the Pope to Paris, as Legate at the imposing ceremony, which took place at Notre Dame on the 14th of June, and which was one of the most splendid sights Paris ever witnessed. The most touching moment was when the Emperor raised the infant in his arms to present him *urbi et orbi.* This the Empress should have properly done, but she was overcome with emotion, and incapable of exertion. The whole congregation, as His Imperial Majesty raised the baby and hope of France in his arms, forgetting the sanctity of the spot, broke out into an enthusiastic shout of "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!*"

After the baptismal ceremonies, their Imperial Majesties dined at the Hotel de Ville. The *fêtes* and illuminations lasted till the 17th of June, poor and rich joining in the universal joy and gladness.

The City of Paris having voted 600,000 francs for the *layette* of the Imperial infant, the Empress preferred handing over the entire sum to the poor. A subscription was opened to give testimony of gratitude to the Empress for this munificent act, which reached 80,000 francs; and with this sum the august lady founded the Prince Imperial Orphanage, which has done, and is at present doing, such noble work.

The stories of the boy's bringing-up are legion; and amidst all the wanton gayety of the Court, the reckless luxury, the general spoiling, the love of the parents overmastered all, and carefully, though through childish things at first, trained up the boy with steady purpose, albeit theatrically, that he might play well in after years the part alike of the soldier and the Prince. What if, when a little more than nine months old, they dressed him up as a baby grenadier, and inscribed his name in the First Regiment of the Guard; or that, at five years, he gave a supper to a whole troop of children at Biarritz, the Emperor himself mixing the champagne and seltzer-water, under whose influence the young heads grew dizzy as though imbibing *du vin véritable.*

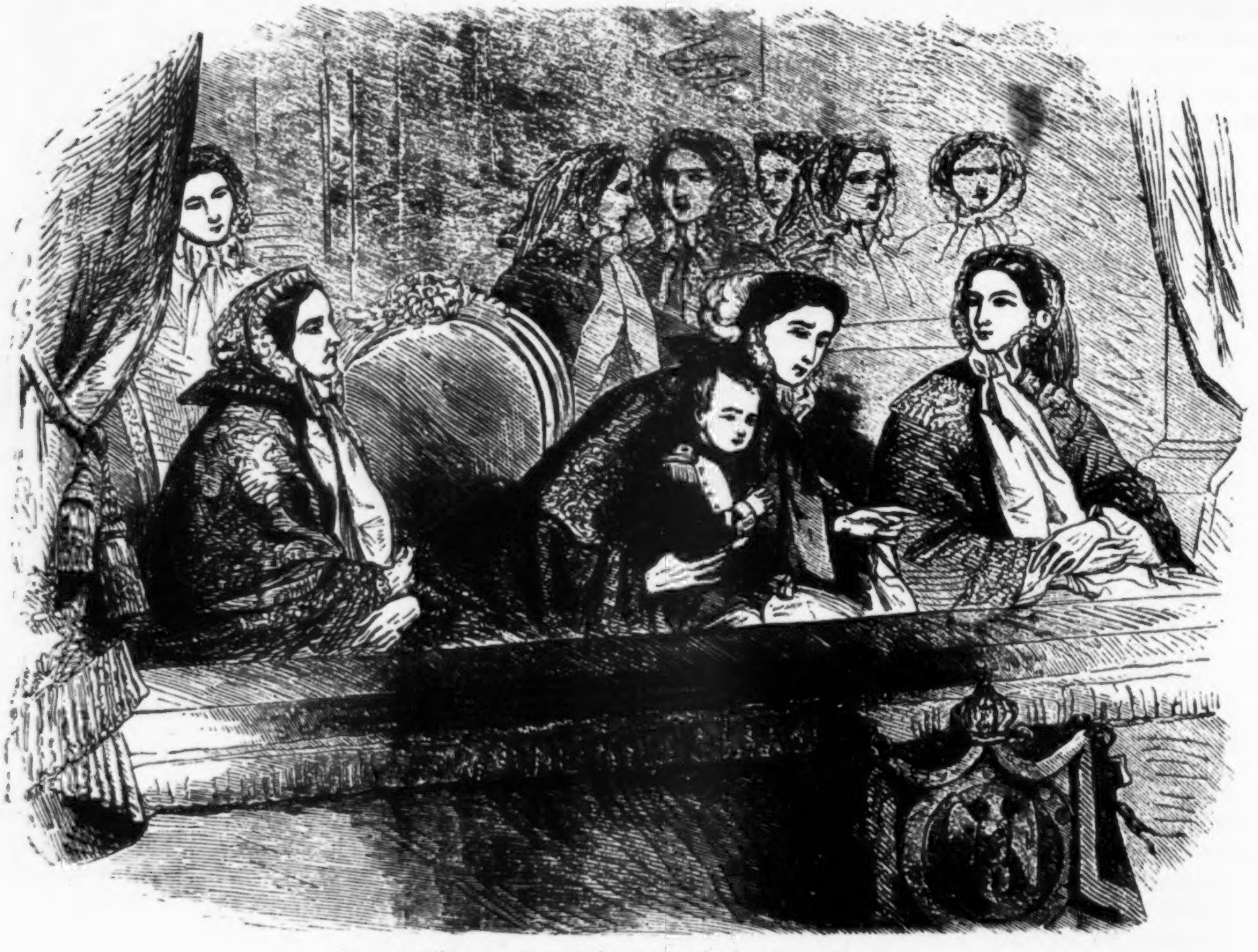
The infancy of "Lou-lou," as he was called, was essentially theatrical. The hundred-and-one cannon which boomed to announce his entrance into the world, where the measure of happiness meted out to each is small, did not, of course, affect him personally. The boy in babyhood was prigged up in a grenadier's uniform; for was not "Mon fils, tête d'armée!" the injunction of the dying Napoleon at St. Helena? When he went out to drive, in his nurse's arms, she was flanked by an admiral's widow, bearing the sonorous title of "Gouvernante des Enfants de la France," and two other ladies of quality sat facing her, with their backs to the horses. A guard rode at the door next to the Imperial child. This equipage was drawn by four blood horses, which did honor to General Fleury's stable-knowledge and M. Ganelle's grooming. They were driven by postilions in green-and-gold liveries. A pair of outriders, splendidly mounted, preceded to clear the road, and enveloping the turnout was a squadron of lancers in showy uniform. *Mouchards* stationed along the avenues through which the Prince rode somewhat rudely pushed back those who ran to stare at the gratis spectacle, and aroused the passions of malice and sharp-toothed envy. In the Bois de Boulogne, when the nurse, a full-breasted Burgundian, descended for a walk, she was more like a captive than anything else. The gouvernante, the two ladies—and, later, Miss Shaw, the English *bonne*, sent over to Paris by Queen Victoria—the guard, and four dismounted soldiers, kept guard upon her. Two lancers were, inside of the alley, sent in to beat the woods. M. Bachon, the equerry, taught "Lou-lou" to sit *Boulon d'or* unaided at three years of age, and to ride quite well when barely five; and, when he found the child was afraid of water, carried him off once into a boat, and bullied and laughed at him till he forgot his fear, and came home believing himself quite a sailor, to the intense amusement of the Empress.

A worthy zouave, who had re-enlisted in order to send the bounty-money home to his aged mother, having contrived to lose 1,500 francs, "Lou-lou" came to his aid with a roll of bank-notes, with one line scrawled in a great, round hand: "From a grenadier to a voltigeur."

The reign of gouvernante and governess continued until the Prince was nine years old, when the ladies were disbanded, to be replaced by a tutor and two aides-de-camps. To the close of the Empire the lancers clattered round the Prince's carriage in his daily airings. His pet tutor was the son of a French Comtois peasant, and a relation of the Grévys. His name was Monnier. He was honest, good, rude, kind, and learned, but too proud of his learning. The method he followed was to attach himself as closely to his pupil as his shadow, and never stir a step without giving him a short improvised lecture on the properties, history, nature, uses, etc., of the objects presenting themselves to his notice. Twice a week Monnier stipulated that he was to spend his evenings with his mother, an illiterate countrywoman with a deep fund of natural good sense and shrewdness. She wore muslin caps and cotton gowns, and talked *patois.* Monnier induced the Emperor to let him take the Prince to breakfast with the *gargottes* of the Faubourgs, frequented by masons and street-sweepers. This was to show him how the work of the world was done, and what wretches had to bear, and bore—without repining.

But for "Lou-lou" the pleasant lessons of Monsieur Monnier in the *rez-de-chaussez* under the Pavilion de l'Horloge; the castles in the sand at Biarritz; the worrying of the stolidly good-humored papa; the desultory studies, often only buckled to at all because young Conneau, the Prince's selected playmate and companion, was getting too far ahead of him, save and except in those lectures of Art which the sculptor Carpeaux contrived to make so attractive—all this was rapidly coming to an end. Severer training was now required for a boy who would soon take a part in public life; and Monnier, having given utterance to some opinions bordering upon the deistical, the Empress at once caused his suspension and dismissal. He was replaced in 1867 by M. Filon, whose work was chiefly to help the pupil to prepare his lessons; the higher instructions being imparted by the professors at the *Lycées.*

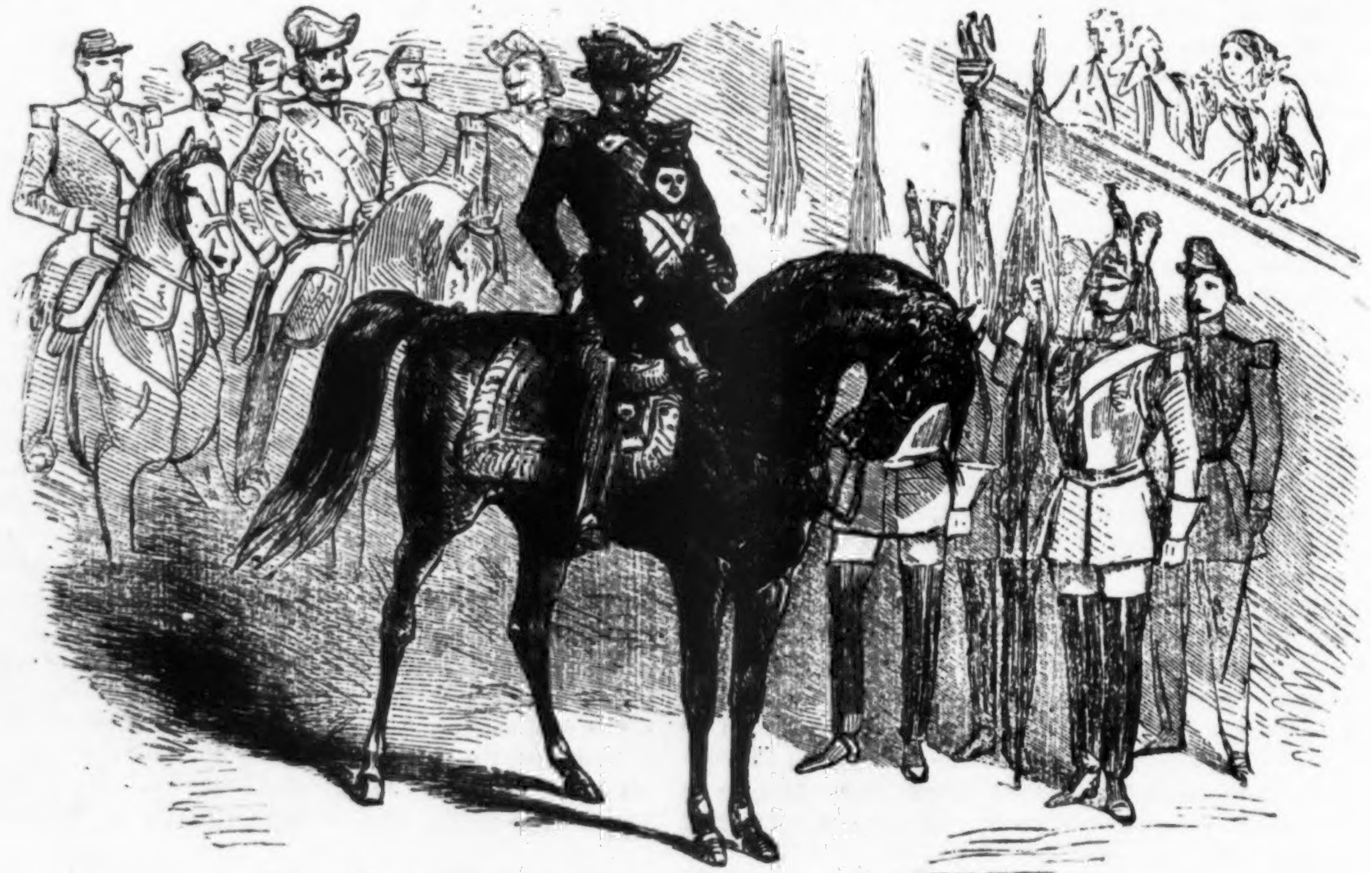
This same year is also remarkable for the fact that the Prince and his Imperial mother had a narrow escape from shipwreck, through the unskillfulness of a pilot, off St. Jean de Luz; and the reception by the Child of France of his first Communion, for which he was specially prepared by the Curé of the Madeleine, the Bishop of Arras celebrating the Mass, and Monsignor Darboy pronouncing the allocution.



"LOU-LOU" IN THE EMPRESS'S ARMS AT THE CIRQUE IMPERIAL.

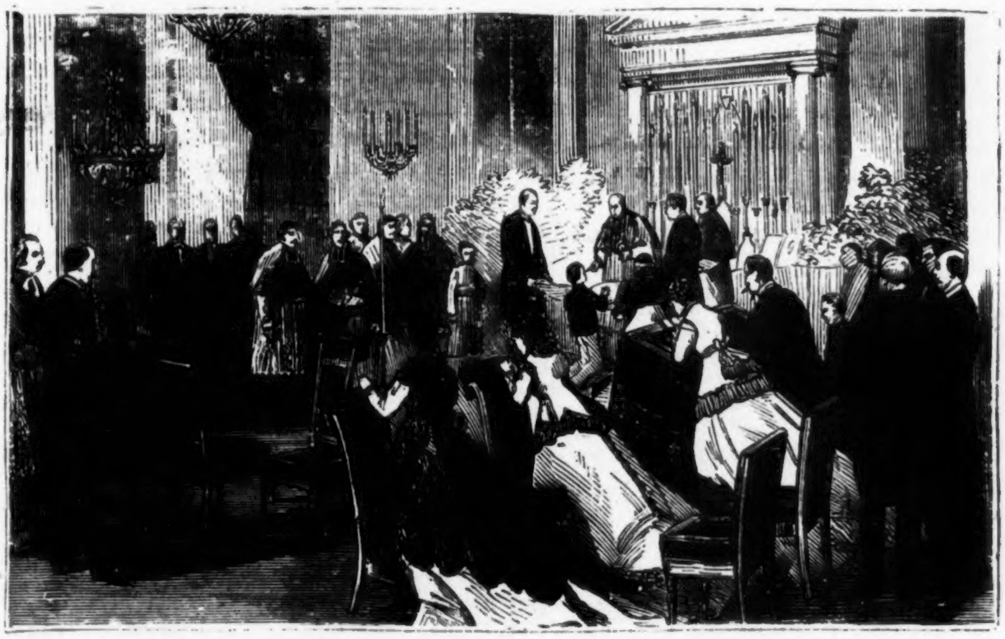
Equally favorable was the impression on the 15th of August, when another pilgrimage was made to Chiselhurst; and the Prince this time made a short set speech—not quite impromptu, but all of his own composing—in which the familiar shibboleths of Imperialism, "national sovereignty," "all for the people and by the people," etc., were very distinctly emphasized.

But the great event of "Lou-lou's" life was the reception

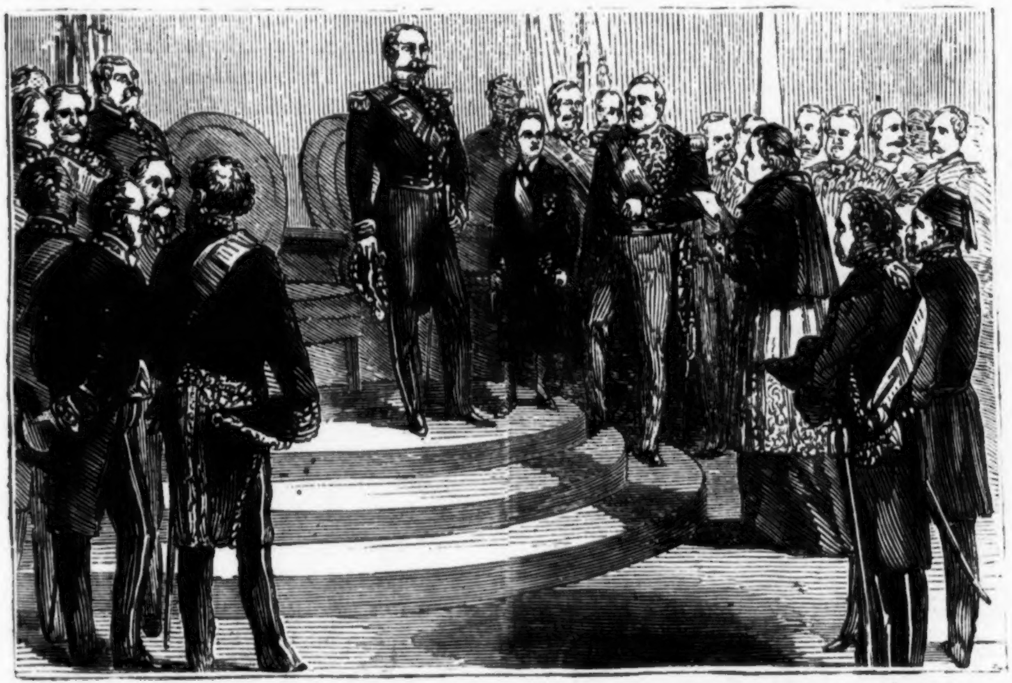


"LOU-LOU" ASTRIDE THE EMPEROR'S HORSE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE TUILERIES.

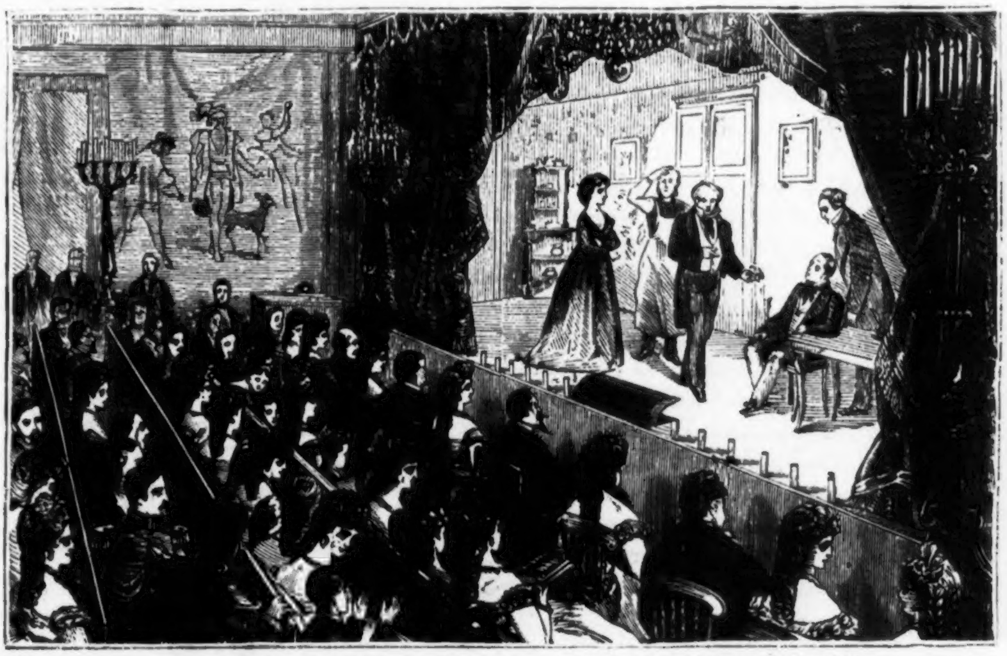
on the 16th of March, 1873, the year of his coming of age, as fixed by the *Senatus Consultum* of July, 1856. For many weeks previously there had been some stir in France—intangible, it is true; but the name of Napoleon impregnated the atmosphere like some subtle odor. M. Rouher struck the keynote in a letter to the *Presse*, in which he declared that he and his friends respected the septennate because "it left the future free." M. Ollivier claimed to deliver at the Academy his over-due oration, as the last-elected Academician, upon Lamartine—an oration in which he praises the late Emperor by name—and when encountered by Guizot with the sarcastic taunt that though *cœur léger* might be allowed, *l'esprit léger* was inadmissible at the Academy, hotly replied that to a "general outrage" it was right to oppose a "general eulogy." Committees were organized for the pilgrimage to Camden House, and the Government, acknowledging that it could not prevent French citizens from showing tokens of respect for whom they chose, interfered with them only when they were distinctly founded on an express reference to that *Senatus Consultum* which, since the *déchéance*, had no longer a shadow of legality. Princes, ex-prefects and ex-senators arrived at Chiselhurst. Thousands of army officers applied for leave of absence—without, however, assigning any reason—and were peremptorily refused. A French officer is a gentleman at large from Saturday morning after parade until Monday morning's parade. An excursion was secretly planned, trains and steamers chartered, and the French army was splendidly represented at Camden House on the Sunday; the daring conspirators returning in time for the morning parade of Monday.



THE FIRST COMMUNION OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.



THE YOUNG PRINCE, WITH HIS FATHER, RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL PERFORMING IN A VAUDEVILLE AT THE TUILERIES.

The writer was at Chiselhurst upon that eventful day. It was a cold March morning, and a searching nor'easter swept moaningly through the streets of London. From an early hour Leicester Square was gay with closely buttoned-up Frenchmen, each of them wearing a bunch of violets, the Imperial emblem, in his buttonhole. The Charing Cross Station was crowded with gentlemen in full evening dress, such being "correct form," and ladies, their dresses actually covered with violets, either real or artificial. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold was good enough to take the writer under his wing, and as he was then engaged in writing the life of the ex-Emperor, at the desire of the Imperial family, it is needless to say that the reception was *tout à fait en famille.*

Arrived at the picturesque little station attached to the village, the Imperial carriages awaited distinguished guests, amongst whom were M. Rouher, M. Paul de Cassagnac, Prince Achille Murat, and a host of the swells who fluttered in the fierce light that beat upon them at the Tuileries. The roadway from the station to Camden House, three-quarters of a mile, was strewn with violets, while the massive and artistic gilt gates were entwined with the glowing, modest flower. From the gates to the house the avenue was laid two inches deep with violets. No Turkey, Persian or Aubusson carpet could have been softer, while the perfume was simply delicious. At the oaken entrance-doors we found a tall *huissier* attired in a court-suit, and powdered as to his head, who at once admitted us.

The hall is wainscoted in oak, exquisitely carved, and dark and shiny from age. The ceiling of the hall is also of carved oak. Upon a great marble table was a globe composed of violets, its diameter being four feet. Before it stood the Empress, her hands folded, her eyes suffused with tears, and looking even more beautiful in her sorrow than when the writer beheld her in all the pomp and glitter of the Tuileries, or the *bourgeois abandon* of Biarritz. She turned to Mr. Jerrold, and exclaimed, "See this charming souvenir from the women of France!" The writer was presented, and had the honor of kissing the white, blue-veined fingers graciously extended to him.

We passed into the grand hall, where stood Napoleon IV., gayly chatting with some ladies, whose toilets seemed solely to consist of violets. He advanced to Mr. Jerrold at once, and, with marvelous quickness, recalled a day at Woolwich during which the writer had the distinguished honor of being in his company. "I never forget a face," said poor "Lou-lou"; "names *will* fade out of the memory." The writer possesses a photograph which the ill-fated young Prince presented to him on that memorable 16th of March—a speaking likeness of the poor lad who was destined never to see France again.

There were 10,000 Imperialists at Camden House that day. The Prince received deputations all the morning in the Empress's drawing-room, and at two o'clock proceeded to an enormous marquee, where he was greeted with ringing cries of "Vive Napoléon IV." He stood on a raised dais, beside him his mother, proud and hopeful, and at his back, men who were prepared to sacrifice everything in his interests. The Duc de Padoue read the address, and the Prince made a long reply. His speech was delivered with vigor, feeling and considerable eloquence, and above all, with a calmness that seemed astonishing in one so young. The Prince made allusion to MacMahon as "the former companion of the glories and the misfortunes of my father," and a concluding assurance that "if the names of Bonaparte issued an eighth time from the urns, he should accept the responsibility."

This announcement was received with a whirlwind of applause that lasted for minutes, during which the Empress broke completely down, and leaning upon Count de Clary, sobbed as if her heart would burst. That day at Camden House was big with the fate of the dynasty, and the hopes of the Bonapartes beat at "fever" heat.

In the banquets that followed—for the multitude were fed—Mr. Jerrold introduced a bottle of the late Emperor's famous Burgundy to the notice of the writer, the *bouquet* of which is still fragrant in the nostrils at this hour of writing.

The high opinion which the Bonapartist leaders had always professed to hold of the abilities and industry of the Prince Imperial, received in 1875 most gratifying confirmation in the result of his first examination at the Royal Military Academy—an examination from which, despite all the disadvantages of foreign training and distracting occupations, the Prince emerged seventh on the list, with a total of 31,615 marks, and, consequently, with the right—had he consented to take a commission—of making his own choice between the Artillery and the Engineers. In reference to events that yet have to be told, it may be interesting to remember that in this exhaustive inquiry into every branch of a cadet's training, practical or theoretical, the prince came out as the first horseman of the year.

In France the increased daring of the Imperialists proved, ere the Autumn came to an end, a little premature. At the beginning, it is true, they scored some points in a letter from Canrobert, professing high esteem for the late Emperor, and a verdict in the Cassagnac-Wimpfen case, acquitting Napoleon of all responsibility of tactical errors committed at Sédan. On the other hand, the several Bonapartist Committees in the Autumn, and the violent language of some of their chief speakers, more seriously damaged them in the end, by provoking moderate men of all parties to band together against a common foe.

From this time onward, with the exception, perhaps, of one vigorous protest from the Head of the House, against the insubordination, not to say the open hostility, of Prince Napoleon, there is little more in his career before he leaves for Zululand, to call for any special notice. Prudent and reticent beyond his years, it was not his habit to indulge in empty manifestoes, and, like all his party—even the hare-brained de Cassagnac himself—he saw that the Republic must be left for a time to run its course. At times we heard of his absence from England, and gossip hazarded a few matrimonial conjectures; but, as a whole, the modest life was as noiselessly as it was honorably spent.

Not often from this time on will poor "Lou-lou" form the central figure of Court ceremonials or of festive gatherings, for restlessness and discontent, and the uneasy sense of coming danger are gathering everywhere over the land, and the glory of the Napoleonic legend is growing dim.

The Spanish insurrection brings the young son of Queen Isabella and "Lou-lou" together, and, for the first few months of 1869 they are inseparable. Later in the year, at Chalons, the Prince reviews Bourbaki's army corps on the centenary of the First Napoleon's birth; and then comes the holiday visit with his mother to Corsica—the last bit of veritable sunshine in his life.

His father's illness, the failure of the "Liberal Empire," the Victor Noir riots, the *plébiscite*, the declaration of war, leave little leisure to think of Filon's and Frossart's pupil, until it is time for him to put by his toy soldiers and his book of themes, and accompany his father on the *promenade à Berlin*.

At Saarbruck "Lou-lou" received his "baptism of fire," riding upon a pony at the side of his father. The boy picked up a spent bullet that had rolled to his feet, and, packing it, made a little drawing of the action, both of which he sent his friend Tristan Lambert—"The first day

I have been under fire," reads the now historical note. Before a week had passed over, war showed itself in quite a different guise. Hurried helplessly from place to place, glad to rest in a third-class railway-car, or wash from a glass of water, of which his father had drank part, the poor boy was only saved, by being at the last moment sent back to Mezières, from sharing all the horrors of Sédan.

While yet the captive Emperor was speeding on to Wilhelmshöhe, the son, traveling almost in a parallel line, and at one time within a few miles of his father, accompanied by his trusty escorts, Commander Duperré, Major Lamey, and Count Clary, was half way through Belgium for Dover, whence the Duc de Grammont soon took him to rejoin his mother, already landed in England, after the narrowest of escapes from Paris, in the first fury of the proclamation of the *dechéance.* A few weeks more, and both had found shelter in the little Kentish village of Chiselhurst, until the weary war should come to an end, and the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe be once more a free man.

In the quiet retreat of Camden House—a superb old mansion of the Queen Anne period, wainscoted from cellar to garret with oak black as ebony from age, and surrounded by a park containing some of the finest trees in Merrie England—the Emperor, his wife, and child won golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of men. It was no time for appeal or protestation to their countrymen. The Commune had, in this respect, been working for them far more effectually than they could have worked for themselves. It showed the world what a terrible task Napoleon III. had undertaken, and how successfully, when he kept the bloodthirsty, petroleum-throwing demons so long, and so well, under control.

The one thing to be done throughout the next two years, was to let the storm of obloquy pass by, and train the young Louis patiently for any change that destiny might bring. The Emperor himself directed his historic studies; an English tutor and the faithful M. Filon divided between them the work of the "Woolwich preparation." The compiler of this article has seen the Emperor leaning over "Lou-lou" in one of the windows of the billiard-room at Camden House engaged in inspecting a piece of steel just turned by the Prince, on the lathe which ran the entire length of the southern wall of the room. Here Cæsar and the Hope of France spent most of their time together, if not engaged in study, working the lathe, or playing billiards—a game of which the Emperor was passionately fond.

In November, 1872, a Queen's cadetship was offered to the young Prince, and accepted, and the lad was handed over to the Woolwich officers by his father, with the simple farewell, "*Messieurs, faites en un homme*" ("Gentlemen, make a man of him.")

At Woolwich he became a universal favorite, so modest, so gentle, so dignified, so generous, and, as Dean Stanley, in his sermon at Westminster Abbey declared, "so clean-mouthed."

The writer had the honor of meeting him at Woolwich on two occasions, and a higher "thoroughbred" it has never been his fortune to encounter. Every inch a prince, with a charming *soupçon* of medieval chivalry. The steady discipline of the School of British Gunners, its daily routine of virile exercises and many recreations hardened the Prince's frame and invigorated his mind. He performed the work of the meanest cadet, and, as a veteran gunner said to the writer, "We have a soap-boiler's son in the battery who puts on a lot more side." It was at drill that the messenger found him here on that January day when he brought tidings of his father's critical condition, and hurried him away to Chiselhurst, all too late to receive, or give, a last farewell.

The story of the last illness and death of the fallen Emperor is slightly foreign to our present purpose. In France, he never ceased to possess devoted partisans who had defended him with a courage bordering on hardihood, when defense of him was even dangerous; and in the course of the year 1872 the party had greatly gained in power and self-confidence. It was more with the feeling of the older courtiers, "L'Empereur est mort—Vive l'Empereur," as Paul de Cassagnac plainly put it, than as hopeless mourners over a lost cause, that in Paris, crape-banded and violet-bearing groups were seen, to the number of some thousands, about the Church of St. Augustine, and that at Chiselhurst, the assemblage of foreign visitors fairly startled those who had begun to think that the Empire would never revive again.

Early on the morning of the Lying-in-State, there were met at in the Great Hall of Camden House 150 persons of distinction, "a greater number than had ever been seen together at any one time during the last five years of the Emperor's power."

Behind the bearers, on the following day, there were the Prince Imperial as chief mourner, and then the Princes Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, Prince Murat, M. Rouher, the Duc de Grammont and many more celebrities of the Empire. But the chief feature of the day was the grave, dignified bearing of the Prince, above all, when the Empress's strength gave way, and he alone had to make brief acknowledgments to the little group of Bonapartist *ouvriers* —for the Bonapartist *ouvrier*, like the English Conservative working man, if not exactly in a majority, is by no means a myth. In their enthusiasm, indeed, the tacit understanding that he should be called Prince Louis, as his father was before him, until 8,000,000 votes set on his head the Imperial Crown, "gave way to the excitement of the moment, and to passionate cries of "Vive Napoleon IV."

The grave dimensions which the Zulu war assumed so suddenly in the eyes of thinking men when once they realized the full extent of the terrible disaster of Isandula, meant war to the knife with the sable Montenegrins, and naturally suggested to a youth like the Prince, that now was the opportunity to earn a soldier's fame by the side of his comrades of old Woolwich days. The Dark Continent, too, has always had a special attraction for a child of France. It is here that many of their most recent laurels have been won; here where they have their chief dependencies; while, for a Napoleon, lies there not, half-way between the Channel and the Cape, historic St. Helena, with all its memories and its inspirations?

The following letter written to M. Rouher is necessarily worth recording:

> "MY DEAR MONSIEUR ROUHER: I am about to quit Europe, and my absence may last some months. I have too many faithful friends in France to think it possible for me to keep silence on the reasons of my departure. For eight years I have been the guest of England. I have completed my education in one of her military schools, and on several occasions I have strengthened the bonds which connect me with the English Army by sharing in the great manœuvres it has executed. The war which England has, for more than a year, been carrying on at the Cape of Good Hope, has just assumed a character of gravity which it had not till now possessed. I desire to follow the operations, and I embark in two days.
>
> "In France, where, thank God! party spirit has not destroyed the military spirit, it will be felt that I did not wish to remain a stranger to the fatigues and dangers of those among whom I count so many comrades. The time I shall devote to witnessing this conflict of civilization against barbarism will not be lost for me. Afar, as near, my thoughts will constantly be directed toward France. I shall watch with interest, and without disquietude, the gradual phases she will pass through, for I am certain God

protects her. I am certain that, during my absence, the partisans of the Imperial cause will remain united and confident and will continue to give the country the spectacle of a party which, faithful to its doctrines, remains ever animated by sentiments of the most ardent patriotism.

"Accept, my dear Monsieur Rouher, the assurances of my sincere friendship. NAPOLEON.

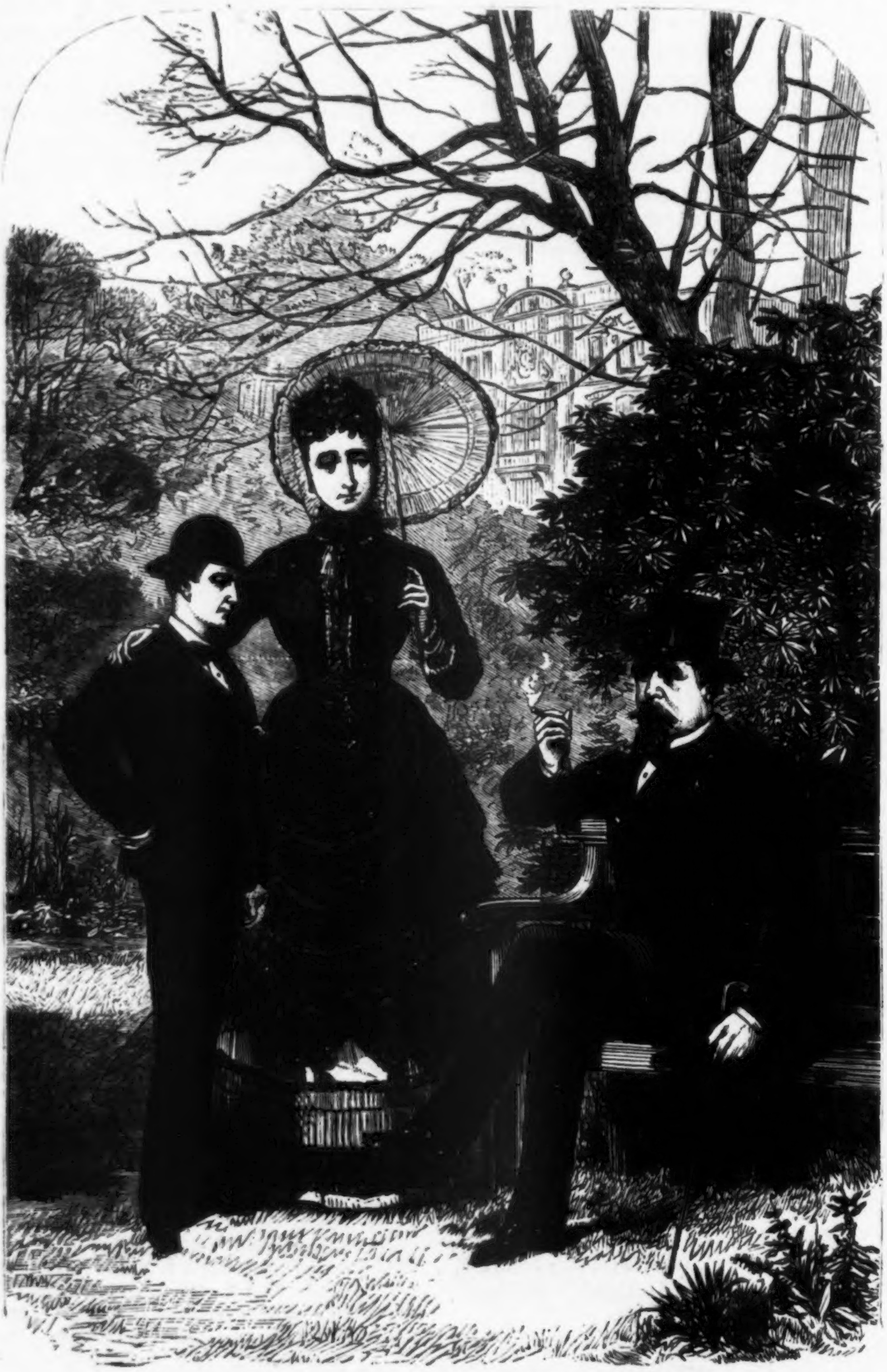
"*Camden Place*, Chiselhurst, Feb. 25th, 1879."

He went forth to do or die. Many of his best and truest friends were opposed to his going to Natal. There was little glory to be gained, and when gained, *cui bono?* The perilous perplexity of the position was greatly increased by the half-assent and half-refusal with which the English military authorities appear to have received his application. There can be little doubt now, that either his petition should have been refused at once, or granted to the full extent which would have placed every movement under the direct control of the general in the field. Prince George of Cambridge, who was utterly opposed to his going, wrote the following letter to Lord Chelmsford, in his own usual frank, soldierly style:

[PRIVATE.]

"*Feb. 25th*, 1879.

"MY DEAR LORD CHELMSFORD: This letter will be presented to you by the Prince Imperial, who is going out on his own account to see as much as he can of the coming campaign in Zululand. He is extremely anxious to go, and wanted to be employed in our army, but the Government did not consider that this could be sanctioned; but they have sanctioned my writing to you and to Sir Bartle Frere to say that if you can show him kindness and render him assistance to see as much as he can with the columns in the field, I hope you will do so. He is a fine young fellow, full of spirit and pluck, and, having many old cadet friends in the artillery, he will, doubtless, find no difficulty in getting on; and if you can help him in any other way, pray do so. My only anxiety on his account is, that he is too plucky and go-ahead. I remain, my dear Chelmsford, yours most sincerely, GEORGE."



THE PRINCE WITH HIS FATHER AND MOTHER AT CHISELHURST.

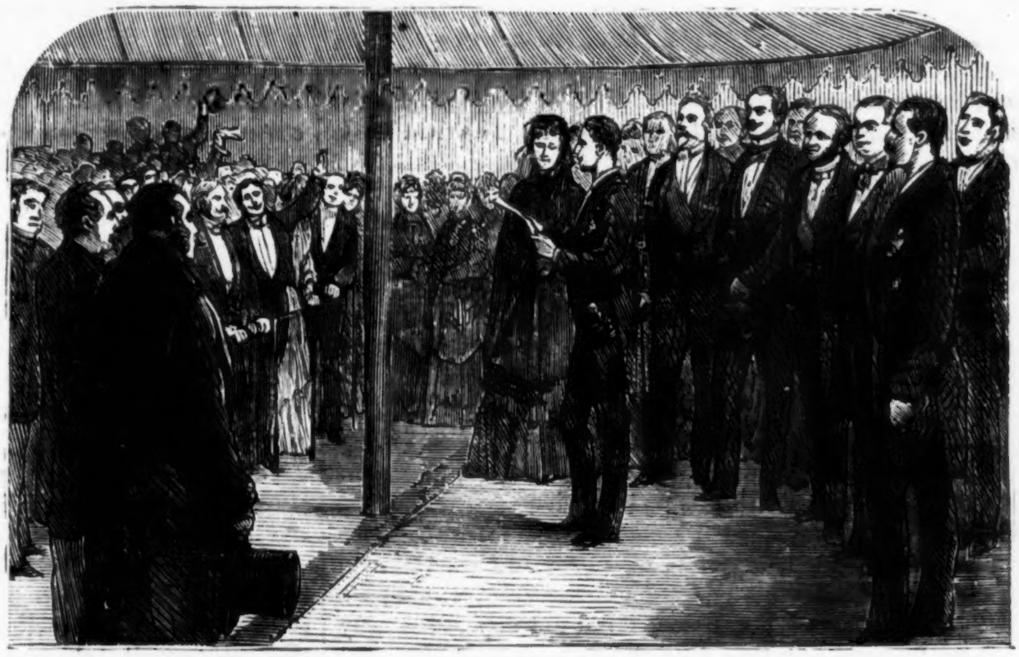
To be allowed to roam about as an irresponsible volunteer, is the way to combine the maximum of risk with the minimum of attainable renown. All this, indeed, scarcely entered into people's thoughts at first. We pictured him to ourselves as a volunteer always to be found on the general's staff—perhaps not even coming to the front, save in those great encounters where the savage is usually at his weakest, and the civilized soldier at his best. Nor did the earlier intelligence from the Cape inspire special apprehensions for his safety.

The Empress, before Sir Garnet Wolseley started for the Cape, made him come and see her, and spoke to him long and earnestly about her son. "I do not like his being so far off," she said, "and in that climate. The climate is all that I am afraid of; but I do not like his being away. You must promise me that you will send him home directly you get out there."

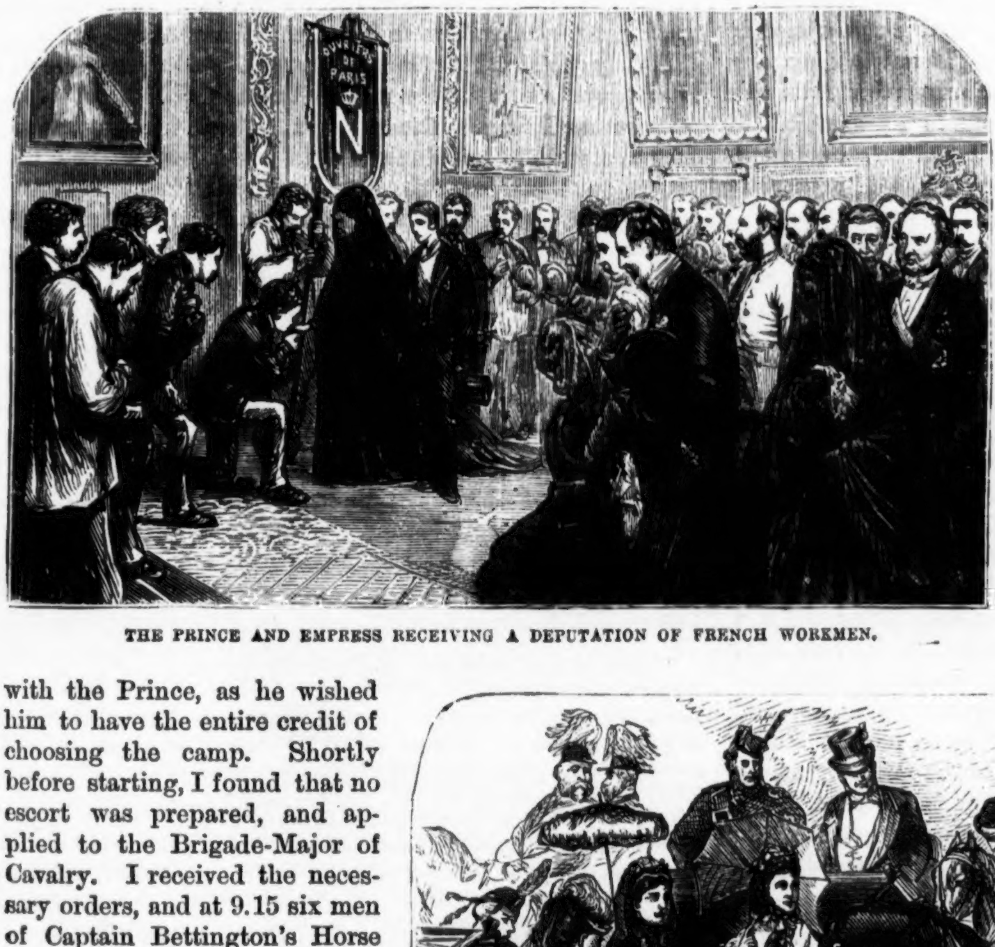
We heard of him, indeed, as stricken down, like so many new-comers, by fever at Pietermaritzburg, and for some time unable to make his way toward the front; then riding with Buller on a three days' reconnoissance, in which no enemy was within reach; then, as interviewed by a correspondent of the *Figaro*, during which the Prince compared himself to the "fifth wheel of a cart—of no practical use, and possibly in the way"; then in the attack upon a Zulu kraal all but surrounded by the enemy, and owing his safety to his good horsemanship; and then—yes, and then flashed the ghastly message, telling us of death by the assegai of an unknown savage! Let those who were with him on that fatal reconnoisance tell its tragic story.

Shortly given, the report of Lieutenant Carey, who accompanied the Prince Imperial on the reconnoissance which led to his melancholy death, is as follows :

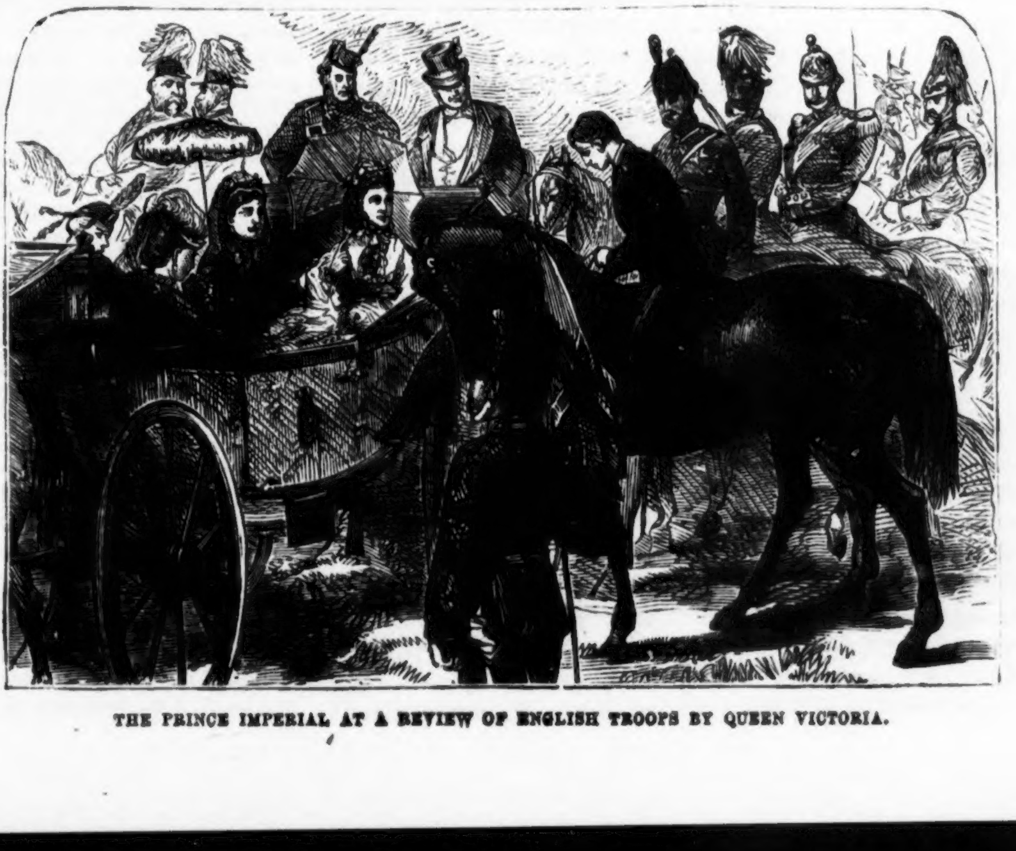
"Having learnt that his Imperial Highness would proceed on June 1st to reconnoitre the country in advance of the column and choose a site for the camp of the following day, I suggested that, as I had already ridden over the same ground, I should accompany him. My request was granted; but at the same time, Colonel Harrison, Acting Quartermaster-general, stated that I was not in any way to interfere with the Prince, as he wished him to have the entire credit of choosing the camp. Shortly before starting, I found that no escort was prepared, and applied to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry. I received the necessary orders, and at 9.15 six men of Captain Bettington's Horse paraded before headquarters. With these, and a friendly Zulu provided by the Honorable Mr. Drummond, we started. Six Basutos of Captain Shepstone's Corps were also under orders to proceed with us, and before crossing the Blood River I sent on to him to ask for them. The messenger returned to say that they would meet us on the ridge between the Incenzi and Itelezi Hills. I again sent the man with orders to bring the escort back with him. On our right and left flanks I saw large bodies of Basutos scouting. Arrived upon the ridge, we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses. Colonel Harrison then rode up and told us that General Marshall's Cavalry was coming up. When he had left I suggested to the Prince to wait for the remainder of the escort. 'Oh, no; we are quite strong enough.' At a mile and a half we ascended a commanding and rocky range of hills beyond Ilyotozi River. I proposed that we should here off-saddle, but the Prince said that he preferred to off-saddle near the river. We remained for half an hour sketching,



THE PRINCE READING HIS ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH DELEGATION ON ATTAINING HIS MAJORITY.



THE PRINCE AND EMPRESS RECEIVING A DEPUTATION OF FRENCH WORKMEN.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT A REVIEW OF ENGLISH TROOPS BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

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and surveying the country with our telescopes. Seeing no one, we descended to a kraal in a valley below, and off-saddled. No precautions were taken, as no Zulus were expected to be in the neighborhood. The Prince was tired, and laid down beside a hut. The men made coffee, and I reconnoitred with my telescope. At 3.35 I suggested saddling up. His Imperial Highness said, 'Wait another ten minutes'; but in five minutes gave me the necessary order. I repeated it, and then went to fetch my horse from the mealie fields. I had saddled and mounted on the home side of the kraal, when I heard his Imperial Highness give the order, 'Prepare to mount.' I looked round, and saw his foot in the stirrup. At the same time I said 'Mount,' and as the men vaulted into the saddles I saw the black faces of Zulus about twenty yards off, rushing toward us through the mealie fields. They shouted, and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and, knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded, I judged it better to clear the long grass before making a stand. Knowing from experience the bad shooting of the Zulus, I did not expect that any one was injured. I therefore shouted, as we neared the donga, 'We must form up on the other side. See to the retreat of every one.' On looking back, I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga a man said to me, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and, seeing the Prince's horse galloping on the other side of the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The Zulus had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on to find a drift over the Tombocto River."

The selfishness and cowardice of the party who accompanied the Prince has thrown a cloud over the whole British army. Hurriedly these warriors galloped off at the top of their speed, every man caring for himself, no one troubling about his friend or comrade; not one of them, until some miles of ground had been covered, looking to see if the Prince Imperial had got away with them. One would think that after they had vaulted into their saddles these British soldiers would have faced about, if even for a moment, to ascertain if their foes were few or many, and to see if their comrade the Prince was mounted and ready to move with them. Even had they been undisciplined men, they might have been expected to do so much, supposing them to have been possessed of the ordinary manly instincts. Had they assumed the defensive even for a brief moment, the Prince would have been enabled to mount and ride off with them. Did these miserable runaways, upon perceiving that the Prince was not with them, pluck up courage to dash back to ascertain if he were lying wounded on the field, or to bring away his body if it had been left there dead? Not they! Such a notion never entered their heads. They faced for their camp once more, and kept galloping as if for their lives until they fell in with one of their own regiments. Then they halted to recover their breath—and to tell the story of their shame. Nothing can wipe that shame away. In ages yet to come, this memorable incident of the wretched strife will be pictured with pen and pencil, and on the page of history few sadder representations will appear than that of the gallant young Frenchman being assegaied in the maize-field, while his English companions in arms, mounted on fleet horses, instead of rushing to his rescue, ran for their lives and left him to his fate.

Lieutenant Carey reported what had taken place, and the commanding officers went back to the camp, where orders were given for a strong patrol force to go out next morning and to recover the Prince's dead body if it could be found. Accordingly, on the 2d instant, at an early hour, six troops of cavalry, under General Marshall, were conducted to the scene of this disaster. No Zulus were now met with, and it is stated that only twenty or thirty had been seen the day before.

The body of the unfortunate Prince Imperial was found lying in the gulley, a hundred and fifty yards from the Zulu kraal. It had been stripped naked and thrown in there; only a necklace was left, upon which were suspended a locket with medallion portraits and hair, and a scapulary, with an "Agnus Dei," or medal of the Virgin Mary, both the gift of his mother. The Zulus had regarded them as magical charms or talismans, and had been deterred by superstitious fears from touching them; their belief being that the luck of the wearer goes with the charm.

There were eighteen wounds on the Prince's body, none of them from bullets, but all from the stabbing assegai, or short spear. Two of the stabs had pierced his body quite through from the chest to the back; two had gone through the sides, and one had destroyed the right eye. The bodies of the two troopers of Berrington's Horse, likewise bearing marks of the assegai, were found at a few yards' distance.

It only remained for General Marshall and the other British officers to remove the mangled remains of the unfortunate young Prince to the camp at Itelezi. A stretcher or bier was formed of blankets laid upon lances; and the corpse was laid upon this, after sending to the camp a message that it had been found, and that an ambulance should be provided to receive it.

The bier was then lifted by the officers present who were highest in rank—General Marshall, Colonel Drury Lowe, R. A., Major Stewart, and several officers of the Seventeenth Lancers. They carried it toward the camp, to meet the ambulance, in which it was deposited, and there was a funeral parade at the camp that afternoon. The ambulance containing the Prince's body was then sent to the rear, and the body was to be taken to Durban, for embarkation at that port, and for conveyance to England.

The will of the late Prince Napoleon was made at Camden Place, Chiselhurst, on the 26th of February, 1879, and the following is the true text:

"This is my testament. I die in the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion, in which I was born. I desire that my body may be laid near that of my father, until the time comes when both may be transferred to the spot where the founder of our house reposes among the French people, whom we, like him, dearly loved. My latest thought will be for my country, for which I would wish to die. I hope my mother, when I shall be no more, will maintain for me that affectionate remembrance which I shall cherish for her to the last moment. Let my private friends, my servants, and the partisans of the cause which I represent, be assured that my gratitude to them will only cease with my life.

"I shall die with a sentiment of profound gratitude toward the Queen of England, the entire royal family, and the country in which, during eight years, I have received such cordial hospitality. I constitute my mother my universal legatee, subject to the payment of the following legacies:

"I bequeath 20,000f. (£800) to my cousin, Prince J. N. Murat. I bequeath 100,000f. (£4,000) to M. F. Pietri, in recognition of his good services. I bequeath 100,000f. to M. le Baron Corvisart, in recognition of his devotion. I bequeath 100,000f. to Mdlle. de Larminat, who has always shown herself so attached to my mother. I bequeath 100,000f. to M. A. Filon, my former tutor. I bequeath 100,000f. to M. L. N. Conneau; 100,000f. to M. N. Espinasse; 100,000f. to Captain A. Bizot, three of my oldest friends. I desire that my dear mother should constitute an annuity of 10,000f. (£400) for Prince L. L. Bonaparte; an annuity of 5,000f. (£200) for Mr. Bachon, my former écuyer; 2,500f. (£100) each to Madame Thierry and to Uhlmann. I desire that all my other servants should never be deprived of their salaries. I desire to leave to Prince N. Charles

Bonaparte, the Duke of Bassano, and to M. Rouher three of the most beautiful souvenirs that my testamentary executors may select. I desire also to leave to General Simmons, to M. Strode, and to Mgr. Goddard, three souvenirs which my testamentary executors may select from the valuables which belong to me. I bequeath to M. F. Pietri my pin surmounted by a stone (cat's eye); to M. Corvisart, my pin (rose pearl); to Mdlle. de Larminat, a medallion containing the portraits of my father and my mother; to Madame Lebreton, my watch in enamel, ornamented with my monogram in diamonds; to MM. Conneau, Espinasse, Bizot, J. N. Murat, A. Fleury, P. de Bourgoing, S. Corvisart, my arms and uniforms, except those I may have last worn, which I leave to my mother. I leave to M. d'Entraigues a pin surmounted by a fine pearl, round in shape, which was given me by the Empress. I beg my mother to be good enough to distribute to the persons who, during my life have shown attachment to me, the trinkets or less valuable objects which may recall me to their recollection. I bequeath to the Comtesse Clara my pin, surmounted by a beautiful, fine pearl (A.); to the Duke of Huescar, my cousin, my Spanish swords. NAPOLEON.

"All written by my own hand.

"I need not recommend my mother to neglect nothing to defend the memory of my great uncle and father. I beg her to remember that as long as a Bonaparte lives the Imperial cause will be represented. The duties of our house toward the country will not be extinct with my life. When I die, the task of continuing the work of Napoleon III. will fall to the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, and I hope my beloved mother, by supporting him with all her power, will give to us who shall be no more this last and crowning proof of affection. NAPOLEON.

"I appoint MM. Rouher and F. Pietri my testamentary executors. I mean by F. Pietri, Franceschini Pietri. N."

The will of Prince Louis Napoleon contains many expressions of natural feeling, which give it a solemn and touching character. No one, however his political views or his personal judgments, can blame the devotion expressed by the Prince to the memory of his father and of the founder of his house. Whatever history and morality may have to say to these two personages, it was not for their heir and representative to think or speak ill of them, or even to see them as they were. His views of patriotism and of personal duty, of the interests and greatness of France, of her past and her future, and of the part which he had to play in her history, were almost of necessity vitiated and falsified from the first.

The third clause in his will is touching, in the ironical comment which events have supplied. "My last thoughts will be for my country; it is for France that I wish to die." The poor youth's last thoughts may have been of his country. No one can say what they were, in that hurried and hapless flight from savage death. But it was not given to him, in any sense in which he would have allowed the words, to die for his country. Yet, perhaps, after all, he did so. We doubt not that even the bitterest partisans of the Republic will respect this strong yearning of the exile's heart for the land of his birth. We may even, without offense to the great, free Government that now rules over the Empire of the Bonapartes, venture to hope that the day is not far distant when it will be not considered incompatible with public peace and safety to give effect to the last wishes of this brave boy, who loved his country with all the passionate devotion of a man.

"It is for her that I would wish to die," writes the Prince in another passage in his testament, and in these few words we may almost see mirrored what were probably the last sad regrets, the last bitter sense of hopes frustrated, and longing unfulfilled, which doubtless flitted across his eager brain at that supreme moment when he turned round to face his savage foes, and knew that his hour had come!

Very simple and noble is the language in which the Prince bids farewell to the widowed mother whose heart has been broken by his death, and to the faithful followers and partisans whose lives and fortunes he knew were his when he chose to claim them. Inexpressibly tender and touching, too, is the consideration with which he remembers by a legacy every one of his friends with whom he was associated in exile. With highbred courtesy does he offer a graceful tribute of gratitude to the Sovereign and the nation who made him an honored guest; and then, after a brief direction, constituting the Empress his legatee, and charging her with the distribution of his affectionate bequests, the will ends.

Thus was the news of the death of her son communicated to the Empress:

"The Empress," we quote the Duc de Bassano, "learnt the news, in fact, by an accident. Some friend of M. Pietri, hearing of the disaster which had befallen the Prince, wrote him a letter, which he sent by rail, warning him to prepare for sad, and, indeed, painful intelligence. Somehow or other the Empress opened this letter, and, although unable exactly to comprehend its import, feared unhappy tidings. She knew her son had been ill, and she naturally dreaded to hear that he was worse. However, no more intelligence came till this morning, when Lord Sydney, who had received a message from Lady Frere, and also the command of the Queen, came round to communicate the terrible news to the Empress, together with the expression of Her Majesty's sympathy. I received him, and upon me the duty devolved of breaking the fearful news. I asked permission to see the Empress, who, noticing probably from the expression of my countenance that I was greatly troubled, begged to know at once all I had to tell her. I said, 'Madame, the Prince is very ill—more dangerously ill than he was when we last heard.' Immediately Her Majesty exclaimed, 'I will go to him; I must go!' to which I replied nothing, and retired. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and then I returned to her. I told her that further news had come, which made the aspect of affairs still graver. She cried out, 'I will go at once! Where is he?' To which I replied, 'It is too late, madame!' on hearing which Her Majesty burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, 'Mon fils, mon pauvre fils!' and I left her."

On the 11th of July the body of the Prince Imperial was landed on English soil. Transferred from the *Orontes* to the *Enchantress*, it was borne up the Thames to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, where a large group of mourners, all attired in black, and decorated with bunches of violets, awaited it in solemn silence. From the ship came a priest, bearing aloft a golden crucifix enshrouded in crape, followed by the Lord Bishop of Southwark, in mortuary robes of black velvet relieved by silver. As the priest touched the shore, the Guard of Honor formed, headed by the band of the Royal Artillery. Thrice did the muffled drums roll like distant thunder as the coffin, wrapped in the tricolor of France, was raised on the shoulders of twelve bluejackets, and borne solemnly and slowly through the line of mourners, who stood with uncovered heads, many of them sobbing bitterly. As the sound of the last roll of the drums died away, the plaintive chords of the "Dead March in Saul" rose like a wail, and the procession entered the temporary mortuary by the river side, a small, isolated building, with an octagonal dome. In front of the mortuary, the troops formed in square, the mourners grouping around the door, while the coffin was placed directly in front of a sombre-draped altar, lighted by dull, red flamed candles.

When the Prince of Wales, with the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught and Cambridge, all in deep mourning, arrived, the Royal Standard was run up at half-mast on the great flagstaff, and, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Sweden, their Royal Highnesses entered the first resting-place on English soil of their late loved and respected companion.

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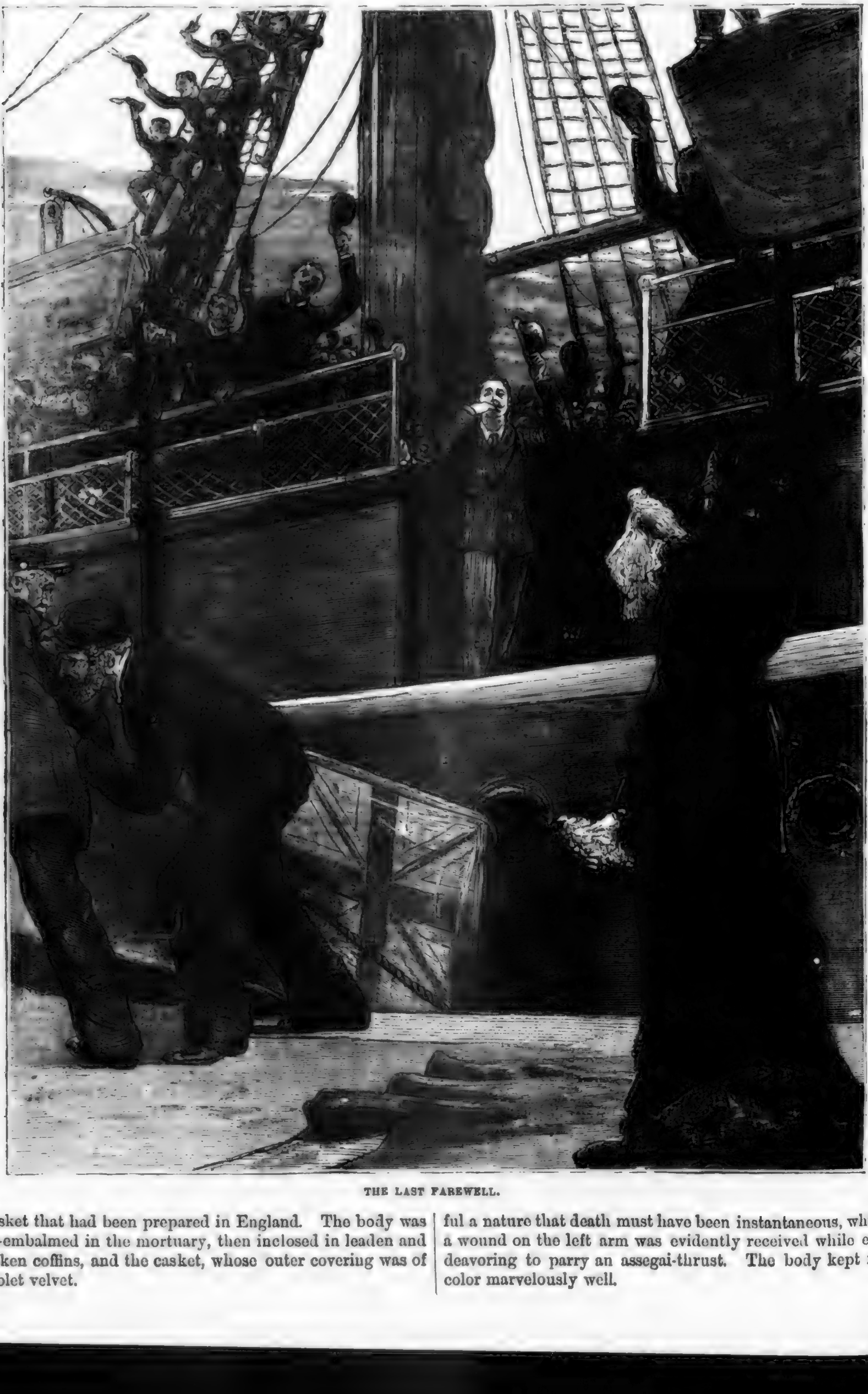
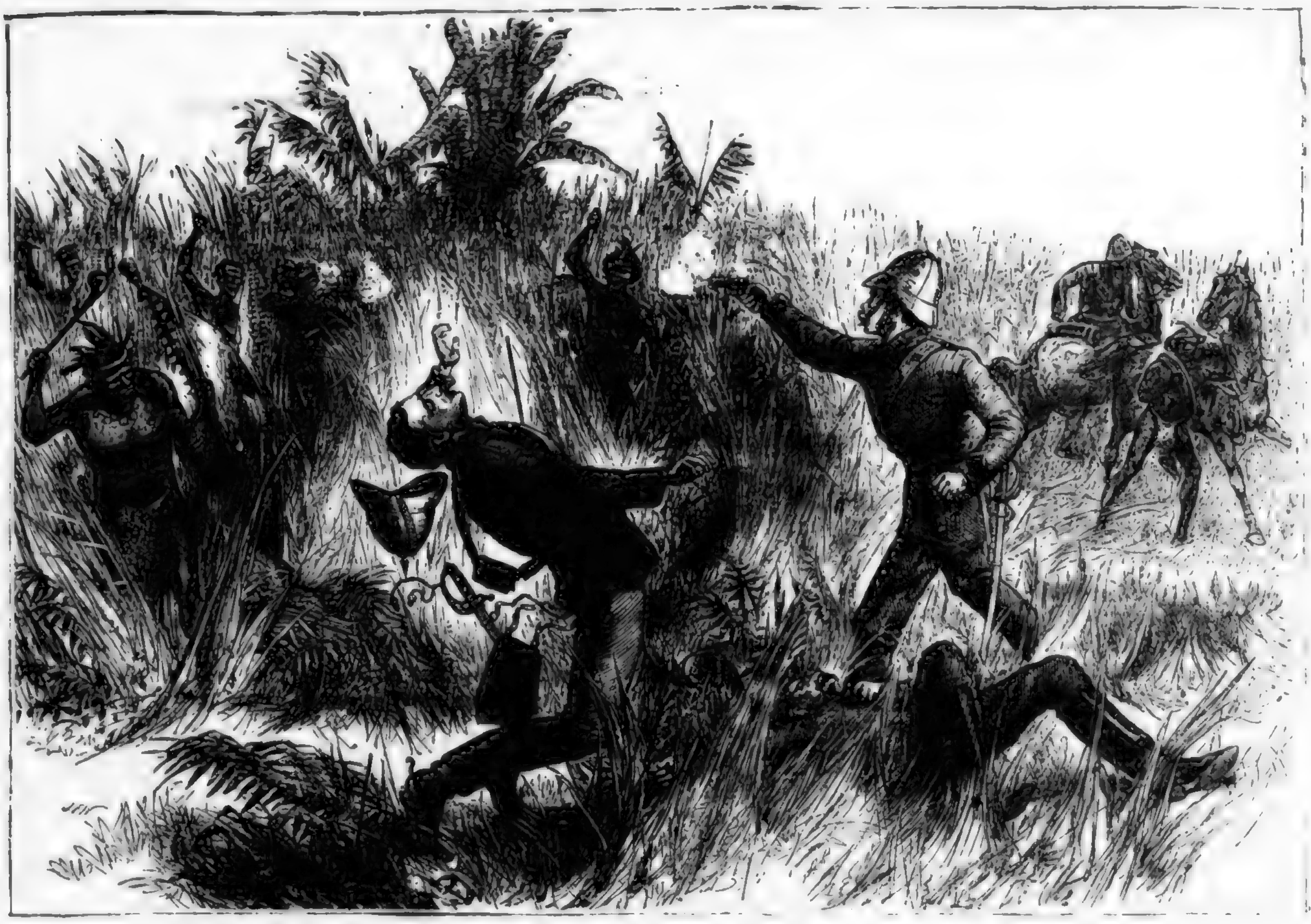
After their departure, there was a long interval, during which the African coffin was opened, for permitting identification of the corpse, and its transferal to a sumptuous casket that had been prepared in England. The body was re-embalmed in the mortuary, then inclosed in leaden and oaken coffins, and the casket, whose outer covering was of violet velvet.



THE LAST FAREWELL.

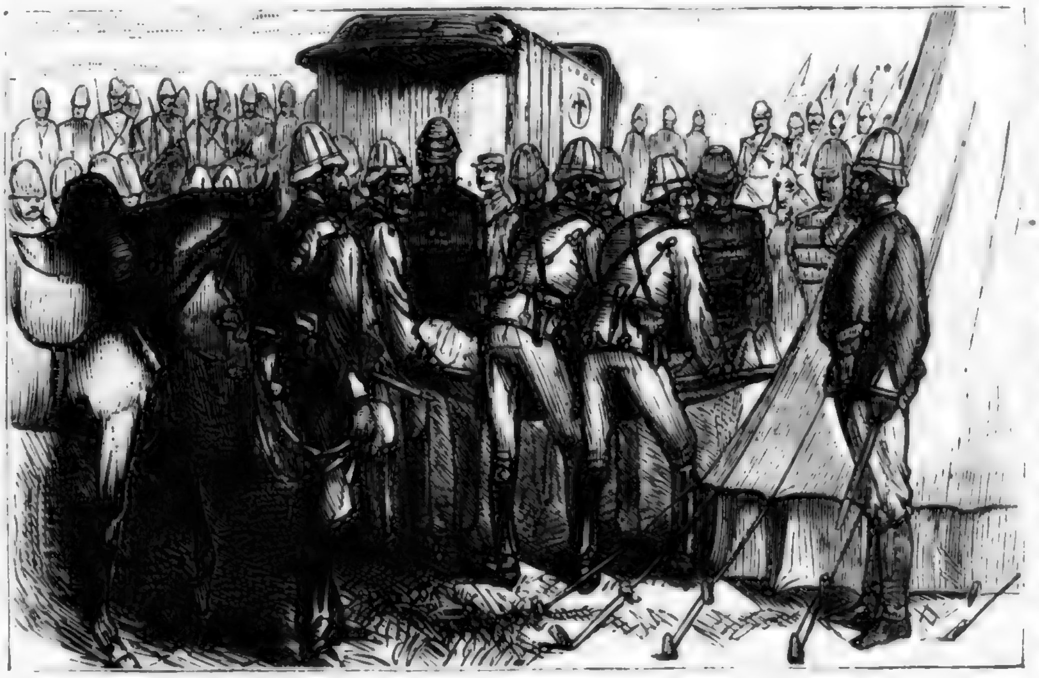
The body was perfectly recognizable, but the face had been disfigured to a ghastly degree by a terrible assegai-thrust in the eye. Six wounds in the chest were of so fearful a nature that death must have been instantaneous, while a wound on the left arm was evidently received while endeavoring to parry an assegai-thrust. The body kept its color marvelously well.



HOW HE DIED.

Princes Lucien and Charles Bonaparte were present, as were also Joachim and Lucien Murat; the Duke de la Moscova, a son of Marshal Ney; the Dukes of Padua and Mouchy; M. Paul de Cassagnac, Baron Haussman, and young Conneau, the dead Prince's playmate. M. Rouher and General Fleury carried the pall.

At half-past six P. M. the horse artillery escort-troop took up its position, massed on the east side of the mortuary. Then the gun-carriage, drawn by six magnificent troop horses, wheeled into the open space. The white muslin curtains draping the entrance to the mortuary were drawn aside, and the coffin was brought out, borne on the shoulders of officers of the Royal Horse Artillery. The drums recommenced to roll, the "Dead March" to wail, as the procession passed out of the arsenal on its way to Chiselhurst, where it arrived at nine.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE'S BODY AT ITELEZI CAMP.

In the hall of Camden House, the body of the dead Prince was received by the mother, for whom the light of life has now gone out for ever and aye. Her grief was awful to witness. Eluding the care of her devoted sympathizers, she again and yet again returned to the side of the coffin, lying prostrate, kissing the gilded plate, and moaning, "Louis." She remained thus for four hours, occasionally uttering a piercing shriek that rang through the house of death with awful and appalling distinctness. The feverish sleep of exhaustion came to her for a couple of hours, only to renew her agony on the awaking. At nine o'clock, by a supreme effort, she took one last, long, lingering, famished look at the dead face of her boy, her all, and then, with a piteous passion of hopeless sorrow, glued her lips to the name on the coffin-plate—her last, last farewell!

After the mournful vigil the day broke, cloudy, and

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threatening rain. From an early hour special trains from London brought down thousands, including a large majority of French. A body of workmen from Paris draped the gateway with voluminous drab-colored hangings bearing the Imperial cipher "N" interwoven with crossed palm-branches. Troops arrived from Woolwich, and at ten o'clock a special train from Windsor brought Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, bearing many splendid floral wreaths. Shortly afterward the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, all in full uniform, passed under the draped gateway of Camden House. The bells of the Protestant parish church and of the Catholic Church of St. Mary's, wherein repose the ashes of Napoleon III., began to toll, and at eleven o'clock a minute-gun announced the starting of the procession. The cavalry formed on the lawn at either side of the main entrance, and the artillery limbered up near the front gates. As the Queen, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, entered the Empress's boudoir, the boom of the first gun was heard, while the bands commenced to play the "Dead March in Saul." The procession then emerged from the gates in the following order: First came a troop of the Royal Irish Lancers, with lances in trail; then the Woolwich cadets, with rifles reversed; then the band of the Royal Artillery, playing the solemn march with expressive effect. The clergy, bearing the crucifix and accompanied by thurifers wafting incense, followed, preceding the Right Reverend Bishop Daniells of Southwark, supported by his two chaplains. Then came the coffin, on the six-horse gun-carriage which had borne it from Woolwich. On the coffin-lid rested a cross of camellias, violets and heartsease, covering the tricolor of France. Two gunners of the Artillery bore the immense wreath sent by Her Majesty the Queen. The pall-bearers, all of blood royal, were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Monaco, and the Crown Prince of Sweden. The chief mourners were Prince Jerome Napoleon (Plon-Plon), and his two sons, the Princes Victor and Louis. Then came the dead Prince's favorite horse, Stag, draped in a black netting, bearing the Imperial cipher "N" worked in silver. This was the horse the Prince was unable to mount on that fatal first of June. Then followed Uhlmann, the Prince's confidential chamberlain, and Lomas, his English soldier-servant, who, when the body was found, knelt and wept on it like a child; then the Prince's valet, Gamble, a Scotchman. The coffin was followed by the representative Imperialists who attended at Woolwich, already named, and the procession closed with Horse Artillery and Lancers. Her Majesty the Queen, profoundly moved, witnessed the procession from a small, black-draped pavilion that had been specially erected for her accommodation on the grounds.

The interior of the Church of St. Mary was completely draped in black. It was buried in complete darkness, save for the yellow candles at the catafalque, the altar, and at the Emperor's tomb. Presently a hush announced the entry of the Princess of Wales, who was attired in deep mourning. Scarcely able to control her emotion, she was led to the epistle side of the altar, where she flung herself on her knees and buried her face in her hands, in silent and sobful prayers. The Lord Bishop of Southwark received the coffin at the gate of the churchyard, the Duke of Cambridge personally directing its dismounting—an incident without precedent in the history of the English army. Amid the choir strains of the *De Profundis*, the procession passed up the aisle, the coffin borne by officers of the Royal Horse Artillery; came Prince Jerome Napoleon, of Napoleonic lineaments; came Uhlmann, weeping bitterly, heading the Imperial household; came Princes Lucien and Charles and Roland, and Prince Murat, and MM. Rouher and Benedetti; came Senators and Deputies of the Empire, with a solitary lady in their midst, the Princess Mathilde, the true and faithful friend of the dead Prince. Then came a throng of British officers, attired in the gorgeous uniforms which relieved the sombre hangings in a strange, wondrous way. As the coffin was reverently laid on the catafalque before the altar, all knelt; the sobs of the Princess of Wales and Princess Mathilde bursting upon the universal hush.

The solemn requiem was then commenced, to the plain Gregorian chant, and the princes of Protestant England bent the knee as the Lord Bishop reverently raised the Host, while the bell in the little belfry sweetly tolled. As his Lordship, in pronouncing the Absolution, intoned the name of the Prince, the sobbing from the true and tender-hearted women burst out anew.

Three volleys of musketry, each followed by a roll of muffled drums, then abruptly announced that the ceremony was over; that dust had returned unto dust; that "Loulou" had been conveyed to—not his last resting-place, for France will assuredly permit him to rest in that land which he remembered with his latest breath.

For long hours a procession, formed of those who desired to take a final look at the dead face, poured through the aisle. First came a deputation of young men of France; then of the students of Paris; then of the junior students of the Lycée; then deputations from the Departments of France, the most conspicuous being the deputation from Corsica.

Thus ended the last chapter in the history of the babe, born at the Tuileries on the 16th of March, 1856—the babe who was destined to die by the assegai of an unknown savage. After his young life's fitful fever, may he sleep well!

Among the papers in the desk of the late Prince Imperial was found, in his own handwriting, the following prayer, written in French:

> "My God, I give to Thee my heart, but give to me faith. Without faith there is no strong prayer, and to pray is a longing of my soul. I pray, not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles on my path, but that Thou mayest permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou shouldst disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself.
>
> "Hear, O God! my prayer. Preserve to my affection those who are dear to me. Grant them happy days. If Thou only givest on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, O God, my share, and bestow it on the most worthy, and may the most Worthy be my friends. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me.
>
> "Misfortune is converted into happiness by the sweet thought that those whom we love are happy.
>
> "Happiness is poisoned by the bitter thought: while I rejoice, those whom I love a thousand times better than myself are suffering.
>
> "For me, O God! no more happiness. Take it from my path. I can only find joy in forgetting the past. If I forget those who are no more, I shall be forgotten in my turn; and how sad the thought which makes one say, 'Time effaces all!'
>
> "The only satisfaction I seek is that which lasts for ever, that which is given by a tranquil conscience. Oh, my God! show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always.
>
> "Arrived at the term of my life, I shall turn my looks fearlessly to the past. Remembrance will not be for me a long remorse. Then I shall be happy.
>
> "Grant, O God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love, and who are dead, shall see all my actions.
>
> "My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my innermost thought shall never make them blush."

Let us say a few words about the existing chief of the Imperial line "Plon-Plon." There are two principal branches of the House of Bonaparte, the Cardinal of that name being head of the elder. By the death of Prince Louis Napoleon, the chief of the younger or Imperial line of France is now Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul, son of King Jerome, of Westphalia, and commonly but inaccurately styled Prince Jerome Napoleon. He accepted the name, however, and (under the Empire) signed "Napoléon (Jérôme)." Since the proclamation of the Republic he has adopted the more ambitious signature of "Napoléon Bonaparte." But he is known best of all as "Plon-Plon," which sobriquet, be it stated in passing, is not an ill-natured one, but bestowed in endearment by his parents. The wickedness of human nature has, however, distorted it into "Craint-Plomb."

It is no use blinking the fact. "Napoléon Bonaparte" has been so unfortunate as to acquire the reputation most fatal to a French prince. In 1854 the Prince, who was a General of Division, asked for, and obtained, active employment. The post assigned him was, however, the somewhat unfortunate one of commander of the "infantry of reserve," in which capacity he was present at the Alma and at Inkermann—the Russian artillery, as in duty bound, being at a respectful distance. In fact, a subordinate *rôle* was assigned the Prince, who grew angry, and set to work to write a pamphlet exposing abuses in the French military organization.

Cæsar was in turn alarmed, and hinted to his cousin that he had better catch a fever and, by reason of weak health, return to France. The Prince, who was utterly disgusted with the conduct of the campaign (surely not without reason), willingly complied, but for all that he published his pamphlet (at Brussels), and it was translated into English.

Some men are pursued by an evil destiny. Six years after his return from the East, the Prince managed to embroil himself in a literary warfare with the Duke of Aumale. In the opinion of the keenest critics, the Prince had rather the best of the discussion—and the Duke seems to be of the same opinion, for he saw no better method of silencing his adversary than challenging him. Now princes of the blood do not, in fact cannot, fight duels. It is true that the last Duke of York crossed swords with Colonel Lennox, but the affair was a purely formal one—a sort of stately apology from His Royal Highness.

On receiving the Duke of Aumale's challenge, the Prince went to his cousin and asked him what was the etiquette in such cases. The Emperor reminded him that he was next heir to the throne but one, that much might depend on his life, and that all precedent was against a person of his rank availing himself of the privileges of a private gentleman.

Napoleon III. was quite right; but perhaps he would have served his dynasty better had he allowed Prince Napoleon to fight. Paris, that incorrigible rebel, sneered. "Yes, sickness had compelled him to abandon the trenches before Sebastopol, and now reasons of State forbade him to avenge his honor."

The great war of 1870 at length broke out, and the Prince again solicited active employment. It was refused him. There was an ugly story that the Prince (who is something of a yachtsman) had begged to be placed in command of the Baltic fleet, and that the officers of the French navy had signed a round-robin declining to serve under his Highness. It is to be regretted that under such circumstances the Prince did not seek to follow the example of certain cadets of the Orleans family, and serve incognito as a volunteer. Still, there would have been grave difficulties in the way of such a course.

The truth is that "Plon-Plon" is a fat, easy-going man, not more afraid of powder than most of us, but liking it just as little; and, above all things, hating trouble and exertion. The serious fault in his character would be defined by an ardent Imperialist as want of loyalty, by a man of the world as inability to see where his true interests lie.

The Emperor was very kind to his cousin and possible heir; gave him the Palais Royal to live in, and $300,000 a year to keep up a proper state with. All honors, too, that could be given to a Napoleon were showered on him—a general's commission, a seat in the Senate, also in the Council of State, the Grand Cross, presidencies of all kinds of august commissions, and at one time a Minister's portfolio, with a seat in the Cabinet.

But all these good things failed to satisfy "Plon-Plon," who fancied that Nature meant him to be the Louis Philippe of his house. Dame Nature, if she ever troubled herself about the matter, had probably assigned him a far better part in her mind, namely, that of a Mæcenas, for the Prince is clever, and not without a considerable tincture of letters. He could have done much for the arts, and the while have checked, by moderating, the opposition to the Imperial *régime.*

Instead of this "Plon-Plon" set steadily to work to loosen the foundations of his cousin's throne, constituted himself a spurious champion of popular liberties, attacked the clergy, wrote against the temporal power of the Pope, and committed a hundred other indiscretions—for indiscretions they were in a French prince.

The Emperor endured it all very good-humoredly—rather too much so, thought his most faithful servitors. One day the Bishop of Algiers complained to his Majesty of a gross affront offered him by the Prince. Plon-Plon was at that time Minister of Algeria and the Colonies, and the Bishop had business to transact with him. The good man was granted an audience by the Minister, but on availing himself of it, he found the Prince reclining on a sofa *in puris naturalibus,* without even that fragment of costume which tradition assigns to Adam. The Bishop fled in horror. Cæsar shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "He was thankful it was no worse." However, he recommended his cousin to resign, and the latter was pleased to comply with the Imperial advice. Of course, a very proper reason was assigned in the papers.

Then "Plon-Plon" thought it witty to give a banquet to a number of free-thinkers on a Good Friday, and to repeat the pleasantry in succeeding years. So great a man as Sainte-Beuve was foolish enough to be present on one occasion at these ill-timed festivities.

At length "Plon-Plon" had his wish. Napoleon III. fell—only the choice of the French people lighted on M. Thiers, instead of Prince Jerome Napoleon, to be their ruler. A twenty years' petty opposition to the head of his House had ended by merely helping to upset that House altogether. The Palais Royal and the $300,000 a year were gone; so was the prestige—but the imperial crown was not one whit the nearer.

So the Prince went over to England and said rude things to the Empress, who repaid him in his own coin. That august lady has, indeed, shown herself more skillful and cruel as an epigrammatist than her kinsman. "If ever," she once exclaimed, "a bullet is found inside him, it will be that he has swallowed it." The Empress, gossips said, hated him for a double reason: in the first place, he was a heathen—which might have been forgiven; but in the second, he aspired to the regency of France in the

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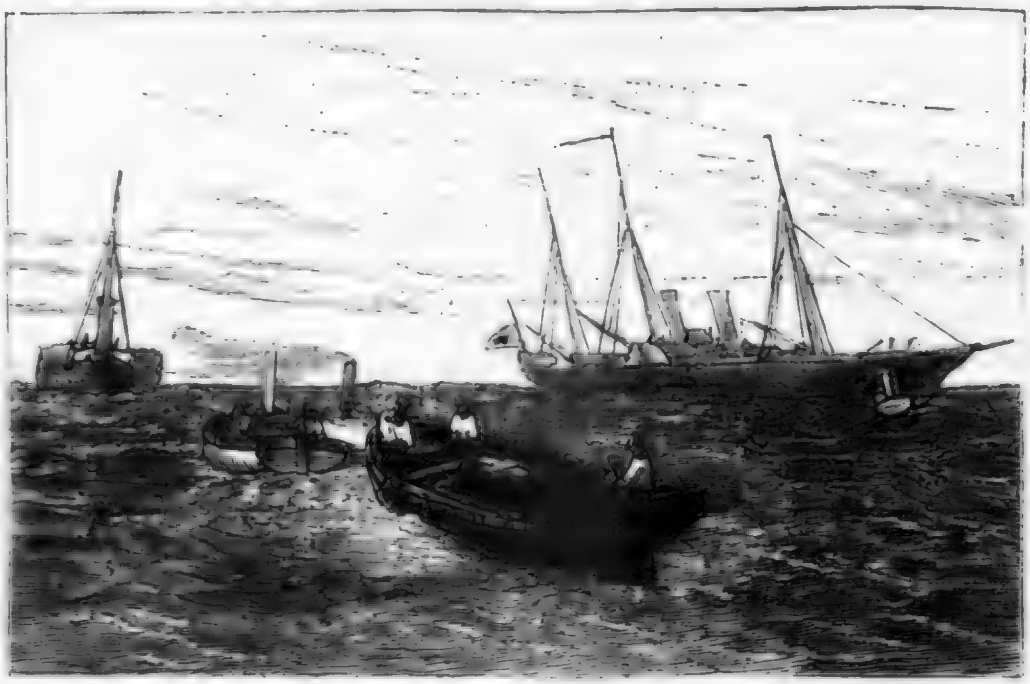
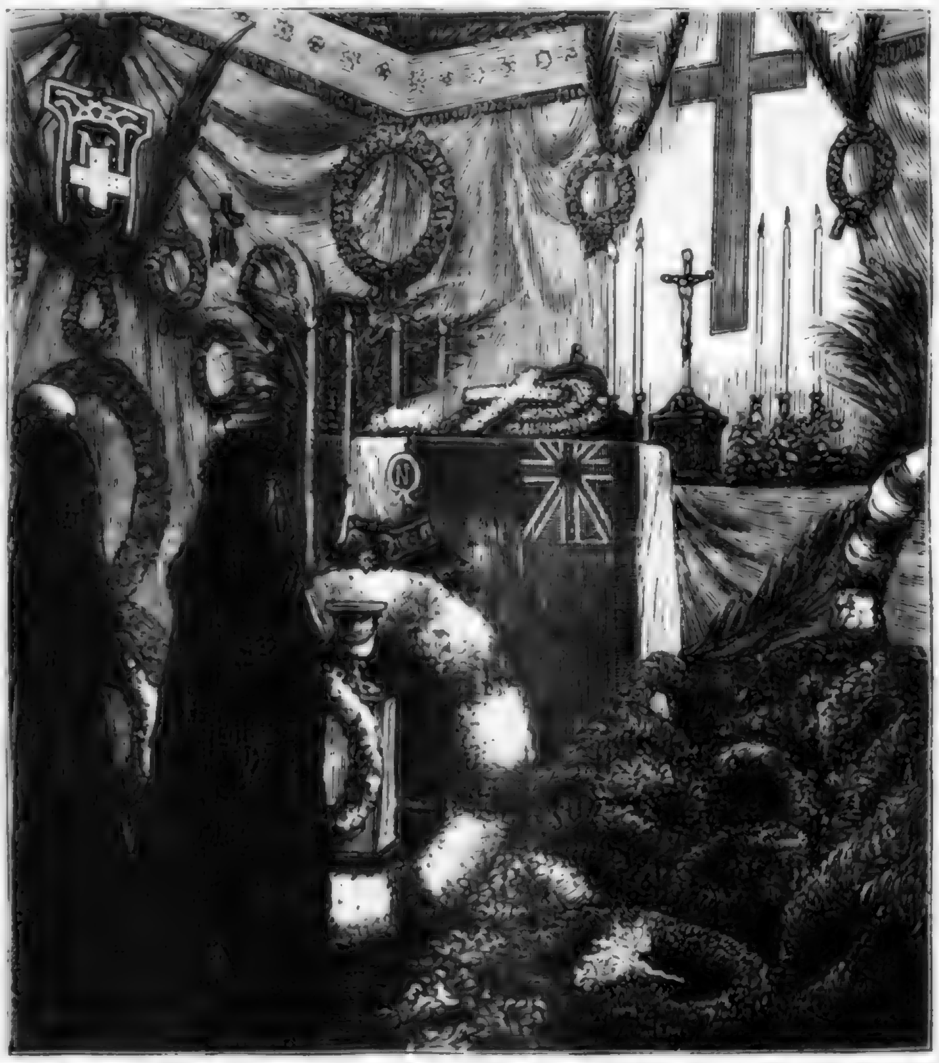
event of a minority—which was an unpardonable offense.



TRANSFERRING THE BODY FROM THE "ORONTES."

It is only fair to add that more than one Republican and a few Imperialists (*e. g.*, M. Ollivier) believe in Jerome Napoleon. But this little coterie, while insisting that under favorable circumstances he would make an excellent constitutional sovereign or chief magistrate, are regretfully compelled to acknowledge that he has for the present made himself impossible. He will never be "Napoleon V." nor "Prince-President." It is in vain that he brings up his children in Spartan simplicity, that he is kind to journalists, that he tells delightful after-dinner stories to his guests. He has been unable to create anything like a strong party, and can be of no importance without one. A Chatham can still be a power in the State with only a nominal following; but "Plon-Plon" is not a Chatham. He is simply a man of rather more than average ability, but of less than average tact and prudence. That he has ever shown the white feather is highly improbable; but he has given no brilliant proofs of courage, and none of that quality which Mr. Carlyle terms "kingship"—that is, the art of ruling men in such wise that they shall love you, and follow you even into the cannon's mouth. A good sort of fellow, "Plon-plon," but not a hero. In his quiet way, he would ask: "Why should I be?" Why, indeed?

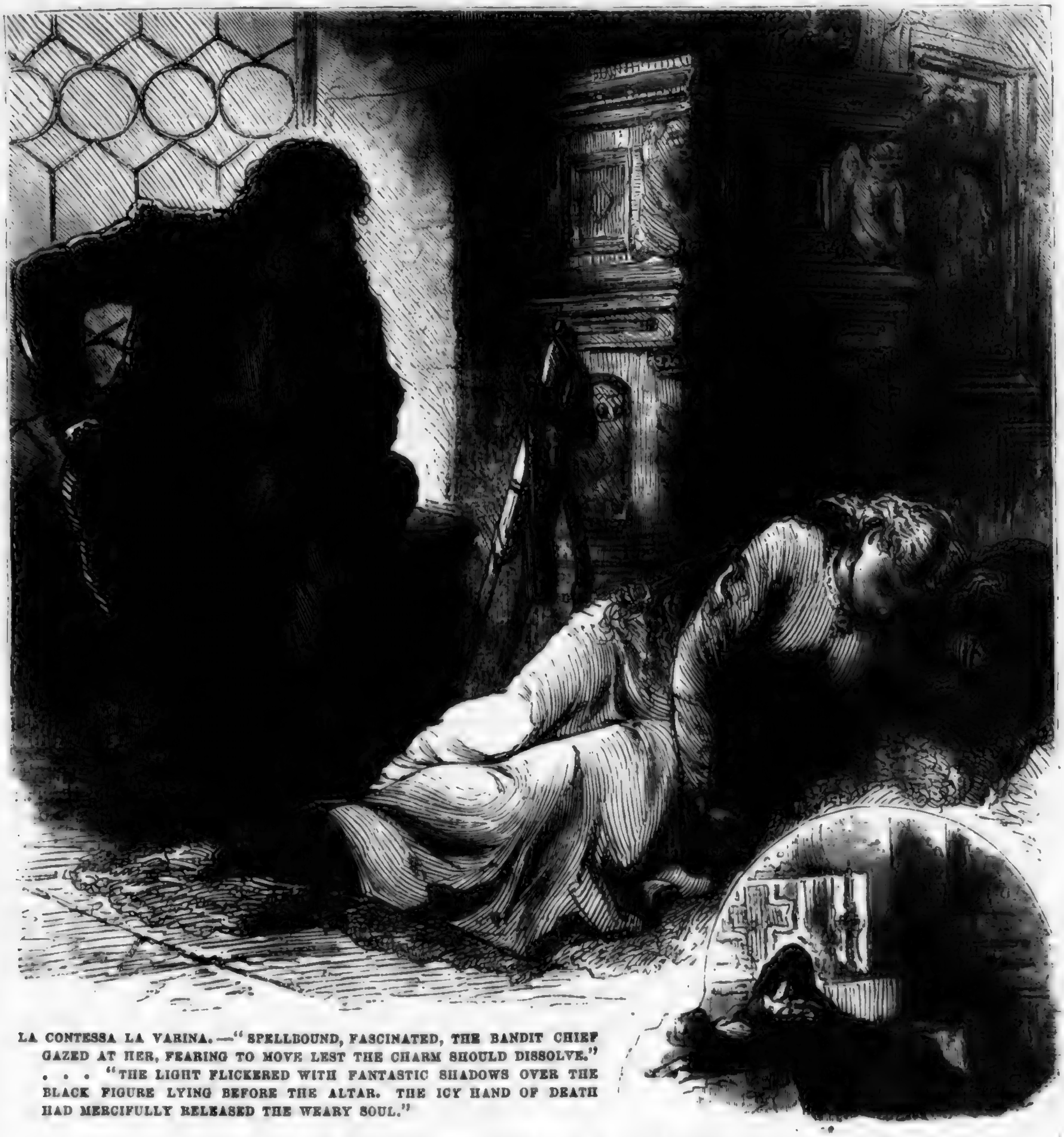


QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCESS BEATRICE PLACING WREATHS ON THE COFFIN OF NAPOLEON IV.

The Napoleonic legend has not yet ended. In the utterly extraordinary vicissitudes which have attended this dynasty we have almost a guarantee that the race will be heard of in history again. What has been, will be, and it was not more improbable that the line of the Corsican Cæsar should be revived in the nephew than it is that some descendant not now to be named will restore it anew when the hour is ripe. There seems to be growing every day less and less difference between the Republic and the Empire, or even the kingdom.

And yet, if it be true that no man can be counted happy until he is dead and all chance of mischance is over, the heir of the Napoleons was blest in his end above his ancestors. As Schiller says, "the future hides in it gladness and sorrow"; and no human wisdom could tell whether the Prince, had he fulfilled the destiny the world had marked out for him, would have reached shame or glory.

As it is, he takes his place in history a figure beautified by the purity of his life, the loftiness of his ambition, the romance of his fortunes, and the pathos of his untimely fate.



LA CONTESSA LA VARINA.—"SPELLBOUND, FASCINATED, THE BANDIT CHIEF GAZED AT HER, FEARING TO MOVE LEST THE CHARM SHOULD DISSOLVE." . . . "THE LIGHT FLICKERED WITH FANTASTIC SHADOWS OVER THE BLACK FIGURE LYING BEFORE THE ALTAR. THE ICY HAND OF DEATH HAD MERCIFULLY RELEASED THE WEARY SOUL."

LA CONTESSA LA VARINA.

Chapter I.—An Austrian Palace.

Among an assemblage remarkable for its beautiful women, was La Contessa La Varina, the gem of the Austrian Court. So light were the folds of her gossamer robe of snowy whiteness, that they seemed a drapery of clouds, well suited to the graceful form they enfolded; while her round, fair arms, covered with costliest gems, her blooming complexion and ripe, red lips, combined with a voice soft and musical, carried an irresistible charm.

Even without those fascinating graces of manner which a Parisian education had given, this beautiful woman was an invaluable ally in intrigue or diplomacy, gray ambassadors and beardless attachés alike yielding to her sway. With a rare skill at reading and managing that compound of vanity, recklessness and warm affection termed a *man's heart*, she made them all her slaves. She could murmur sentiment like a Sappho, smoke cigarettes, and play billiards in a bewilderingly fascinating manner, and, in fact, adapt herself to all things. She had everything but a *heart*, and never having felt the want of one, had lived thus far very comfortably with an imitation.

She sat now surrounded by a brilliant crowd of uniforms of every nation; her wit and dazzling smiles enthralling all around her. And yet there was one—a tall, impassive-looking man, with a cold, gray eye, plainly attired in black, who, although he regarded La Contessa closely, and listened attentively to every word which fell from her rosy lips, seemed oblivious of her beauty.

Monsieur Steinart was unmistakably a gentleman, and yet a stranger might wonder at his presence. But he had the "Open Sesame" of all Vienna, for none knew so well the private history of its inhabitants, acquired for the sole benefit or amusement of his imperial master.

La Contessa interested him as a study, as well as for private reasons of his own. He was well satisfied with the

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day's labor, for, during a visit paid to the Minister of War—not skilled, poor man, in evasion, under ingenious cross-questioning—he had succeeded in making him acknowledge various delinquencies, hitherto unsuspected.

These thoughts he revolved in his mind, as materials for future operations. But a movement amid the brilliant throng attracted attention, and it separated to admit Monsieur le Baron, Minister of War, who, covered with Orders, bowed before the queen of beauty.

Although greeted with profound respect, he was a nervous and unhappy man. His affairs were in the most perplexing confusion, while Monsieur Steinart's visit had in no way tended to reassure him. Added to this, Madame la Baronne (old and shriveled, with black teeth, and hair dressed *à l'Imperatrice*) had soundly lectured him on his propensities to flirt, sneering at his fat form, and making him sigh for the past days of slim waists and waltzing. But now, as he sunned himself in the smiles of the fair lady, all disagreeable things vanished. A tender glance threw him into raptures, and a soft pressure of her delicately gloved hand, at parting, finished the intoxication.

Not a word or a glance had escaped the watchful Steinart, who, snake-like, wound his way through the crowd, till he stood behind the baron as he bowed his adieux.

"A word with you in the tea-room, excellenza," he murmured, in the baron's ear.

Drawing the baron one side, apart from the two or three groups scattered about the room, Steinart murmured, in a low voice:

"Does your excellenza wish your future ambitions more than gratified, and unbounded favor secured from our imperial master? Aid me in a little scheme I've on hand, and that affair in Galicia goes no further—those unfortunate expressions used this morning never reach the ear of majesty. A word to La Contessa, before you go, on the importance of closing the war—she gambles in stocks, and will be at once interested. You can think the matter over, and I will be at your private door at the west wing, in the lime grove——" ("He knows *that*, too!" thought the unfortunate baron)—"at midnight; admit me yourself."

Bowing as though ordinary courtesies only had been exchanged, Steinart made his way again to where the fair contessa was still sparkling in the grand reception-room. He bent over her chair for a moment, murmuring a few words in a low tone, and then passed through a window into the open gardens.

The stars shone dimly, and the heavy dews brought out fresh fragrance from the lime blossoms, as the Austrian spy wound his way quietly through the long avenue to the private door, where he was met by the baron. There, safe from prying eyes and listening ears, Steinart unfolded his plan of operation.

"Your excellenza is aware of our exhausted resources, our dispirited soldiery; there is no need to go into the matter. Any available pretext to end the war would be seized at once; and yet nothing galls the imperial pride like yielding aught to that detested Power. What think you the emperor would give the man who brought about peace?"

"But it is impossible," said the baron. "Has not every scheme been tried?—wealth and honors offered to Prince D—— for his influence, and scornfully rejected? And treachery equally unsuccessful? His life seems charmed."

"Against *steel*, perhaps," said the other, with his sneering smile; "not *all* weapons. What think you of La Contessa?"

The baron knew that *he* should not be able to resist her, nor could he conceive of a man who would.

"Ay, but would she?"

"Madame gambles," coolly said Steinart, taking a pinch of snuff. "She is ambitious, and certain letters from Russia are in my possession—in short, she is in my power. She *must* do as I say."

Alas for human nature! The baron felt a secret thrill of joy on hearing that the powerful Contessa La Varina, the admired of all, was also in this man's power.

"This matter cannot be trusted to a third party," said Steinart, as he took his leave. "I will see La Contessa myself to-morrow. But first, you must tell her I wish to see her *alone*. I will manage to secrete myself in her carriage to-morrow night, after the state ball, and she must drive home by the bridge, that I may have time to explain. I have no doubt she will readily accede to my demands."

And then the baron was left alone.

La Contessa sat in her boudoir, arrayed in a morning-robe of exquisite simplicity, with her scent-bottles, her fan and her French novel, prepared for morning calls. She was not occupied with her novel, however; she was wondering if Prince L—— would send her that lovely bracelet she had so eloquently described to him. Then her mind wandered away to those strange words of Monsieur Steinart the previous evening, until her lovely face contracted in a frown of perplexity.

But the frown fled, and was replaced by sweetest smiles, as Monsieur le Baron was announced. Bending low, he kissed the fair hand extended to him.

"I was thinking of you, my dear baron," she murmured.

"Ah, what happiness!" but in spite of this happy intelligence, the baron seated himself with a troubled air.

"You look troubled, wearied with cares of State, *mon ami*," La Contessa said, with a look of tender sympathy. "Confide in me; tell me all about this tedious war, which must press so wearily on your mind."

"Ah, madame, would it were ended, for your sake as well as mine;" and the baron heaved a profound sigh.

"It affects me little, monsieur," replied the lady, calmly; "but one must talk of something, you know." And she dexterously led the conversation into other channels, wondering why her admirer was so *distrait*. In spite of all her attempts, he appeared moody and ill at ease; and it was not until he heard a carriage drive up, announcing other visitors, that he mustered courage enough to deliver his communication.

"I have a message for you, madame," he said, hurriedly, "from Monsieur Steinart—you know him?"

The color faded from the contessa's cheek as she heard the name; but, with a forced composure, she assented, with an air of apparent surprise.

"He wishes to see you *alone*, secretly, and will manage to conceal himself in your carriage to-night, after the ball at the palace. You must order the coachman to drive home by the bridge, that he may have time to converse with you."

A fearful terror appeared to seize La Contessa as she heard the baron's words; her senses seemed leaving her, and her breath came in quick gasps. Yet, with a powerful effort of will, she waved away her distracted admirer, when, in despair at the effect of his words, he would have summoned assistance.

"A sudden spasm of the heart," she said, faintly. "I am subject to them. Be so kind as to hand me that little bottle on the *étagère*." Then, with apparent nonchalance, though the jeweled flask trembled in the white hand which held it, "But what were you saying about Monsieur Steinart?—some whimsical idea of his entering my carriage? Pray, if he wishes to see me, why can he not enter my house, as any other visitor?"

"His highness, Prince L——, awaits your pleasure," announced the servant; and the baron took his leave.

La Contessa pressed her hand to her heart, to still its tumultuous throbbings.

Could that fearful man possess her secret—those letters? Then all was lost, lost!

Little recked Prince L—— (a Russian of noble form, set off by a uniform covered with glittering orders), as he kissed with ardor the fair hand extended to him, of the tempest beneath that smiling exterior.

"Madame was pleased to admire this jewel," he said, presently, producing a case containing the much-coveted bracelet; "it will receive new beauty from her arm."

And kneeling in gallant courtesy, he clasped it on the fair, soft wrist.

She smiled on the handsome man at her feet, so evidently her captive, inwardly determined to encourage a passion which she had before regarded as a stepping-stone to her ambition, but which *now* might be her salvation. Never had she been so gracious, so encouraging, exerting all her powers to bring a declaration from the enamored prince. Agitated, surprised and delighted by such unequivocal marks of favor from this beautiful woman, who had a score or more of the highest nobility of the land in her train, Prince L—— forgot his caution, his reserve, and threw himself and his honors at her feet. She was surprised at his depth of feeling, yet, as she yielded to his embrace, and murmured the soft words which brought such rapture to her lover, she was thinking how well the family diamonds would adorn her lovely brow, when she shone as a new star at the Court of St. Petersburgh.

At length he took a reluctant leave, leaving La Contessa to reflect upon the mine on which she stood. Would it explode?

Resplendent in jewels, and dazzling in beauty, La Contessa la Varina appeared at the State ball, the peril and excitement of her position giving a reckless gayety to her manner, as she whirled in the waltz, while, to the enraptured prince, her wit was more brilliant than ever, and her beauty seemed more than mortal. Crowds of admirers surrounded her, while the hours sped away on winged feet.

But the ball ended at last, and closely wrapping the fair lady in her fur cloak, the enamored prince placed her in the carriage, urgently entreating to be allowed to attend her home. Smiling gently, madame excluded him, whispering, as she shook her head, and extended her hand for him to kiss, "*Les convenances, mon chèr prince, les convenances,*" and was whirled away.

There sat the dark figure in the corner—La Contessa would have given half her life to escape the next half hour.

"Monsieur wishes to see me," she said, at last; and her voice was calm and soft as usual.

"*C'est vrai,*" responded Steinart, coolly taking snuff. "Accident, or, rather, one of my agents, has placed in my hands certain *Russian letters*, belonging to La Contessa la Varina. These letters I have no wish to retain, and will restore them, on one condition, to their fair owner."

Then there was silence between the two.

Steinart's keen gray eye shone and glittered in the obscure light, like a basilisk, as he watched the shades pass over that beautiful face. She knew there was no use in dissembling; she *felt* she was in the man's power.

Presently the calm, quiet voice broke the silence again, as if he realized La Contessa's utter inability to speak, and was willing to put an end to her agony.

"Madame has but to charm a new captive—a simple thing for her. But then the scene is far from her recent triumphs, and the captive an important one. The court will indeed be desolate without its fairest ornament."

"Let me know your condition fully," said La Contessa, speaking at last; and her voice sounded strangely hoarse.

"Prince D—— is to be your new subject," said Steinart. "You will exert your charms to induce him to influence his master to propose an honorable peace, or, by stratagem, to bring him to a dungeon in our State prisons. Unbounded wealth and honors will then be yours, for who can doubt La Varina's success?"

Under any circumstances, this proposal would have revolted La Contessa, for, under all her frivolity, there was a faint tinge of nobility of soul. Entrap this man, whom she believed to be the savior of his people?—throw herself in his way to betray him?

Steinart read the struggle in her face. Nothing short of his positive hold on her liberty could have had the slightest influence. With consummate skill, he exerted himself to reconcile her to the necessity, calling it a State matter, and even sketched a plan of action.

Steinart read her hesitation, but allowed her time, knowing that she would get round again to the given point—impossibility of escape from his power.

"We are approaching your palace, madame. Have I your consent and approval of my little plan?" he resumed.

"I *must*," she said, bitterly. "If you were a *man*, I might appeal to some sense of honor, of pity for a woman, but you are a fiend in human shape! I must yield to your power; but remember a woman can *hate!* I will be revenged for this!"

"You are severe, madame," he responded, calmly. "But to our subject. A courier will wait on you in the morning. You will leave at once; and, in case of mistake, here are written instructions for your journey. I shall take care there is no deceit in the matter."

The carriage stopped at last, and La Contessa ascended to her dressing-room. Dismissing her maid as soon as possible, she was left to reflect on her position. Plan after plan was rejected as impracticable, until, exhausted, she threw herself upon the couch and sank into a troubled sleep.

"A courier from Lombardy, madame," said a voice by her bedside; and she was aroused once more to the bitter reality of her life. "I would not have disturbed madame, but the message is urgent," continued the maid.

"Bring it to me," said the lady, wearily.

Alas! there was no escape now. She must leave Austria. Steinart would never permit her to communicate with the prince; he and his agents would take good care of that. No; she must wait for deliverance until she was beyond his reach.

Hastily glancing over the dispatch, she rose, with an exclamation of surprise and alarm (for the *world* should not dream of her forced submission to the power of the emperor's spy).

"My aunt is very ill—dying, Nannette. My dressing-gown, and coffee, instantly. Then bring the courier to my presence. I must leave for Lombardy at once." Then, as the maid was turning away: "Send *la cameriste* to me immediately, and lose no time in preparing my wardrobe for instant departure."

"Madame will not have need of her court dresses, I suppose, or a variety of rich clothing?" said the maid, inquiringly.

"I do not know how long I may be away; you can make the usual arrangements;" and in spite of herself, La

Varina blushed a little at the deception—little knowing that Nannette had long been in her enemy's employ, a spy on every word and action.

Presently *la cameriste* appeared in obedience to her mistress's summons—a singular-looking woman, withered and bony, with an eye like an eagle's, whose gay attire was in striking contrast with her face. A dark cloth skirt, adorned with tinsel, and boots richly trimmed with fur, were surmounted by a scarlet jacket.

"You may shut up the state apartments, Zelma, and dismiss the servants. I shall start for Lombardy at once, and may be absent a long time. My aunt, La Contessa Vareska, is very ill."

And now La Varina prepared for departure—sealed up her jewels and valuable papers, burned others, wrote a few notes, and then penned a tender adieu to the prince. The real sorrow she felt at leaving her luxurious home gave a tinge of reality to her words, breathing through them an impassioned strain of sentiment widely at variance with La Contessa's worldly nature; and as she read it over she half wondered at herself.

She did not venture the slightest allusion to the real state of affairs, well knowing it would never reach him if she did; besides, she could not bring herself to reveal to this proud, haughty Russian the humiliating position in which she was placed.

These preliminaries over, she summoned the pretended courier, in reality the guard to whom Steinart had intrusted her. A young man, attired in the costume of Lombardy, was ushered into her boudoir.

"WRITE SOON."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 279.

La Contessa wondered what was his master-passion, as she surveyed him critically. If he were older it might have been *avarice*—perhaps it was now. She would study him; he might yet serve *her* ends, instead of his master's.

Haughtily she gave her orders to this man who was to guard her like a criminal, bidding him call upon her servants to prepare her carriage, and all requisites for a long journey.

When Prince L—— languidly glanced at the pile of letters and *billet-doux* awaiting his attention, as he seated himself before an elegantly served breakfast, he started at perceiving the delicately scented note of La Varina's.

The beautiful contessa has fascinated him by her wit, as well as her personal charms, and he fancied he discerned a noble soul under the sparkling nothings which constituted life.

This sudden departure was a keen disappointment to him; he could not endure the thought of a long absence, and yet she spoke vaguely of her return. The most artful management could never have riveted La Varina's chains more closely than did this sudden absence.

In the meantime, the fair lady rolled swiftly along, dispirited, and fearful of the power of her enemy. Nothing could have been more deferential than the manner of Polgar, the courier, or more attentive to her wants. Fresh horses seemed always at his command, and as the distance increased, the wild, romantic scenery could not fail to excite some interest.

Leaving madame to pursue her journey, which was to be even more eventful than she supposed, we will turn our steps again to Vienna, where Francis Joseph was amusing himself with choice bits of scandal, as well as weightier matters, prepared for his delectation by Steinart.

Ushered by a confidential domestic into the bed-chamber of the emperor (for his visits were unknown), Steinart approached his imperial master, who was reclining on a lounge. The richest carpets muffled his footsteps, and the subdued light of alabaster globes shone on satin hangings, and luxurious appointments, with a mellow lustre.

"Approach, Steinart," said the emperor, graciously, for the man was so indispensable he could afford to unbend. "What have you for our royal ear to-night? How are our restless subjects?"

Passing over matters of minor importance, Steinart disclosed his last achievement. The emperor started.

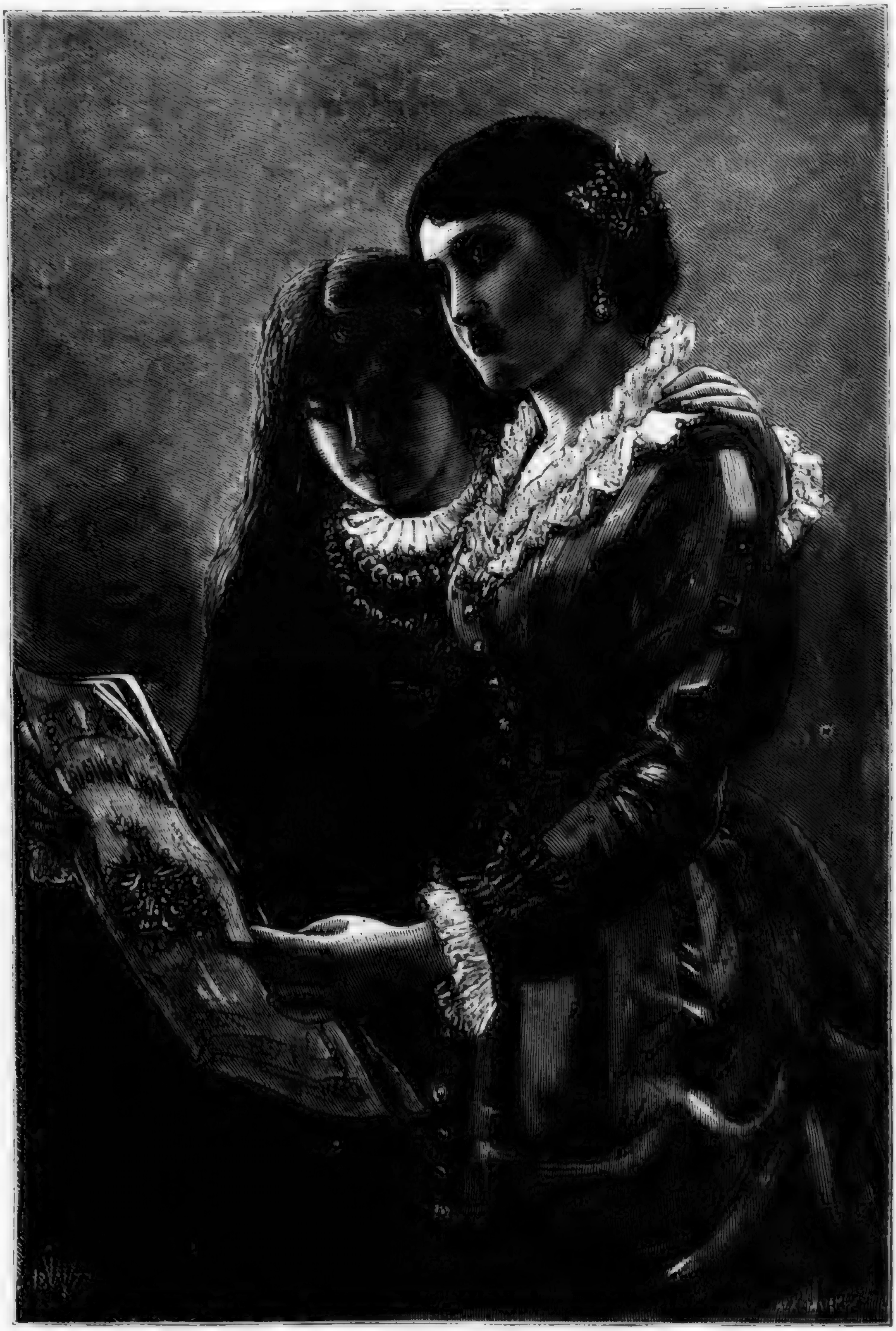
"Send La Varina away—the beauty of our Court! Amazing! Do you deal in magic, my prince of spies? Ah! if she succeeds, ask what you will for yourself and for her;" and the emperor rose, and paced the room in his excitement. "Our hated foe! if we could grind him to powder! But what potent charm could you bring to bear on this powerful beauty?"

"Ah! your majesty, that I cannot disclose. I should lose my art did I reveal its mysteries."

"Well, well! we will not press you too far. Only bring about the result—we will not be too particular as to the means. But enough for to-night."

CHAPTER II.— THE ROBBER'S CASTLE.

LA VARINA had reconciled herself in a measure to what she deemed fate, and was determined to play her part well, and return to Vienna in triumph. They had entered Dalmatia, and the grand mountain scenery, so rugged and wild, engrossed her attention. Polgar, although formerly well acquainted in this region, lost his way on a mountain-pass, and was obliged to send back for a guide. But they had lost time, and Polgar began to despair of reaching Cattaro that night. To add to his perplexity, dark clouds presaged a coming tempest, which was dangerous as well as fearful on those steep ascents. Still, the next pass must be crossed, and wearily the tired horses toiled on.



THE DUET.

The pass was almost gained, when the storm broke upon them with overwhelming fury, threatening to sweep them into the abyss below. The contessa, overcome with terror, requested them to stop, but there was equal danger attending either course. The guide entreated Polgar to take a side road leading into a ravine, and comparatively sheltered; but he hesitated, well knowing the danger lurking in these mountains. But the increasing fury of the wind settled the matter, and they plunged through the side path into the gorge beneath.

After a time they paused at what seemed a mass of ruins in the gathering darkness, in reality half-castle, half-dwelling. Rude, but strong, some rooms were still entire, and there were even a few heavy articles of furniture remaining in one of them.

Hastily gathering some sticks together for a fire, Polgar prepared a couch of fur robes for the exhausted contessa, who had been nearly insensible from terror; and, happily, in ignorance of anything but the annoyance of her situation, she soon was soundly sleeping.

Polgar and the guide built themselves a comfortable fire in an adjoining chamber, and the latter, wrapped in his bearskin, was soon asleep. But the other was anxious and watchful; his childhood was passed on these very mountains, his father belonging to a wild tribe, half-patriot, half-bandit. Years had passed since he had seen the old castle, but he had heard that the tribe was still in existence, under a chief who was a terror to all the mountain hamlets.

At last he slept heavily, and awakened to find himself firmly bound hand and foot, while a motley group of men surrounded him. It seemed as though deserters from all nations had enlisted under this dreaded chief—Dalmatians and Sclavonians, Tartars and Croats, Mongolians and Servians, with even a stray Russian or Spaniard. Every variety of fantastic costume was there, from the rough sheepskin of the peasant, with his hatchet in his girdle, to the rich costume of the cavalier of the Court.

By his side Polgar beheld their leader—the fierce, implacable Spallatro—whom he knew at once by his majestic bearing and imperious glance. His strong, supple frame showed great capabilities of endurance, while his face, although handsome, expressed the passions of his warlike nature, combined with considerable powers of mind.

"Welcome, Polgar, son of Veiba the Strong!" the chief said, with a disdainful glance. "How are our Austrian masters? We will hear the latest news from court; and as for the fair lady in yonder, whom you *guard* so well, we will not disturb her slumbers just at present. She may yet be found worthy to reign over this royal castle."

Two stalwart fellows lifted the young man from the floor, and placed him before the chief, who had thrown himself on a pile of furs.

Polgar's penetration was at fault. Did Spallatro know *all?* It was difficult to decide; but he made up his mind to appeal to the bandit's avarice, and promise a heavy ransom, well knowing his master would not give up the matter for the loss of money—loss of time was all he had to fear.

Roused by the noise, La Contessa regarded this strange scene as though some horrible nightmare had taken possession of her; and the beauty of the Austrian court felt her blood freeze with horror as she noted the fierce faces, so marked by their life of lawless indulgence. She turned to flee, but there was no exit to the room save through the one before her; besides, what hope had she in flight? An agonized prayer for help rose to her lips, which had not known *prayer* for so many long years. She listened to Polgar's appeal to Spallatro, and offers of a heavy ransom, which the chief replied to with:

"Ay, and a heavy one it will be before yonder beauty leaves my castle. She is worth her weight in gold."

A hoarse laugh greeted this sally.

"Now, comrades," the chief went on, "you know we've work for the morrow. Hasten and take the rest you so much need. I will see to these captives, who have so obligingly saved us the trouble of capturing them. We shall have gold for that beauty yonder—plenty of gold. Let that content you."

Obedient to Spallatro's command, they dispersed about the place, and were soon, for the most part, asleep. The poor contessa, after recovering from her long swoon, crouched in a corner of the room, overcome with hopeless despair.

Polgar managed to utter a few words of comfort to her in French, although his guard bade him be quiet; and thus they waited for morning light.

At the earliest dawn Spallatro was up, and the larger part of the troop were at once dispatched to a distant point, there to await his coming. The morning was fresh and bright, with but little trace of the furious storm of the night before, while the pure blue sky shone dazzlingly clear above the trees. The chief then prepared to visit his fair captive; and, stepping lightly inside the room, found her asleep. Wearied with long watching and fatigue, she lay on the couch of furs, her fair skin contrasting with its dark color, while her disheveled curls fell about her. Never, in all the glory of court-dress, had she looked so lovely, as she lay in graceful *abandon*, a half-smile parting her rosy lips, as some dream of her former triumphs flitted o'er her. Spellbound, fascinated, the bandit chief gazed at her, fearing to move lest the charm should dissolve. At last she stirred uneasily, and opened her eyes. At first she could not realize where she was, but slowly the horrors of her position crept over her, and the scene of the previous night passed before her vision.

Compelled, in spite of himself, to do homage to this wondrous beauty, all the chivalry of his nature roused, Spallatro courteously expressed his sorrow that he could not better accommodate his fair captive, adding that all in his power should be done for her comfort.

"Until our ransom can arrive," said the contessa, striving to keep her voice from trembling. "Ask what you will, only do not detain us."

"We will see, lady. Perhaps *gold* may not have power to release you. Our castle is not often visited by so fair a flower. We would fain keep its fragrance yet a while."

La Varina's heart sank within her as she noted his glance and heard his words.

"I have jewels," she said, hastily—"a fortune; all shall be yours at my release; but if you detain me," and the pride of her nature flashed from her eyes, "beware of Austria's revenge!"

A mocking laugh echoed her words, as, with a low bow, the chief left her without further comment.

A strong guard of trusty men being left in charge of the castle, Spallatro rode away to join the troop.

Closely guarded in this way, several days were passed in horrible suspense, and almost hopeless despair, until orders came from the chief to convey the captives to a more secure haunt.

Hope revived somewhat as La Varina, mounted on a sure-footed mule, proceeded swiftly on for several hours, when, suddenly emerging from a defile, they came upon a band of soldiers belonging to the grand army of Prince D——, and commanded by him in person—a fact which Polgar hastily communicated to La Contessa. Thus did deliverance suddenly appear, in a shape most unlooked for.

The contessa called loudly for help, and the bandits, attacked, soon fled before the soldiers. She implored the protection of the prince, giving him a most moving account of the dangers she had escaped from, and the horrors she had endured in her fearful prison; while her helpless position, as well as her exceeding beauty, appealed strongly to the feelings of her deliverer.

Of tall, commanding appearance, a model of manly beauty, Prince D—— possessed the noblest qualities of head and heart; and, as La Varina rode by his side to the neighboring town, which was his headquarters, charming him more and more by all the fascinations she knew so well how to exert, she experienced a strange commotion in her own heart which she had never felt there before. Had Steinart possessed the power of magic, he could not have managed matters with more adroitness—could not have brought about a more fortunate meeting than the storm and its consequences had achieved.

La Contessa was conducted to the mansion where the prince lived, and entreated to make use of its resources to recover from her fatigue and fright, while he himself removed to a less pretentious abode.

Each day riveted her chains more firmly on the prince, and as he wandered with her through the delicious gardens which surrounded the place, La Varina realized that, for the first time in her life, *she loved*—deeply, madly, passionately. Alas for her mission! All thought of it was lost in the bliss that she loved and was beloved; while ambition, the responsibilities of his position and cause of his country, all slumbered in the soul of Prince D——. One smile from his adored contessa was more to him than a kingdom.

In vain his generals murmured at the delay, just at a critical point, and the soldiers were becoming rebellious. Each day found him more reluctant to leave the enchanted gardens into which he had entered.

One evening, as he strolled with her down the shaded alleys of fragrant lime-trees, whispering words of love, a rustling in the grove attracted his attention. He turned to look, but, with a cry of alarm, clasped her in his arms as the report of a pistol broke the stillness, and a ball, from some unknown hand, aimed at *her* life, entered his heart. Dying, he sank at her feet, as in wildest agony she bent over him, imploring him not to leave her, to take her with him.

"I die happy, dearest," he murmured, faintly—"happy that I have saved your life—happy in your love."

She clung to him in speechless despair, and pressed her lips to his as the last sigh fluttered over them; while the moon looked down silently, shedding stray beams of silvery light, flickering through the trees, and the perfumed air softly mingled the hair of the dead man and his love, as she lay insensible beside him.

Prince D—— was carried in state and pomp to his family castle, and laid in the gloomy vault of his ancestors, while wax candles were burned continually before a shrine, and masses chanted for the repose of his soul.

* * * * * * * *

On a black, irregular pile of rocks, with a lake of sombre color below, hemmed in by stunted trees, stood the Abbey of Moralleda. The country surrounding it was dreary and marshy, while interminable fields of olives, bounded by a distant line of cypress trees, added little beauty to the scene. Its hoary, massive towers and narrow slits showed the architecture of the early centuries, while high walls surrounded it on every side. In a narrow cell of this gloomy abode was the once lovely La Varina, encircled by bare walls, with a narrow cot, and a crucifix upon the wall. Worn almost to a shadow by long-continued fastings, by endless prayers and expiatory mortifications, she sat with her hands resting on the granite ledge, looking listlessly from the window. And yet, amid the ceaseless agony of prayers and tears, her mind sometimes wandered away to the past, and the present seemed a ghastly dream. She lived over again the radiance of Parisian *salons;* she rode through the carnival of a Florentine night; she glided over the Mediterranean in a felucca laden with flowers; or whirled in the giddy waltz through the palaces of Vienna.

Midnight tolled solemnly from the great bell of the abbey, and, with a solitary candle to light her lonely vigil, Sister Clarissa prostrated herself before the altar. Murmured prayers fell from her lips, breaking the profound silence of the night, until finally these died away, and the light flickered with fantastic shadows over the black figure lying there. Hour after hour passed away. There was a rigid look about it now—the icy hand of death had mercifully released the weary soul.

"WRITE SOON."

By Eliza Cook.

Long parting from the hearts we love
Will shadow o'er the brightest face;
And happy they who part, and prove
Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere;
And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
Are both less earnest than the boon
Which fervently, the last fond sigh
Begs in the hopeful words, "Write soon!"

"Write soon!" oh, sweet request of Truth!
How tenderly its accents come!
We heard it first in early youth,
When mothers watched us leaving home.

And still, amid the trumpet-joys,
That weary us with pomp and show,
We turn from all the brassy noise
To hear this *minor* cadence low.

We part, but carry on our way
Some loved one's plaintive spirit-tune;
That, as we wander, seems to say,
"Affection lives on faith—Write soon!"

MRS. FRY AND HER NOBLE WORK.

"They are utterly irreclaimable," a principal officer of Newgate Prison, England, was, one day in the Autumn of 1804, peremptorily assuring a party of Friends, who had just before looked shudderingly in upon the wretches in the quadrangle—"They are utterly irreclaimable, be assured—sunk in depravity and crime beyond the power of rescue."

"Thou dost not surely mean," replied a voice of singular sweetness, "that they are beyond the reach and power of God."

The startled official looked sharply at the speaker, who, he saw, was a tall, youthful matron, richly habited as "a plain Quaker," with light, flaxen hair, and a mild, expressive countenance, lit up at the moment into more than usual animation by the newly kindled zeal which shone in her gentle, suffused eyes; and it was some moments before he rather confusedly replied, "that, of course, he could not mean *that;* but he, at all events, knew

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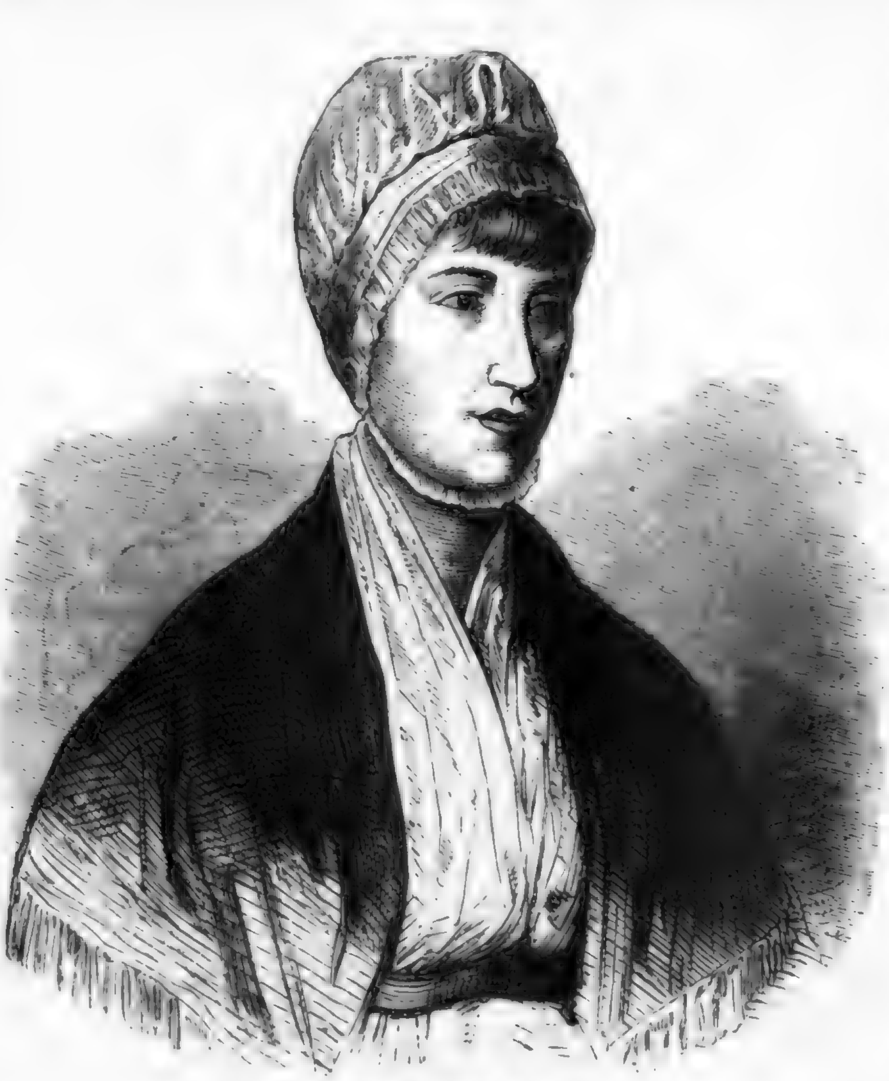


MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

very well that the chaplain of the jail could do nothing with them."

The Friends soon left, and a few days afterward the youthful matron returned alone; was, of course, received with the respect which character and social position always command, and, to the indescribable astonishment—almost consternation—of those who heard her, requested admittance to the quadrangle, and to be left alone there with the female prisoners. Vainly did governor, chaplain, turnkeys, strive to dissuade her from the disgusting—in some degree dangerous and altogether hopeless—task upon which she appeared so strangely bent.

The calm reply to every argument and objection was, that she was in the hands of God, in whose fear she felt no other. The lady's firm insistance at last prevailed, and she was presently standing alone in the midst of the denizens of the quadrangle—her only shield her faith and purity, her sole weapons the charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things, and a copy of the New Testament opened in her hand at a previously selected chapter, more especially addressed to the manifestly fallen and lost ones of the earth.

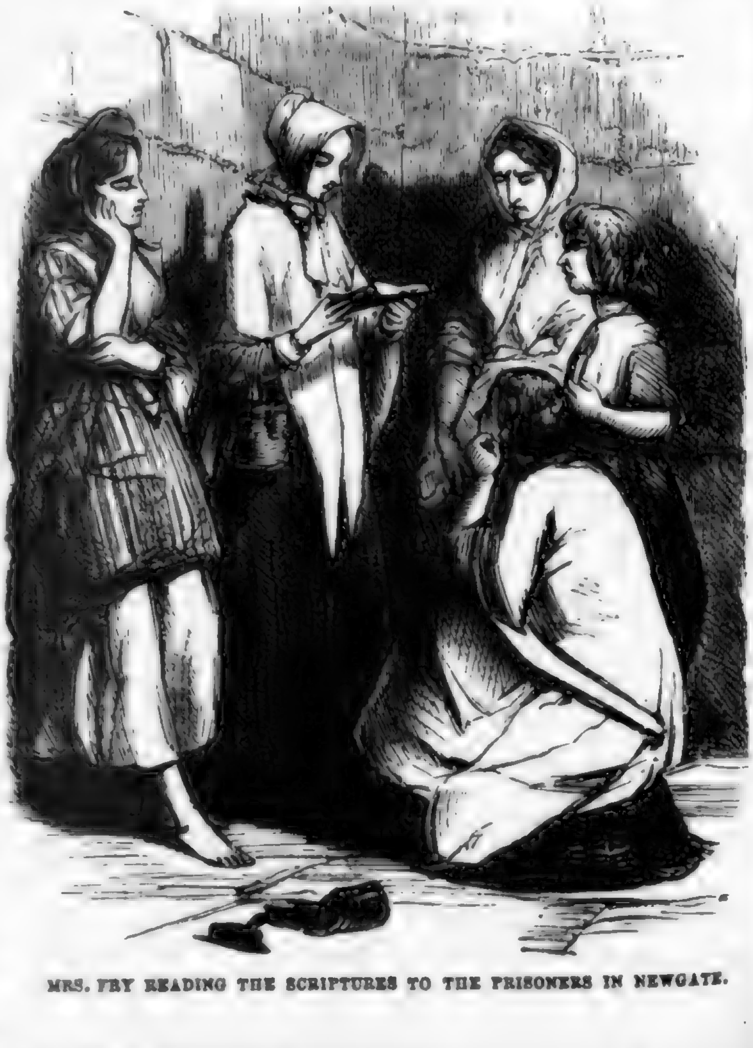
The reprobate crowd, momently stricken dumb by the sudden apparition, quickly recovered their accustomed audacity, and clamorously petitioned—demanded rather—money—money to purchase food; meaning, thereby, beer and tobacco.

Those Babel-cries so far disconcerted the visitor, that the few introductory sentences she intended to deliver passed from her memory, and she instantly commenced reading, in the clear, thrilling tones peculiar to her, from the sacred volume in her trembling hands. As she read, the tumult gradually stilled, and the greater portion of the ruffian auditory listened with breathless surprise and eagerness to the divine words, by many of them heard for the first time, and now but dimly comprehended, we may be sure.

But the most hardened, brutified minds there could not but feel that the strange accents to which they listened wonderingly, were uttered by a compassionate, sympathizing woman, and one, too, evidently of that superior class, who, when seen flashing in their splendor past the end of the miserable court or alley in which they, the pariahs of civilization, burrowed, when theoretically free, in chains and bondage as crushing and hopeless as those of Newgate, seemed beings of a higher sphere and life—not, as it now confusedly broke upon them, children of the same Father, and heritors with no higher title than the meanest there possessed, of the same immortal destiny.

"Hush!" exclaimed a woman, in whose eyes glittered the fire of incipient fever, as some slight interruption occurred—"hush! the angels have lent her their voices!"

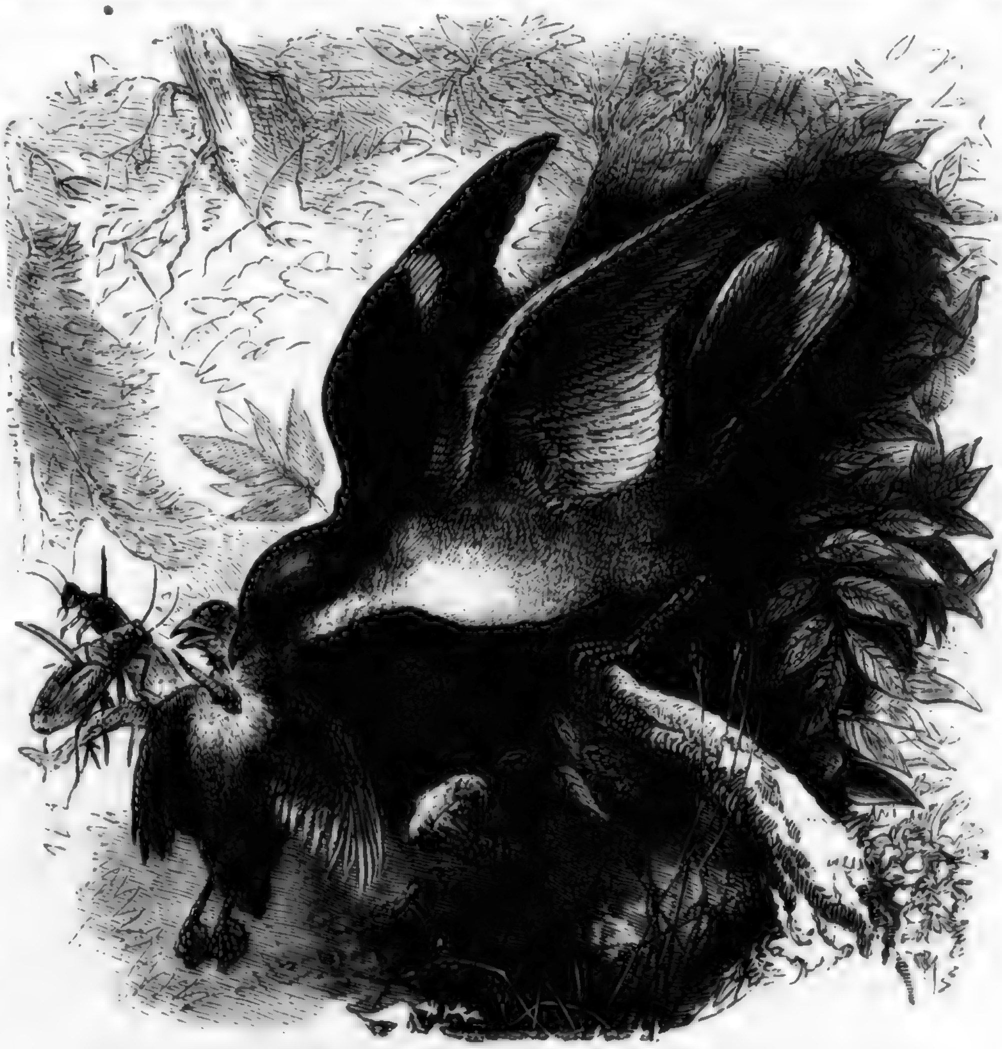
The scene thus roughly sketched was that which inaugurated the prison



MRS. FRY READING THE SCRIPTURES TO THE PRISONERS IN NEWGATE.

teachings that have rendered the name of Elizabeth Fry illustrious wherever true heroism, unostentatious self-sacrifice, is recognized and held in honor. It was no sudden impulse of undisciplined enthusiasm—no passing spasm of fanatical excitement, that constrained the footsteps of that young and wealthy wife and mother to those abodes of suffering and shame—that nerved a delicately nurtured lady to hold personal communion with those moral lepers.

Elizabeth Fry, third daughter of John Gurney and Catherine Bell, was born in the City of Norwich, on the 21st of May, 1780. The Gurneys date as a family of importance from the highly respectable antiquity of the William Rufus epoch; whilst Catherine Bell, the daughter of a London merchant, was a lineal descendant, on the maternal side, of Robert Barclay, the Apologist of the Quakers. John Gurney, her father, was a man of large wealth, and his wife a lady of great beauty, talent, and worth



THE BUTCHER-BIRD.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Elizabeth was one of a family of twelve children, nine of whom reached maturity, the eldest being seventeen and the youngest two years old when their mother died, in 1792. Elizabeth, though not so handsome as her two older sisters, is described as a tall, graceful, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a very sweet expression of face, and withal of such a timid, fearful temperament, that she would burst into tears if only earnestly looked at, appearing to be always dominated by a vague feeling of terror, which, with the development of her intellectual faculties, settled for a time into a morbid anxiety relative to the phenomena of life and death. Often, when but seven or eight years of age, she would watch her mother, whilst asleep, with breathless apprehension, lest she might never wake again.

This admirable and accomplished mother died whilst Elizabeth was in her twelfth year; and John Gurney, the father, it is quite evident, was by no means a rigid Friend, in a doctrinal and disciplinary sense. The skeptical spirit of the age had, it is clear, penetrated even the stolid ranks of Quakerism. It was the conversation of an amiable and intelligent Roman Catholic gentleman—a Mr. Pitchford—that first revived in the minds of the Gurney family some faint reverence for the positive or dogmatical teachings of the Christian religion; an impression subsequently deepened by the reasonings of Marianne Galton, a plain Quakeress and a very pious person.

The beneficent career of Elizabeth Gurney—the religion in action which sanctified her life and has ennobled her memory, dates from the termination of an unsatisfactory pleasure-trip to London. The practice of benevolence, the activity of compassion, fixed her wavering intellectual credence of the soul's divinity of life, and we find her, whilst ministering to the physical needs of a dying servant, "Poor Bob," telling him she could feel no pity for one so much nearer, to all appearance, than herself, to the future and better life.

The education of children, for whom she had long felt an almost romantic sympathy, "for we know not how great and good they may become," was now undertaken by Elizabeth Gurney, and persisted in with untiring zeal as long as she remained at Earlham Hall. She commenced with one poor little boy; and so rapidly did her school increase, that a large vacant laundry was set apart for the accommodation of the scholars, who, when their benefactress quitted the parental for a conjugal home, were eighty-seven in number.

So absorbed was Elizabeth Gurney with these and kindred self-imposed duties, that it was with considerable difficulty Joseph Fry, youngest son of William Storrs Fry, residing at a country-seat near Plaistow, Essex, and the head of an extremely wealthy London firm, of which he, Joseph, was a partner, succeeded in inducing her to even listen to his matrimonial overtures. The constancy and perseverance of the lover-Friend at length prevailed—the lady one day "received a letter from Joseph Fry which she liked, and answered it"; and the result was, that on the morning of the 19th of October, 1800, Elizabeth Gurney "woke in a sort of terror at the prospect before her, but soon gained quietness and something of cheerfulness"—sufficient, at all events, to go through the wedding ceremony at the Friends' Meeting-house, Norwich, with tolerable composure, notwithstanding "her cold hands and beating heart" did not for several hours afterward regain their normal condition.

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Previous to her marriage, Elizabeth Gurney had subsided, or soared, by slow but continuous process, into "plain Quakerism." Her life was ennobled by the unshrinking self-denial, the singularity of zeal, so to speak, which prompted her to enter upon and steadfastly pursue the tangled, thorny, untrodden path, illumined now by her bright footsteps, wherein she won for herself alike the reverence of the down-trodden, lowly ones to whose moral and physical needs she ministered in love, and the esteem and admiration of the highest in the land—of all, indeed, who are capable of appreciating the true glory of a life which owes its lustre and beauty to its own inherent purity and brightness, unhelped by the meretricious glare that for a time encircles and transfigures the conventional heroes and heroines of the world.

Her earthly mission finished, Elizabeth Fry passed tranquilly away to the reward of the just, in the sixty-seventh year of her mortal life; the seraphic smile which accompanied her last words: "It is a strife—but I am safe," remaining, whilst human eyes rested upon it, as bright and placid as when the passing angel traced it there.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

An observant person, rambling about the fields and woodlands during the latter part of Autumn or early Spring, is often surprised at finding insects: grasshoppers, dragonflies, beetles of all kinds, and even larger game—mice and small birds—impaled on twigs and thorns. To any one ignorant of the recurrence and extent of the phenomenon, it might easily be attributed to the sport of idle children; but if the person who makes the discovery exercises a little caution and patience, the real author of the mischief is soon detected in a large, bluish or ash-colored bird that, in all probability, presently makes its appearance with an additional supply for its larder. This it proceeds to truss up on the first spare thorn that offers.

This bird is the great gray shrike of the Northern States, most appropriately named the butcher-bird, probably the cruelest and most belligerent creature of its size to be found anywhere. Whether its curious habit of hanging its slaughtered prey upon a thorn is to be attributed to a preference for the gamy flavor so much affected by biped epicures of the featherless species, or merely to collect a store for future use, is a mooted question among naturalists. Certain it is, however, it often leaves its small game to decay unheeded, never returning to reclaim it, and oftener proceeds to tear and eat immediately after its prey has been impaled. It is said that in captivity the bird continues this habit, and has been known to make constant use of a spike driven into the wall for that purpose, always impaling its accustomed food, whether it consisted of meat or small birds.

A bird, noticed by Mr. Yarrell in his work, would catch and strangle a small mouse introduced into its cage, and, after crushing its skull, double it through the wires, and, with every demonstration of savage triumph, tear it limb from limb and devour it.

Like all tyrants, great and small, the butcher-bird is fierce and brave only in the presence of weaker creatures than itself, but cowers and screams with abject terror if it encounters a falcon. This peculiarity is taken advantage of in setting snares for falcons. A butcher-bird is fastened or tethered by a cord near the snares, with a small turf hut as a perch. Close at hand, two or three live doves are secured to perches, to which strings are attached communicating with the hiding-place of the hunter. The shrike, who can distinguish the approach of its enemy at an immense distance, no sooner sees a falcon than it becomes very restless and uneasy, and finally flutters about and attempts to break away from the cord that holds it.

The hunter, perceiving this, jerks the strings attached to the perches of the doves, causing them to flutter, and thus attracting the notice of the falcon, and inducing him to stoop for a prey that seems so easy.

As the falcon approaches, the terror of the shrike increases, until, as the bird swoops down upon its victims, the shrike squalls with fright, and runs for shelter into its hut. This movement is the signal for the hunter to draw his nets, and secure the falcon as it makes its dart upon the doves.

The butcher-bird is readily tamed, and makes a very interesting pet, and its voice, though sufficiently harsh at times, is capable of great modulation. It has been taught to whistle parts of tunes, and imitate the cries and songs of many different kinds of birds.

It builds its nest about the middle of April, in the most secluded part of the forest. The nest is large, like that of the robin, and consists of an external envelope of dried grass protecting a soft bed of feathers, upon which are laid from four to six eggs of a dirty lead-colored, whitish hue, marked more or less thickly about the larger end with dashes and spots of brown.

THE MYSTERY.

Chapter I.—The Dark Deed.

WITHIN a cottage standing on a cliff jutting over the sea were seated an old man and woman, conversing in low tones.

"Nanny, I dinna like the wark—it's too muckle weird for an honest man to do."

And the old man shook his head gloomily.

"Peace be wi' ye, man. 'Tis goold ye want, 'tis goold that he gies ye—what muir wad ye ask?" the female replied, fiercely.

"Nathing—I dinna ask nathing, on'y it seems sae hard. She is a sweet lass, and the bairn has such winsome wee pranks."

"If he ha' done a wrang deed, the sin is his ain, and we dinna ha' to answer for't. If ye ha' sae weak a heart as ye ha' a head, I'll do the wark mysel', and niver quake a bit."

Three distinct raps upon the door made them both spring from their seats and listen for the sounds again. Trembling, the old woman advanced and opened the door. A tall form, muffled in a cloak, entered, closing the door behind him.

He advanced into the middle of the room, listening eagerly.

"Has she asked for me?" he inquired, in a whisper.

"Nae," answered the old woman; "she seems dull-like—sits all the time crooning over the bairn on her lap, and weeping; but she asks nae question of onybody."

"Good," the man replied. "Now is the time. One hundred pounds in gold to do the deed, and so many more in silver to keep silence upon the matter." And he then touched the crouching figure by the fire upon the shoulder. "Rouse you, man! One would think you were a coward."

"Ay, muckle muir could they say, if they see'd me now; but in fair fight none can find a bowsker or braer man than this same Davy McGuire. I dinna like this dark wark."

And, with a sigh, he rose and looked around him.

"Ye ken nathing, and fear nathing neither, Davy McGuire," said the woman, in a low voice.

The door suddenly opened. A young girl stood before the gloomy, eager group.

"Oh, Ferd! why are you so dark and still? Have pity on little Adele; she needs it—all your love and sympathy; don't be so harsh!"

"Peace, wanton!—peace!" he cried, in thundering tones. "You forgot my honor, and for it you shall die!"

And he brought his face close to her, and hissed the death-warrant in her startled ear, through his clinched teeth.

"Oh, God! my husband, unsay those terrible words! I am true to you—have ever been. Don't bring me here to die a horrible death! Pity your wife!" Springing away, she caught up her sleeping babe, and, returning, she held it out to him, sobbing brokenly as she kissed it: "Not true to you? Let my pure, innocent babe—our boy, Ferd—bear witness that I have never sinned against you, even in thought."

Sternly unwavering, he pushed her violently away—spurned her from him with his foot, as one too vile to touch without pollution.

"I'll come again to-morrow. Let the work be done; and," said the stranger, turning to the elder woman, and speaking in a lower tone, "let it be *well done.*"

Then, beckoning the fisherman aside, he drew from his pocket a large leathern purse, tightly filled with gold.

"I'll double it to-morrow."

And, without again noticing the bowed figure clasping the beautiful babe, he went out in the storm, closing the door softly behind him.

"Come, my gude lassie, cheer up—cheer up! All wi' gae weel wi' ye."

And the old woman, with a devilish gleam glancing over her hard face, caught Adele Launcelot by the arm, and, as easily as a man could have done, placed her on the bed, and laid the child beside her.

Shivering under the rough touch which grasped her, the lady nestled her babe in her arms, and, turning her face to the wall, lay perfectly still.

"Come, Davy, ye dinna ha' time to waste in thought. To wark, man, to wark!" said the evil wife, startling him from his reverie.

"Weel, weel, bundle the lassie and the bairn up weel. It is a blustering, dark night, and a much darker deed to blacken it."

And he sighed as he watched the old woman wrap a coarse shawl round the dainty figure of the lady, and then put the infant in her arms, while she stood non-resistant, her black eyes only looking far away, as if she were dreaming. Pushing the two toward him, the old woman hurried them out in the storm.

Half an hour slipped by, but still the old man did not return.

Rising, she went to the door, and looked uneasily out, muttering as she did so: "Davy seemed bewitched; I wad nae wonder if he gaed in the water along wi' her"; when a wild shriek, unearthly in its heart-rending anguish, rang above the night-winds and the storm—again—again—now fainter, but once again.

Shuddering and pale, she listened, then retreated within the room, trembling at the foul deed.

In a little while the old fisherman entered, and throwing himself in a chair, buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud:

"She was such a winsome creature, and the wee bairn was sae bonny! Puir lassie! puir bairn!"

"Niver mind, Davy; ye ha' got the goold," said his evil genius, coming up beside him with the purse in her hand.

"Yes, I ha' got the goold; but where's the lassie and the bonny bairn?"

"There now, Davy, be a brave man—ne'er quake at trifles! We will nae starve now, Davy."

"Gang awa', Nanny. I mauna talk muir now—I muckle think. Ah, ha!" said he, "I ha' got the goold, but my hands, my brauny man's hands, are red wi' a weak woman's blood. I did nae wish to harm the wee, wee bairn, nair the pale, woe-faced lassie; but the goold made me do it. They are still by this time. God be wi' their souls and mine—puir lassie! puir bairn!"

And the old man bowed his head and moaned aloud.

Down amid the waves sank Adele Launcelot, without the time to say a prayer, without one call to God for mercy, save the frenzied shrieks which she cast up to the dense clouds and beetling gray crags above her.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE STORM.

The morning sun rose clear and serene. The waves had spent their fury, and lay, far off as the eye could see, reflecting the sunbeams and blue sky, placid as a silvery mirror.

Further down on the beach, where the water rippled languishingly, lay a human figure. The little hand, so dimpled and fair, and the long, black hair, betrayed the sex.

Slowly she drew her feet from the playful waves, unmatted her hair from the glittering sand, and wearily staggered further up the bank, where she fell again, perfectly exhausted.

She knew she could appear before the world, and summon her husband, too, as her would-be murderer. She did not remember anything after he had told her she should die, and struck her. Her baby was gone—if she was discovered, God only knew what might yet be her doom. For her there remained one thing to accomplish—revenge. And even there, as she lay there, the bitter, human thought came into her heart, "How can I repay him?"

Her clothes, dank and humid, clung round her, but it mattered not; so, after resting a little while longer, she commenced climbing the steep of the mountain.

Once at the top, she could see on one side the stone cottage which had been her home for the past fortnight, and on the other, far away, the gray hills of housetops in a little seaport town. There she must wend her way, and reach it ere she was detected. There she might find some friend who would aid her. Surely God would not desert her in such an hour of need!

As rapidly as she possibly could, she walked on; yet the darkness of night finally overtook her, but about two miles distant from her starting-place of the morning. Exhausted, she sank down to sleep, and, in the death-like oblivion, forgot life's cares.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRIEND FOUND AT LAST.

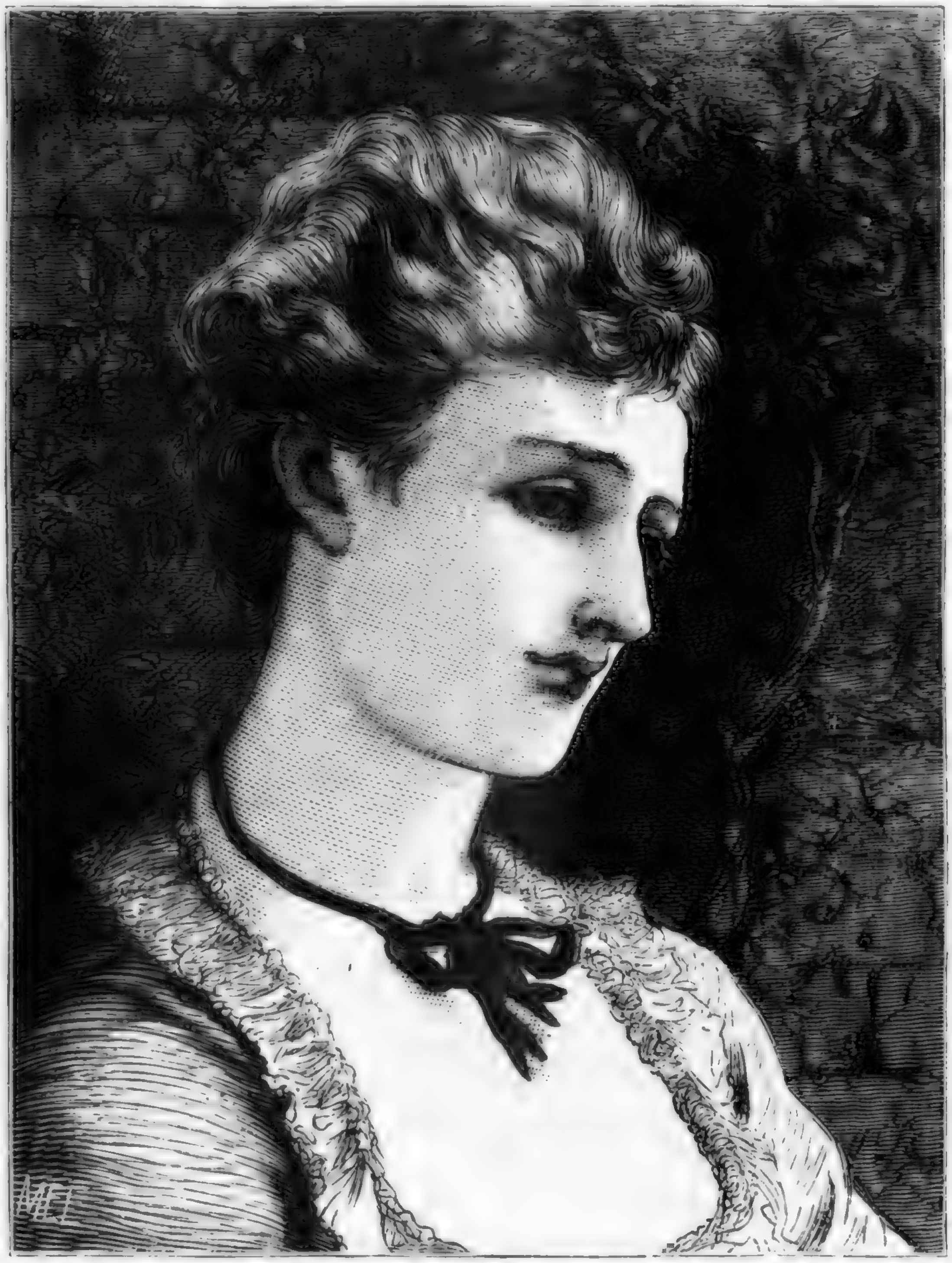
Just on the outskirts of the little village toward which our heroine had looked so longingly, stood a dilapidated, low log hut.

"Who's that at my door this time o' night?"

XUM

A human voice! Oh, a rescue from the seething waves—a strong hand to guide her from the gurgling waters—the cool ripple of a spring, and scent of fresh green grass to the dying wanderer on the sandy desert. A human voice! So thought Adele in her despair: yet her great joy made her almost speechless.

"'Tis I!" she cried, faintly. "For God's sake, open and let me in!"

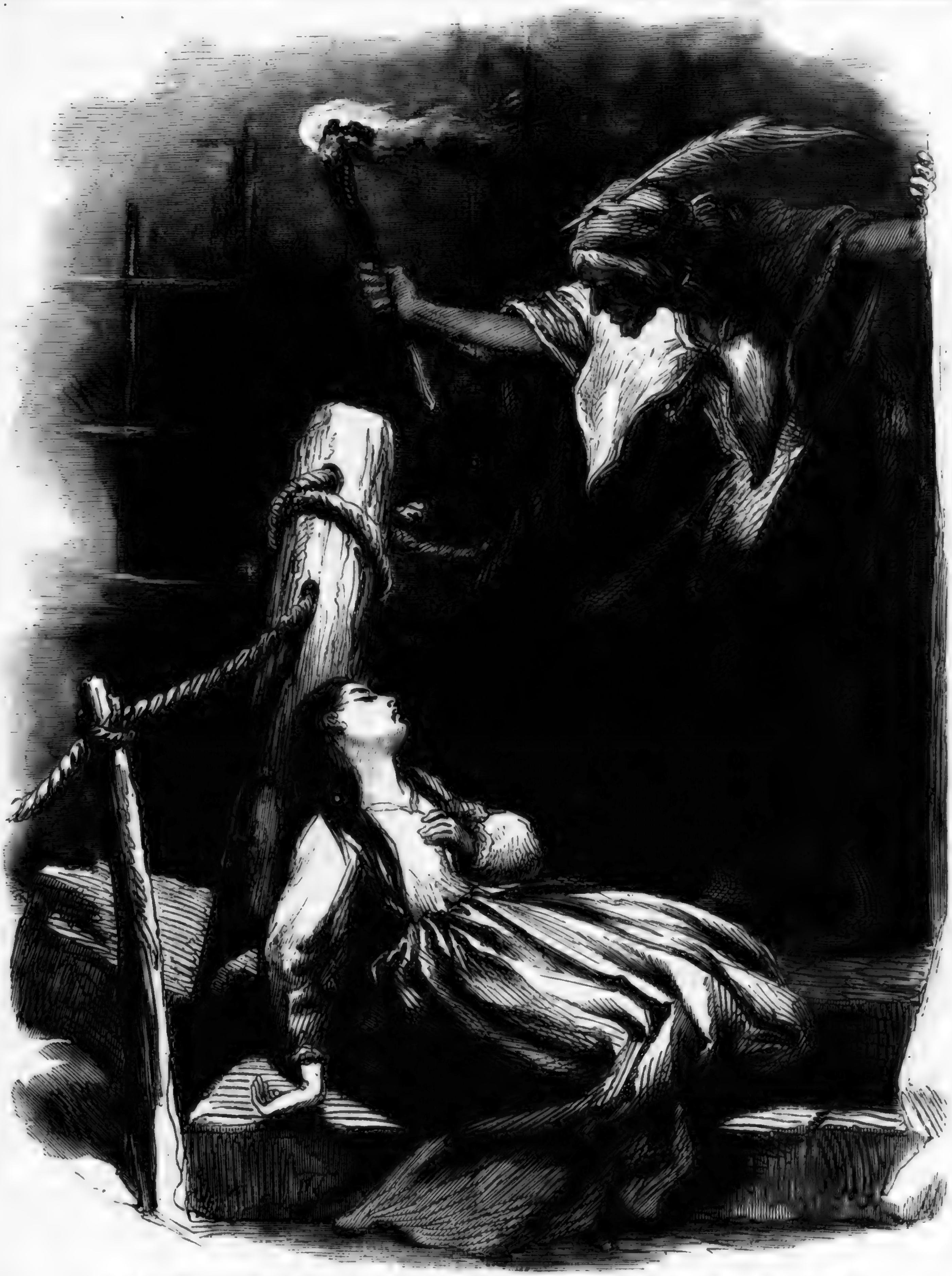


MAIDEN MEDITATION.

Footsteps hobbled across the floor, and as the latch was lifted and the door opened, Adele Launcelot fell across the threshold. A weird-looking old woman, bent almost double with age, peered out. Her tawny-yellow skin was shriveled to her bones like parchment; her gray hair, like a silvery vail, streamed over her shoulders; a scarlet cloth cap, with a long black plume, was perched on the top of her head; a scarlet cloak enveloped her whole figure, save her two long, bare, skinny arms; and one fleshless hand held a pine torch, while with the other she caught the lifeless lady and dragged her into the hut, shutting the door quickly, and drawing the bolt violently after it.

"This is what comes o' me taking homeless wanderers into my house o' night!" she exclaimed, testily, as she stuck the pine torch in a wooden socket protruding from the jagged arch of the chimney, and picked up Adele and laid her on a low bed in one corner of the room, while she went to work to restore her to sensibility again.

The room was low and square-built, the floor bare, and two rush-bottomed chairs, a little table with a deep drawer, an iron kettle swinging on a hook over the fire, which burned ruddily, and a double row of shelves, filled with dusty bottles of dark, queer-looking liquids, a few dried herbs, an old, broken plate, a cracked bowl, and a pewter



THE MYSTERY.—"A WEIRD-LOOKING WOMAN, BENT ALMOST DOUBLE WITH AGE, LOOKED OUT."—SEE PAGE 282.

spoon, a string of snake-rattles and a skull, with the rickety couch, comprised every description of furniture in the miserable hovel, where one would imagine refined humanity could scarcely exist a moment without pollution. Yet this was a sweet haven of rest to dainty Adele.

After again and again applying restoratives, almost fruitlessly, Adele opened her great black eyes, and looked with weary gratitude up to the aged face so curiously bent above her.

"Oh, you are *so good* to me!" she said.

"Never mind, now," said the witch-woman; "we will talk about that after a while. Drink this," and she held the old cracked bowl to the pallid lips with a trembling hand.

Adele obeyed her, and almost immediately sank into a deep sleep.

The old witch took down her death's-head, and commenced marking on it. She put the rattles round her neck, and sat down beside the invalid. She would occasionally smooth her hand over the fair, pure face, and so often as she did so the eyelids would quiver, and the beautiful lips break into a sweet but plaintively sad smile.

The hours wore on, with only the singing and hissing of the fire, and the sleeper's deep breathing, and the old woman's muttered gibberish, to break upon the silence and monotony of the scene.

At last Adele awoke, looking calm and refreshed. Raising herself on one hand, she reached out the other and laid it upon the withered, brawny palm of the old woman. Her eyes were so deep and earnest, her voice so pleadingly and passionately sad!

"Madam!"

"What is it?"

"I want you to be my friend."

"*I am already your friend*, beautiful and unfortunate lady. I *feel for you* deeply, truly, for you have suffered. *I am your friend*, remember, so long as we both shall live."

And the weird woman spoke in a deep, yet excited tone.

"Oh, thank you! I am so grateful! I am all alone in the world now, and to you I want to lay bare my life-history."

"Speak on."

And Adele related unto this woman all that I have told you so far, my dear reader, and more. Tears flowed and lips quivered while she went on. Ere she ceased, the sun was mounting the "gray stairs of dawn."

The old woman said to her then:

"I am growing old; I choose you as my daughter of science. I will impart to you my magic art. I am growing old, and I need but little. The gold I have hoarded for years is yours, on one condition—*that you will swear to be revenged on the man you once called husband, just as I shall say.* Swear!"

"I swear!" said Adele, solemnly, earnestly.

The old woman rose, and, turning up a corner of the dingy mattress, displayed a perfect sheet of gold pieces, which she commenced to gather up and put in a leathern bag, hid there too; which being filled, she handed to Adele, saying:

"I trust you; you have my fortune. And now for my art, and your revenge."

And she talked on in a wild, strange, excited manner, while Adele leaned eagerly forward, drinking in each gesture, each word.

The scene closes with the rattles about Adele's neck, one hand upon the death's-head, the other clasped in the brawny palm of the old woman, and her eyes, deep and dark, looking far off in the dim future.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY—THE LOVERS.

It was a strange apartment, and well might it be called the habitation of the Mystery. Well might Marian Stanhope shudder as she found herself within the four walls, the door closely barred until such time as the fate into which she had surrendered her freedom should say "Open Sesame" to the sable slave without. Heavy velvet curtains, embroidered with strange silvery and golden and crimson devices and hieroglyphics, covered the walls. No ray of light made any object perfectly distinguishable; only one small lamp, with a crimson globe, swung from the centre of the ceiling, which cast a fiery, shadowy glow over everything. A death's-head rested on a round table with a deep drawer, and round it was wreathed a necklace of snake-rattles. A large black-velvet chair, with a canopy of gold above it, was raised upon a little platform, which was also draped in black and gold; another chair was placed for the visitor, and into this seat Marian Stanhope sank, half exhausted with fear and excitement. The black velvet curtains were drawn back, and flashed over the observer a flood of brilliant, scintillating light—the eye could scarcely brook the dazzling radiance. They closed almost instantaneously again, and the Mystery stood upon the throne, silent and motionless. The presence seemed but the shadowy mist of a silver vail. From out the sheeny folds a voice, low and breezy, almost inaudible, questioned:

"What wouldst thou?"

"O spirit," murmured Marian, leaning eagerly forward, utterly carried away by some inexplicable fascination, "I would know my future."

"Wouldst thou know it, good or ill?"

"Good or ill."

"Beware, ere it is too late."

"I fear not," replied Marian, breathless with an indescribable excitement only understood by those who have yielded to similar influences.

Slowly the death's-head commenced to revolve, and the rattles to twist in and out in a curious, waving way; and all over the death's-head small crimson devices appeared.

Marian shuddered with an indefinable dread.

"You love—love unwisely, and too well—love sinfully and passionately; for it you must reap a reward bitter in the extreme, unless you turn from the temptation ere it is too late. You have been willfully enticed into vice; you expect to marry. I bid you, with the voice of prophetic warning, beware of the bridal-ring; beware of the bridal-day; beware, above all, of the perfidious bridegroom, or the remorse of sin be upon your head. There is an impassable barrier lies between you and that man. He is not free. There is a wild, sea-girt shore, where a storm once raged fiercely, and where the furious waves ingulfed a woman's form; and *yet she lives.* Beware of your bridal-day. Seek to know no more."

"Oh, *God!*"

And Marian Stanhope sprang forward, madly, passionately: but the velvet curtains parted, and the light flashed dazzlingly over her again; when she raised her eyes, the silver Mystery had vanished, and the sable slave held the door open. She went out scarcely conscious.

"Darling! Marian! come to me, precious one! Tell me why you are so cold and shy to Ferdinand. Don't you know how dearly, how devotedly I love you—say, sweet Marian?"

And Ferdinand Launcelot held out his arms in a half-pleading, half-commanding way to Marian Stanhope, who stood with her figure turned from him; yet her face, white and strange, was watching his own, longingly, wildly, earnestly. His hands reached out to her. Oh, how she yearned to go to him! The warning words of the Mystery held her back—"Beware of the perfidious bridegroom; he is not free."

The tempter spoke, inspiringly, ardently, making the rich, warm blood flush to her temples, and then crimson back to her heart with blushes, leaving even her lips pallid.

"Marian—*my Marian*—come!"

'Oh, oh, Ferdinand, *don't!*" broke wildly from her lips; "*don't!* you *hurt* me!"

"Marian, *my Marian*, once more I say, *come!*"

XUM

She looked at him but once again; the smile was fading from his lips, from his eyes; but he still held out his hand.

With a glad cry, a murmur of music, she sprang to his arms.

"Don't you know it wounds me inexpressibly for you to treat me coldly or with distrust? I love you so much more dearly, if possible, when you trust me! Why, then, ever stand off and look at me in that shy, indifferent way, when you know the welcome my heart always gives you? Say, little one?"

"Oh, Ferdinand! because I had my fortune told by the Mystery, and she said you wanted to marry me, and I loved you dearly, but it was so sinful to do so; bade me beware of you, of my bridal day, or I would bitterly repent it; said you were not free. Oh, Ferdinand, do you love any one but your little Marian? Are you not free?"

"Yes, sweet one, free as air, save the love-links you bind round me; and I assuredly do not love anybody but my own little Marian—beautiful vision that she is!" Closer he nestled her to his heart ere he spoke again; then, raising her face in his hand, so that he could read her thoughts: "I loved you, angel Marian, even before I had a right—loved you when my first wife, Adele, was on earth, and you never knew it."

Still she sat beside him, his arm around her, drinking in the poison with the sweet, only because he held the draught to her lips.

"Now, darling, for fear the Mystery may bear you entirely away from me next time you go in search of a future, tell me when I may call you my wife, Marian?"

She replied:

"Ferdinand,"—clasping his hand all the more firmly that she was about to express a doubt—"that Mystery told me something about a storm—a foam-dashed cliff—a drowning woman, who still lives. Was that Adele, Ferdinand?"

Like a thunder-cloud grew his brow. The blood faded from his crimson mouth. She shrank away from him, but with a quick, passionate gesture he caught her close again; and then, seeing how his vehemence alarmed her, he said, softly:

"Never express any doubt of me, Marian, my Marian, if you would have me love you. All I ask is obedience and trust. Now, good-by! I'll go see this Mystery, who seems to have shattered your nerves so completely, and when I come back we will compare notes. By-by!"

And he waved his hand in token of adieu as he went laughingly out.

CHAPTER V.

THE BRIDAL—THE MYSTERY UNVAILED.

In the grand, gloomy church of Wiltonby the sunshine stole through the shadow of ivy-leaves that clustered about the windows, glistening with a mocking glory the fair maiden-face bent blushing before the minister, standing in such solemn majesty behind the crimson altar-cloth.

Ferdinand Launcelot, grander, more handsome than ever, stood beside her, drinking in the sight of her beauty with the intoxicating delirium of delight.

Solemn and deep the minister's voice rose through the aisles, and floated to the arched roof of the dim, old cathedral.

"If any man can show just cause why they cannot be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

He paused. Again rose his voice, his eyes reading each countenance with fearful scrutiny.

"I require and charge you both——"

"Hold!"

A voice rang out through the solemn stillness like a clarion, and awe-struck faces were turned toward the figure which passed up the long aisle without the echo of a footfall, and paused beside the bridegroom.

A soft, silvery vail fell entirely around it, disguising the features, but the heavy velvet folds of drapery and the graceful stature discernible through the sheeny tissues, betrayed the womanhood.

The minister stood silent, horrified. The guests leaned forward, eager, anxious, expectant.

The bridegroom turned toward the apparition fiercely, as he threw his arm around his pallid bride, the anger-cords swelling and purpling in his darkening brow.

"Who forbids?" he questioned, sternly.

"I do," the voice replied—"I do."

"What, ho! *The Mystery? the fortune-teller?* What hast thou to do with me, sorceress? We have no mysteries now. Unvail thyself!" he thundered.

"Yes; but listen all, and let your blood curdle, frozen to your hearts again, as ye hearken to the Mystery, ere she unvails herself, dooming a bride to misfortune, and a bridegroom to the gallows!"

Every vestige of color fled from Ferdinand Launcelot's countenance. He stood so still, he seemed made of marble.

"There is a rugged, gray cliff, where the winds and waves make music when the days are fair; but they are not always so. On that cliff there stands a stone cottage, in which lived once an old fisherman and his wife. They are both dead now. They were rude and ignorant; starvation overtook them, and one day their evil genius came—came in the form of a man, with a trusting wife nestling to his heart, a babe at her bosom. Under pretense of business, he left his wife and child there, and went away. What he said to the old couple rests between them and God; but one night, when the winds shrieked and howled, and hail and rain fell, the husband came back, and his wife startled him plotting, with his human tools, her destruction. She knew it not; her only joy was that her husband had returned to take her to his heart again. But when her woman's love sprang in fond words from her lips, he hissed in her startled ear her death-warrant, and a doubt of her virtue—his pure young wife, pure as an angel, save in her love for so base a fiend. She pleaded with him, and he struck her down and spurned her with his foot—his wife, with his golden-haired boy in her arms. She knew no more. That night the mother and child were tossed in the seething waves that lashed the rugged rocks furiously."

"Fiend! sorceress! What art thou telling?" yelled Launcelot, springing toward her.

"Hold!" she said.

And, fascinated, he paused. She went on:

"The waves bore away the babe, the golden-haired, blue-eyed boy—bore him away to lull the storm to sleep with baby-cries for his mother. Morning found her, scarce alive, upon the seashore. She has lived, with God's aid, for this one moment of sweet revenge."

"Devil! Fiend! Who art thou? Ha, ha——"

"Who am I? Your wife, Adele Launcelot!"

And the silver vail fell back. The Mystery stood triumphant, avenged.

"Frenzied devil!" he shouted, "thou art no wife of mine—I know you not! It's all false—*false as h—l!*"

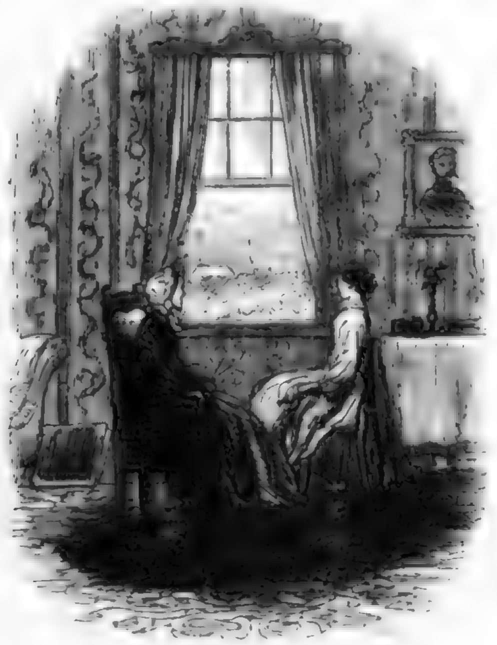
But he had hardly uttered the words than with a low groan of pain he sank lifeless to the ground. The justice of God had overtaken him.

XUM

AT THE FARM.

By Etta W. Pierce.

The dew is on the clover, and the blackbird in the corn;
There's a tuft of starry blossoms out on a branch of that garden thorn.
Listen a moment, and you will hear the sound of the wheel at the mill,
And, piercing sharp through this hazy calm, the stage-horn over the hill.



Well, the cattle browse on the pasture-lands, and the world looks blithe and gay,
As blithe as that Summer morning when we watched him marching away.
Mother, 'tis like old times again, to see you in this seat,
With the lilacs nodding overhead and the sweet pinks at your feet.

Do you know how many times we've sat in this same place—you and I—
And looked at the saffron and tawny red afloat in the sunset sky,
The roses blowing along the lane, and the shine of the evening star,
And talked of the many things we'd do when John came home from the war?
How many times in three long years we've watched in the old west room,
And fancied we heard his ringing step a-sounding in the gloom,
From the gate, you know, straight up through the pinks, and over the threshold stone,
Where we sat in the shadows, you and I, in the shadows quite alone?

There are hearts, I ween, in the town to-day, as happy as hearts may be;
They are back from their hard-fought fields, at last—the boys of Company C.
Who would have thought of a house so still, of a feast unspread to-day?
I had been his bride but a year, you know, when he went marching away.

Oh, I dreamed last night of that dreadful field, the field we know so well!
With its charging columns, its gory dead, and the shriek of its shot and shell.
And I heard the cannon a-sounding deep, and I saw him where he stood,
By the river, whose current was running red, like a tide of human blood.
He was there—my John—with his bare, bright sword, and the voice we used to hear,
Out ringing over the farm at morn, like a trumpet loud and clear,
And the red, red batteries all around—ah, why did I dream the rest?
Why did I sleep to see last night that blood-stain on his breast?

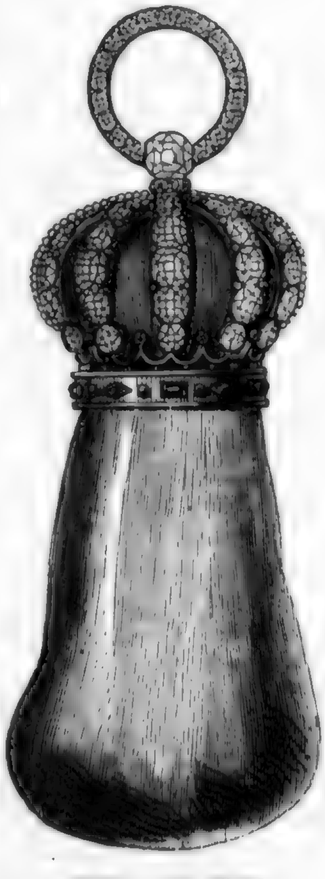
They brought my captain back to me in the sunshine yesterday,
With the muffled drum and the wailing fife, and the thick crowds in the way.
The bees were singing along the lane, and the blackbirds in the corn,
And the wind was coaxing the white bloom out from the buds of the garden thorn!

Did you see the light fall under their feet, in streaks like golden bars,
As they bore him up the broad church aisle, a-sleeping under the stars?
The broad, bright stars he loved so well—oh, the cruel wound they hid!
And the sword was laid, with a stain on its hilt, across the coffin lid.

The baby lies 'neath that blooming thorn—'tis just a month ago
Since the day we buried her there—she had her father's eyes, you know.
The house is still—the old farm lays spread out in the sultry noon,
Drowsy and hushed, with only the winds and the yellow bees in tune.
Without, two graves among the flowers; within, a battered sword,
A little lock of the baby's hair, and two empty seats at the board.
The silence of death in the old west room, and the sighs that the roses make,
And, in the shadow of those two graves, a dumb heart waiting to break!

A VERY LARGE PEARL.

This pearl (the largest known) weighs three ounces, is two inches long, and four and a half inches in circumference; straight-sided, widening toward the lower part, which has a dark opalized tint. It is mounted as a pendant, in an arched crown of five vertical bars set with brilliants, on a lining of crimsoned enamel, a gold border of emeralds, sapphires and rubies; the back of the crown is chased gold. It is one of the attractions of the cabinet of A. J. B. Beresford Hope, Esq., in England.



A VERY LARGE PEARL.

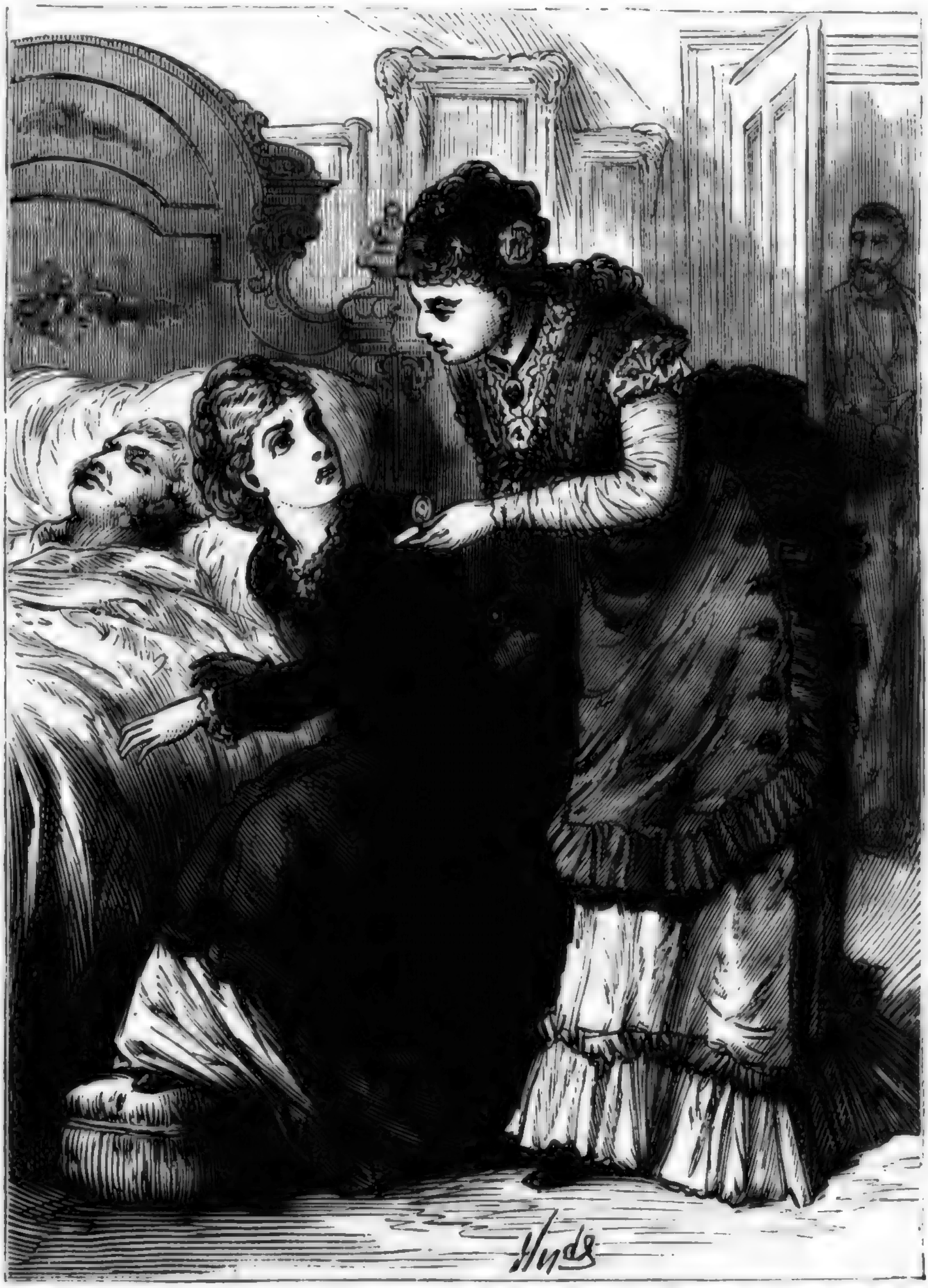
The scales of a fish are for the purpose, probably, of defending it from its enemies in the way of associates of a vegetable or animal parasitic or devouring nature. If one be lost it is again supplied in a manner similar to the supply of a lost nail in the human beings. Glands are situated under the so-called internal line and on the head of the fish, and from them a sort of varnish of mucus is perspired, without which fish cannot live long.

XUM

THERESA.

There is a hand-organ under my window, playing with steady persistence the aria from "The Barber of Seville"—"Una voce poco fà."

It is not the creaky organ I hear; it is not the dark face of the man who turns that relentless handle I see. I hear a voice, powerful, true and clear—the voice of a girl of seventeen, throwing forth every note in sweetest cadence. The face I see is one of wondrous beauty. Ah, me! I will write the sad story down, and see if some of the hideous ghosts of the past will be exorcised by dragging them from their graves into the clear sunlight. I was a bride of three months, and had not yet completed my twentieth year, when one evening my husband invited me to attend a concert. He was very considerate for my youthful love of pleasure, though he was more than double my own age, and his own tastes were reserved, and inclining to serious pursuits.



THERESA.—"'SEE!' SHE SAID, HOLDING BEFORE MY EYES A MINIATURE LOCKET, OPEN, TO SHOW THE FACE OF A FAIR BLONDE. 'HE LEFT HER FOR THIS FAIR-HAIRED GIRL, AND I POISONED HIM SLOWLY, SLOWLY, AS HE KILLED MY MOTHER.'"

When we were married, every day I found new traits to waken my love and reverence in the goodness and noble qualities of my husband. Knowing I loved music, and sharing this fondness with me, he took me frequently to the operas or concerts.

The great prima donna we had come to hear was assisted by an Italian whose first song was "Una voce." She was singing the first notes when I looked at Everard. One moment before he had been smiling at my enthusiasm over a wonderful violin solo, now he sat staring at the singer upon the platform as if she were a very Medusa to turn him to stone. His face was ashy pale, his eyes dilated, and a sort of fascinated horror seemed to hold every sense.

"Everard," I whispered, "are you ill?"

"The name!" he said, never moving his eyes from the singer. "What is her name?"

I looked at the programme, found the name, and said:

"Theresa Buonetti."

His lips quivered, and a sudden softening came over his rigid features as he whispered:

"Theresa *mia!*"

I shrank away. I knew but little Italian, but there was no mistaking the tenderness of those two words. I looked earnestly at the singer.

"She was very young; not more than seventeen, with a velvety complexion, clear olive in tint, with richest crimson on lip and cheek.

She finished her song. I drew a deep breath, and looked at my husband. He had regained his composure, but the pallor had not left his face as his eyes met mine.

"Will you let me take you home?" he asked.

I rose at once. He gave me his arm silently, and we threaded our way through the crowded hall till he put me in the carriage.

"I'm going to send you home alone," he said. "To-morrow I will tell you all you wish to know. Till then I ask you to trust me."

I did try. Through the long drive, through the silent, lonely hours, when I tossed, wakeful and watching, I tried to believe no evil of the man I loved, the man I had promised to "honor." I thought of his age, so much greater than that of the beautiful Italian, then remembered my own childish years, and found a new torture.

Suddenly, as if in a flash of inspiration, after hours of restless misery, I remembered a morocco case I had seen in a private drawer of my husband's writing-desk.

XUM

Down-stairs I stole softly, lighted the study lamp upon the desk, opened the drawer, and found the case. It opened under my touch, to show me the very face I had seen a few hours before in a concert-hall. The same perfect features, lustrous black hair, and soft, velvety complexion. It was a face to worship, upon the ivory.

Did Everard worship it?

While the cruel question pressed upon my brain, I heard his latch-key rattle, and his step in the hall. I did not stir, and he came in as the little mantel clock chimed three.

"Sophie!" he cried, "you here? My darling, how pale you are! and as cold as ice! Ah, you have found the miniature. Well, I meant to show it to you to-morrow, and tell you its history, but I see by your face it would be cruelty to wait. In five minutes you shall hear it. Poor little one!" he said, tenderly, "I would not have left you, but I was afraid I would lose trace of Theresa. Years ago, when I was but little over twenty, I was in Milan, when the whole city was in a tempest of enthusiasm over a new singer, Theresa Buonetti. You hold her picture in your hands. I went night after night to hear the wondrous voice give a new charm to music. But I was carried beyond mere musical enthusiasm, and from admiring the voice I worshiped the face, and learned my first lesson in love.

"It was not an easy task to obtain an introduction to Signorina Buonetti, but I was wealthy, and gold finally opened the doors between us. Whether Theresa loved me, or whether my gold tempted her, I cannot tell. I believed in the love, and I asked her to be my wife. We were married in Milan twenty years ago.

"For about two months after my marriage I lived in a fool's paradise. I was slow to believe that Theresa was utterly ignorant, had no education but the training of her glorious voice, was bad-tempered, furiously jealous, and eaten up with vanity. Her beauty lessened in my eyes when I found her slovenly; her voice I seldom heard, save in childish complaints or loud scolding, for I had taken her from the stage when I married her, and she found it too much trouble to sing for her husband. She was reckless in extravagance. But her jealousy was utterly unfounded. Though I was weary of my wife, my affections did not seek more congenial society. I hated all women for the sake of one who had so disappointed me.

"But Theresa chose to believe me false, and for two years we lived together in miserable bickering, when some jealous whim, stronger than any previous, roused my wife to such fury she attempted to stab me in my sleep. I could not sleep again within reach of her strong arm, and I left her. My life was unendurable. Through my lawyer, I settled upon her an ample income, and resumed my travels. For ten years I wandered about, visiting different cities, and then I heard of Theresa's death.

"I went at once to Milan. My wife had utterly refused to touch the money the lawyer there held for her, and had resumed her former profession. But six months after I left her a child was born to her—my child! I could get no trace of it. Her death was proved to me beyond any doubt, but her child was gone.

"Leaving the money still in the hands of the lawyer for the use of my child, should she ever come to claim it, I returned home. The face of Theresa Buonetti startled me to-night as if a ghost had risen from the grave. I could not realize that it was not my wife, singing as she sang twenty years ago in Milan. The truth came to me when you spoke. It was my lost child who was singing—Theresa's daughter, who was following her mother's profession. I saw her after the concert was over. She was, indeed, Theresa's child, who had been sent to a musical school in Paris a month before her mother died."

Four o'clock! The little silver bell chimed the hour as we sat silent. Then Everard bent over me, pressing his lips to my cheek, sighing heavily.

"Asleep, Sophie?" he asked. "You must go to your room, little one."

"Not quite yet," I answered. "Not till you tell me if I may go to the hotel and bring Theresa to share our home."

"Will you?" he cried, the joyous thrill of his voice reproaching me for my hesitation. "I was afraid it would not be pleasant for you."

"We will go together, then, to-morrow," I said. "I cannot exactly promise to be a mother to her, Everard, but I will be a very loving sister."

"God bless you, my own! You have taken the only sorrow from my life!"

So, spite of my own shrinking, I went to the hotel, and asked Theresa to come to our home. She was very cold, seeming to accept my offer as if she claimed a right, not a favor, and even Everard was evidently chilled by our reception.

We drove home silently. I heard my husband sigh more than once, as if some weight rested upon his heart, heavier far than any he had carried during our brief married happiness. I tried by caresses and loving attentions to comfort him, but the same unspoken dread I felt sure was haunting him held me silent.

She came to us in November, this beautiful Italian, the child of Everard's first wife, and I made a party, especially intended to introduce her to our friends, within a week after she came. But her first appearance was scarcely calculated to gladden Everard. Gentlemen flocked around her, admiring her beauty, her voice, her exquisite toilet of black lace and scarlet. But ladies shrank from the bold eyes, the haughty rudeness of manner, the defiant recklessness of speech. Before the evening was half over, I regretted my attempt to introduce my stepdaughter to society. She sang once only—the same aria I had heard at the concert, and she accepted the compliments of her admirers as a matter of course.

It was something fascinating, yet impish, to follow her vagaries in the life that succeeded her introduction to our happy home. Her only education seemed to lie in the cultivation of her marvelous voice, and a fluency in speaking foreign languages, acquired, I soon learned, in traveling professionally from city to city in Europe. Young as she was, she had far more self-possession than I had ever acquired in my quiet life, and was easy, even to imprudence, in society. She would never take up any needle-work, read very little, and had no accomplishment but her music. Hour after hour she would spend at the grand piano, playing brilliantly, without one touch of heart-music, or singing difficult exercises and dashing songs. But whatever else she played or sang, I was sure at some time in the day to hear the clear, pure voice singing—

"Una voce poco fà, qui nel cormi risuono,
Il mio cor ferito è gia e Lindoro fu che il piago,"

till the air became hateful to me. It was her mother's favorite, she told me once, when I forced myself to compliment her perfect rendition of it, and the cruel eyes seemed to taunt me as she spoke.

I tried by every coaxing art to tame her—the beautiful wild creature I wanted to love for my husband's sake—but I could never win her confidence.

It was a hard Winter for me, for Theresa's wonderful beauty, her gorgeous dress and eccentricities of manner made her conspicuous wherever she went, and my cheeks have burned as old friends looked inquiringly at me, as if mutely wondering at my giving countenance to the girl's oddities. I was glad when Spring opened, and Everard proposed we should go early to our country-seat on the Hudson.

We had expected violent opposition from Theresa, who had no hesitation in expressing her wishes upon any subject, but she made no open objection.

My husband was very patient, making all allowance for the foreign education by paid teachers, the inherited faults of disposition, the years of orphanhood, but he could not love her. He tried, and she mocked the effort. She would speak to me of a present from her affectionate father with such bitterly scornful accent that I longed to strike the sneering lips.

When we were fairly settled in our country home, I hoped Theresa would become more domestic in her tastes, would pay more attention to home requirements. But I was disappointed. She asked for a horse and habit, and these given her, would spend whole days riding about the country, coming in at evening to assume a dress far too elaborate for the occasion, and spend the evening far into the night at the piano.

I might have made more successful attempts at winning her from some of her eccentricities if I could have devoted more time to her, but, apart from my own weakness, I was racked with anxiety for Everard.

For months my husband's robust health had been failing, little by little, scarcely perceptibly, day by day, yet appallingly great when I looked back a few months. His daughter, upon whom he had heaped every indulgence from the hour when he gave her a home, exhibited the most profound indifference if I spoke of my fears.

"He is an old man," she said to me one day. "Old men must expect to die."

"He is not old," I answered; "not forty-five. He is in the very prime of life."

"Well, what would you? You will be a rich young widow."

I turned away, sickened by her heartlessness.

A week later, sitting beside Everard, watching the face I loved, wasting and pale, I saw a sudden spasm pass over it, a gray pallor come there, the eyes staring blankly forward. My screams soon brought the housekeeper, the servants and Theresa. We worked over my husband while a messenger went for the doctor, but he lay upon the bed where we had placed him, gasping, pale, apparently dying.

There were a few minutes when the housekeeper was away, preparing some hot application for the cold, rigid limbs, and I thought myself alone.

"Everard!" I cried, "speak to me only once!"

"No, madame," said a mocking voice at my ear, "he will speak never no more. Ha! you think you keep him, the bad husband who deserted the poor Italian singer. You think an Italian die, deserted, alone, unavenged. No! The poor wife left in Milan had a child, and a legacy to leave her—a legacy to hate the man who betrayed and deserted her, and *revenge!*"

"Revenge!" I cried; "for what? What have *you* to revenge?"

"The wrongs of my mother. See!" she said, holding before my eyes a miniature locket, open, to show the face of a fair blonde. "When Everard Thurston swear to love my mother, when he marry my mother, he wear this—*this*—on his heart, where she find it. He left her for this gold-haired girl, and she told me before she died, 'Find your father, and avenge your mother.' Did I not obey her? See!" and she pointed to the bed where Everard lay, apparently dead. "He is dead, and I poisoned him, slowly, slowly, as he killed my mother! I would have kept him ten years dying if I could, but I had no drug to do so."

The horror of it overcame me. With a cry I fell insensible to the floor. For many days and nights I knew nothing.

At last there came a day when, opening my eyes from a profound slumber, I saw seated beside me, pale and emaciated, but living, my husband! I dared not move or speak. The memory of the last horrible scene I could recall passed upon my brain, and I believed my love had drawn Everard's spirit from the grave to comfort me.

"Darling," he tenderly said, "I startled you. I did not think you would waken quite so soon."

"Everard!" I cried, realizing that it was my husband, alive, not his ghost, beside me, "are you really here, not dead, not poisoned, as that girl—— Oh, Everard, keep her away!"

"Hush, darling; she will come here no more."

I was content then to rest upon that promise, and my weakness compelled me to sleep soon, Everard's hand clasped fast in mine, Everard's voice soothing me with gentle, loving words.

When I awakened again, the housekeeper was beside me. I looked beyond her for another face.

"He is here, safe and well," said the good woman, "but sleeping. He is weak yet, but he would come here as soon as he could get upon his feet, and he watched you faithfully, ma'am, sick as he was."

"But he is well, you say?"

"Well, not exactly strong yet, but out of danger. You see, ma'am, the doctor was comin' in when the mad young lady was tellin' you about the poison her pa'd took, an' he made her get what was left of it an' show him. An', ma'am, knowin' then what ailed Mr. Thurston, he knowed what to do for him, an' done it, an' brought him around, ma'am, beautiful. We had a tough spell of it, with you a-ravin' in one room, an' not expectin' you'd live, an' the young lady carryin' on awful, an' two nurses the doctor brought to watch her till they took her to the 'sylum, ma'am, a screechin' lunatic."

Mad! I had never thought of this charitable interpretation of her eccentric conduct, but when the housekeeper spoke there was a new light thrown on the cruel bright eyes, the cunning smiles, the daring conduct of Theresa.

While the nurse went for some nourishment, Everard came to my side. I heard his slow step, I saw him coming feebly, like an old man, and I cried out in my pain:

"You will not live, Everard, and I cannot live without you!"

"Hush, dearest," he said. "I am shaken to-day by bad news, but I am gaining every hour. We will get well together, Sophie, and we will go abroad for a few years."

"But what is your bad news?"

"Theresa, in a paroxysm of madness this morning, took her own life."

"It is good news!" I fairly screamed. "Forgive me," I said, looking penitently into the sad, pale face of the stricken father. "I do not mean that. I will try to be sorry; but how can I grieve when I think how she endangered your life?"

"It was in a mistaken devotion to her mother," Everard said, sorrowfully. "The doctors say her brain has never been sound, and Theresa made one idea a ruling passion with her. From a mere baby she must have been taught to imagine me a fiend, a monster, who had blighted her mother's life; and when she was only ten years old she lost that mother, after hearing the distorted fancies of her jealous imagination."

XUM

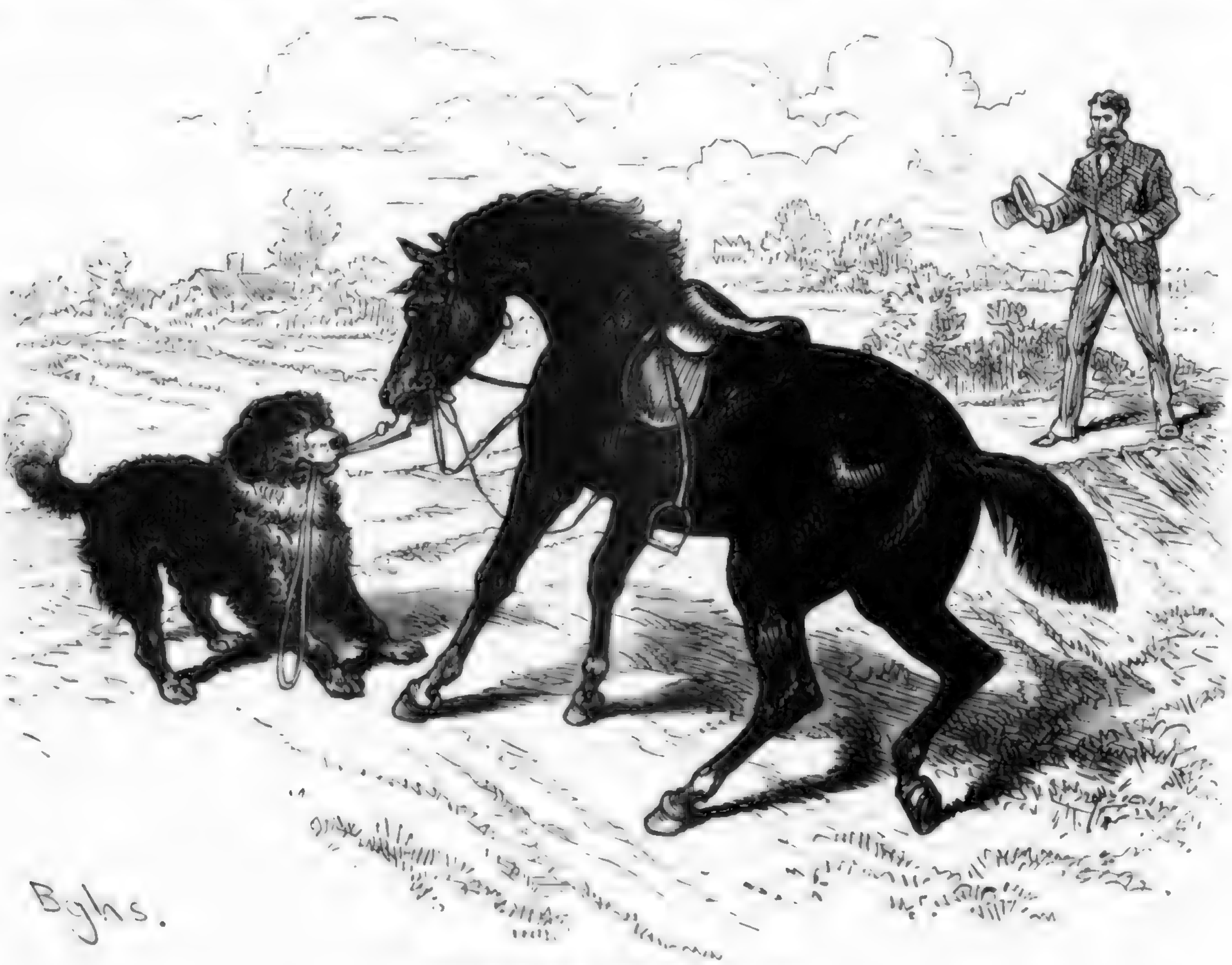
"But you were so kind, so good to her. No daughter was ever more indulged by the fondest father."

"Remember, dear, her brain was not sound."

"Oh, Everard," I said, a sudden memory flashing over me, "whose miniature was that she showed me?"

"My sister Caroline's. She was my only sister, and we were orphans. She died when I was but sixteen, but I worshiped her memory. Had Theresa been the true, tender wife I hoped to find her, I should have told her of my sister, but I never did. I missed the locket from my neck, but thought it had slipped from the chain in the street. I never knew that my wife stole it till I heard my child's mad ravings about it, and found the picture amongst her possessions."

It was slow work getting well, both for my husband and myself, but we gained strength as the Summer days approached Autumn, and when October came, Everard kept his promise, and we sailed for Europe.



UNEXPECTED HELP RENDERED BY A DOG.

We are at home again while I write. Two brave boys, with Everard's eyes, call me mother, and there is an angel of happiness ever hovering over our household; but when we go to our home for the Summer, on the Hudson, we let our boys carry flowers to deck a grave in the little cemetery there—a grave whose pure marble headstone bears the record only, "Theresa, aged 18."

UNEXPECTED HELP RENDERED BY A DOG.

The late Lord M. had a very fine large black Newfoundland dog, called "Neptune," which used to be kept chained up in a courtyard outside the castle. Now Neptune was very fond of mutton and pork, and used to worry the sheep and pigs whenever he had a chance. He was consequently seldom let loose or taken out, unless his lordship was going to ride in some out-of-the-way district.

On one occasion, in the Autumn of 1856, Lord M. and Mr. H. were riding across country, accompanied by Neptune, when coming to a high bank with a broad ditch on either side, Lord M.'s horse refused to take it, so Lord M. dismounted, and getting on to the bank, tried to lead him over it; but, while so standing on the bank, a gust of wind blew his hat off, and, in trying to save it, the bridle slipped from his hand, and the horse became loose.

As quick as lightning Neptune, who had apparently been most interested in the endeavor to get the horse over, sprang after the hat, and catching it, jumped with it on to the bank, dropped it at his master's feet, and dashed after the horse, which was trotting off, and before Mr. H. could overtake it, he had seized the bridle with his teeth, and held on, checking it till Mr. H. came up and took the bridle from him, when he appeared to express his pleasure by little short barks and a variety of gambols.

IN THE NEZ PERCE LAND.

By Lieutenant Colonel Costello.

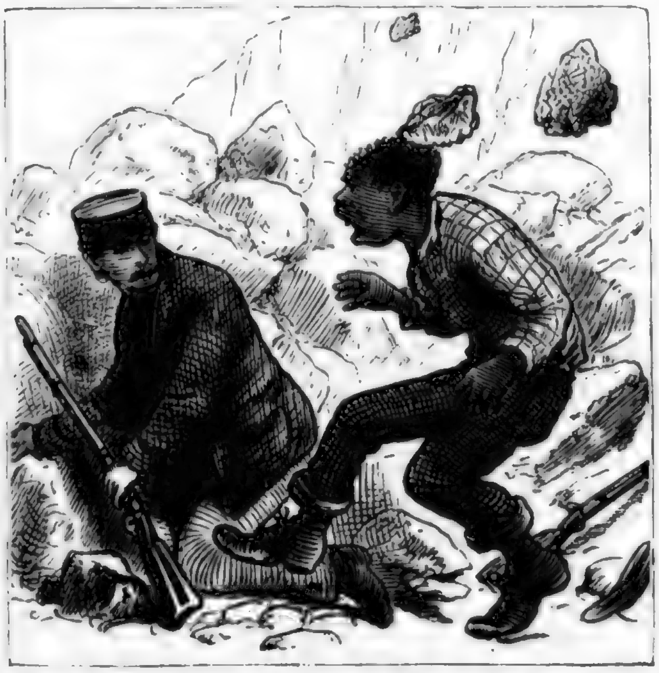
A few years before work actually began on the Northern Pacific Railroad, but at a time when it was being talked about as an enterprise that would certainly be carried through, I determined, with two young friends, who, like myself, were anxious to find a good place for investment, to cross the continent from the headwaters of Lake Superior to Puget's Sound on the Pacific.

Our intention was to follow as near the line of the proposed road as possible, and to note carefully the agricultural advantages of the country in connection with its mineral resources.

We organized at Superior City, though our outfit was not very extensive, as the party was small. Two wagons, filled with supplies and articles for barter with the Indians, whom we expected to meet, and horses for ourselves and cook, constituted our train. I was familiar enough with the necessities of the trip to feel assured this was all that was necessary.

My friends were Julian Whitchurch and Henry S. Brougham, both of New York City, and as brave, earnest and cultured gentlemen as I ever had for companions in my life. They knew nothing of "wild life," as they considered existence on the plains and in the mountains beyond, so that they were as eager and anxious about the trip as boys.

They had fishing-rods and knives and pistols for every kind of game, and they read every book they could find that said anything about the country, and wore out several maps studying its geography, though all the maps of that region at that time were as purely works of imagination as the record of "Gulliver's Travels."



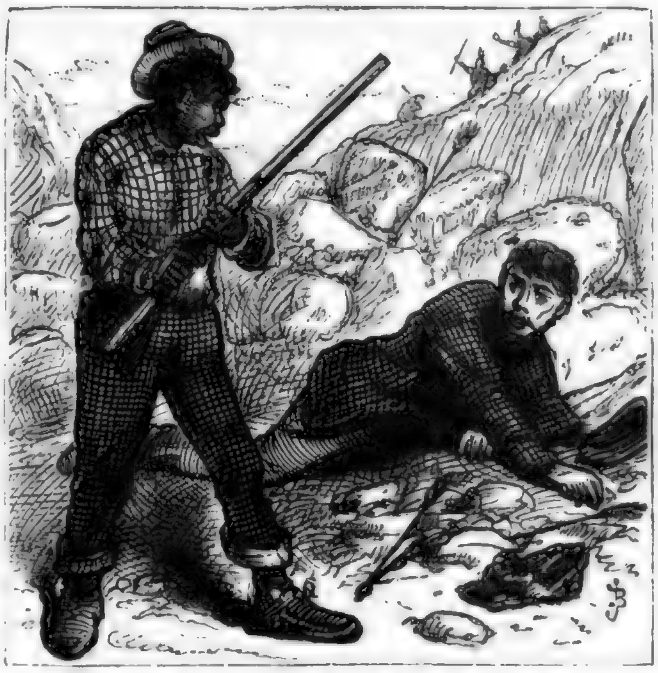
IN THE NEZ PERCE LAND.—"A FRAGMENT OF ONE OF THEM STRUCK PATSY ON THE HEAD, AND WITH THE BLOOD POURING OVER HIS FACE HE ROLLED AT MY FEET."

I had never traveled across the continent on this parallel, but my experience in the Far West made me certain of its general characteristics.

Our cook was a very remarkable black man. He had been the body-servant of a prominent public official, and hence was something of a politician—indeed, he considered himself a very superior and highly cultured specimen of the American variety of that article.

He was a perfect budget of trite maxims, whose commonplace became bearable by his genius for misquoting, and his constant effort to improve upon them. He was rich in the songs and hymns in which his people delight, and he could sing them very well, but he had the knack of mixing up the sacred and secular, that was unintentional, and therefore very ludicrous.

Patsy, that was the misnomer of our black man, though Brougham vowed that our cook spoke with an Irish accent; but be that as it may, he was a capital cook, and I never saw him out of humor but once, the reason for which I shall presently explain.

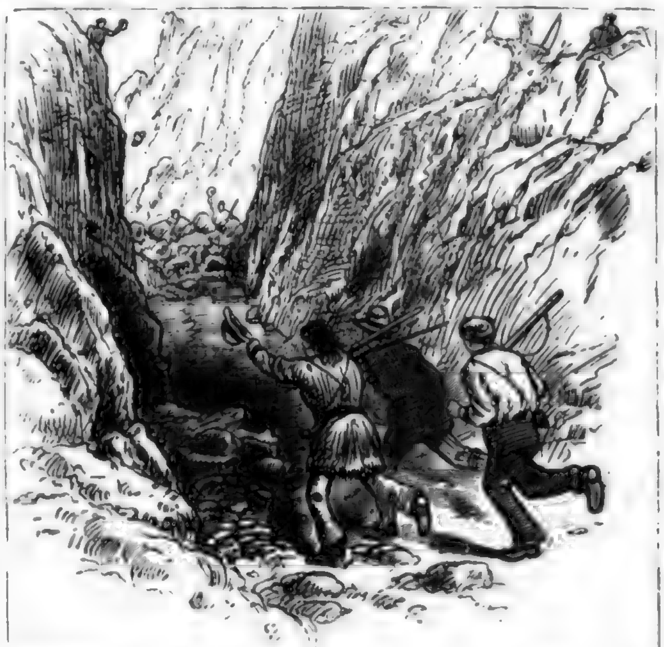


IN THE NEZ PERCE LAND.—"'YEH SEE, MAUSS COSTLAH, SOMEBODY HAD TER FIGHT, AN' DAR WARN'T NOBODY LUFF' BUT ME, SO I'SE PEGGING AWAY.'"

We reached the Red River of the North without adventure or mishap, and here we engaged a guide to accompany us as far as the Columbia River, from which point I anticipated no trouble in working my way to Olympia, in Washington Territory.

We struck the buffalo country in August, and as the only game we had seen so far were antelopes in the far distance, rabbits that ran out of range, and prairie-dogs that refused to be shot, Whitchurch and Brougham were wild with excitement, and went in to kill buffalo pell-mell. This thing of riding into a herd of buffalo that dash across the plains with lowered heads, hanging tongues, and flashing eyes, is no child's play.

The ground is so honeycombed with prairie-dog and coyote burrows, that a horse and rider, no matter how good, if unaccustomed to it, are in constant danger of



IN THE NEZ PERCE LAND.—"LOOKING TOWARD SCALP CREEK, I SAW PAUL THE GUIDE, WITH WHITCHURCH AND BROUGHAM, RUNNING TOWARD ME."

XUM

going down, and a strange horse is always so alarmed at the sight of the buffalo that it is next to impossible to get within pistol-shot.

My New York friends were not, therefore, successful in the first hunt, but Paul, our half-breed guide, shot a splendid animal, and consoled my friends by assuring them that a little practice would make them as fine buffalo-hunters as could be found in the Northwest, and this compliment encouraged them. Indeed, subsequent events proved that Paul was a veritable prophet.

In September we reached the mountains, and here our work was to begin in earnest.

The Crows were at peace with the whites, but we learned it was dangerous for so small a party as ours to travel in that country at that time, as bands of young braves, not only from the Crows, but also from the Nez Perces and Sioux, were out, ostensibly hunting, but, in fact, committing depredations, killing and scalping every white man they came across.

When we learned this news I held a council in our camp, for, while personally I was in favor of pushing on, I wished to defer to my New York friends, who knew nothing about Indian fighting, and, for the matter of that, nothing about fighting at all. Paul, the guide, thought we could get through safely by exercising proper vigilance, and, as he was personally well known to the Indians, he felt sure he could prevent their attacking our party if we could only get up a truce with them.

Whitchurch and Brougham were not only willing, but anxious, to go ahead, and I felt relieved by their decision.

Patsy had listened to our conversation during the council, and a short time afterward I heard him saying to one of the teamsters:

"We's a gwine inter de den ob lions, my feller-citizen, an' da's no backin' out. 'Tain't for myself I now raises my woice in dis meeting! No, banish that obserwation!"

"Well, who are you raisin' your voice for, then, Patsy?" asked the amused teamster.

"For de white men ob de party. I'll suffah, my countrymen, like de chillen in de fiah, what's in de prophets of old; but, like dem, my bredren, my har won't be singed."

"Why! what do ye mean, Patsy?"

"I mean we're all a gwine ter be killed an' scalped—all save me—dey can't scalp dis chile, kase why I need not say, an' may de Lor' hab mercy on yer souls."

This judicial ending to Patsy's prophecy was so ludicrous, that I could not help discovering myself by a loud and hearty laugh.

As I turned away I heard Patsy muttering something about, "When de wicked stop dar trouble, an' de tired folks am at rest."

About ten days after this we were encamped on a tributary of the Yellowstone that bore the suggestive name of Scalp Creek. The country was interesting, and we decided to remain on the Creek for a week or two, while we examined the volcanic hills and beautiful valleys in the vicinity.

Fortunately, as we thought, there was no sign of Indians in the vicinity, so, instead of moving in one body, we divided into three parties, that is, if the two teamsters, left in charge of the camp, be called one party. Whitchurch and Brougham, the latter a first-rate geologist, went with Paul, the guide, and I took, in my separate explorations, the philosophic Patsy.

One day—by-the-way, it was to have been the last of our stay at Scalp Creek—I started with Patsy to examine a range of hills about seven miles from camp. We took a cooked dinner in our haversacks, as we did not expect to get back before night. We were both well armed with rifles and pistols, but each morning Patsy would protest that he was a non-combatant, and that it was just throwing arms away for him to carry them.

"For," he would reason, "I neber could shoot an' keep my eyes open at one an' de same time. De only daujah in dem tings is, dat if I carries 'em, I may shoot mysel', an' if I'se killed, de Injuns won't know I couldn't shoot. Dey'll tink I'se a great warrior 'mong de ten tousand, an' altogedder lubbly. So dey'll hack me up pretty bad afore dey leave me alone in my glory, like de yellah rose of Texes, what's bloomin' alone."

Despite this, I insisted on my companion's going armed, and subsequent events proved Patsy and I were both right.

We remained in the hills till the sun was well down, but leaving us ample time to get back to camp before it was dark; so we started, delighted with our success, but not a little fatigued by the day's hard work.

We entered a deep ravine, or cañon, that led out to Scalp Creek, about six miles below the camp, and I was in the lead, carefully watching the ground from force of habit, as we walked along.

A green weed that had been lately uprooted attracted my attention, and, after examining it, I came to the conclusion that it had been pulled up within an hour. Had it been done by an animal, it would have been trampled or eaten, but I saw that it had been pulled from the side of the rift at an elevation as high as a man's hand would reach as he clung to the rocks for support while making his way over the boulders underneath.

I said nothing to Patsy about my discovery, but now kept my eyes in front or searching the cliffs above.

We had gone to within about a hundred and fifty yards of Scalp Creek, and already we could see it through the rocky defile, when an unearthly yell, accompanied by a shower of arrows, came from foes whom I could not see; but, from the direction of the missiles, I knew they were in front.

"Get back, Patsy!" I shouted, pointing to a rock about thirty feet behind that nearly blocked up by the passage.

He obeyed me with astonishing alacrity, but I never can forget the look of overwhelming horror in his face as he turned to run back.

"Is dey Injuns, sah?" he asked, as he rubbed his head and turned his protruding eyes on me.

"Yes, man. Get your rifle ready!" I shouted, and at the same moment catching a glimpse of a feathered black head above the rocks in front, I raised my Spencer rifle and fired. My shot was answered by another yell, and at the same time a dozen bullets struck the rocks about me.

We were effectually cut off, and, judging the number of Indians in front by the explosion of their rifles and the discharge of their arrows, I concluded it would be impossible for our friends to 'render us immediate aid even if aware of our danger.

Behind us were a number of loose boulders, and while I watched the opening in the creek, I called out to the trembling Patsy to roll the rocks up, so as to make a barricade in the narrow pass. This was something Patsy could comprehend, and being a stout fellow, he at once went to work, and, inside of twenty minutes, the rocks were as high as his head.

"Dar, Mauss Costlah, that's done; now let dis sarvant lie down an' purpayah foh death."

Patsy dropped on his knees, and assumed the attitude of an Ethiopian martyr. But, if he could not or would not shoot, it struck me I could utilize him by making him keep the arms loaded.

It was now sundown; I could see the last rays gilding the snow-peaks away in the distance, and, as may be supposed, the approach of darkness increased my alarm, for it added to the danger of our situation.

I had just told Patsy to place his rifle and pistols where I could reach them, and that he must at once reload the arms I laid down, when again the Nez Perce and Crow war-whoops echoed through the defile, and, looking out, I saw the painted braves coming toward me at a run.

The rift was so narrow that they were forced to push on in single file, while a few warriors, from precarious positions on the steep, flanking rocks, tried to cover the advance.

I trembled with fear and excitement, and only by a strong effort of will could I control my weapon so as to make sure of my aim. I had seven loads in my repeating-rifle, and, waiting till the nearest brave was within twenty yards, I opened fire. I am astonished now at the rapidity with which I sent the seven balls into the howling enemy.

"Load, Patsy!"

I dropped my rifle and took up his, but to my horror I found it would not work. It was as useless as so much wood. Fortunately my revolvers were near, and with one in each hand I opened fire again.

The line staggered, broke, and then, yelling like demons, the warriors ran back or threw themselves on their faces. I had breathing time to reload, and, though never addicted to the vulgar and immoral habit of profanity, I could not, on this occasion, resist hurling an imprecation at the cowering Patsy. All the weapons were out of order, and I had no time to correct his bungling.

While I was making these preparations, a number of Indians ascended to the summits of the cliffs on either side. Their object in doing so at once became apparent, for in a short time they began to hurl the detached rocks and logs of wood down on the spot where we were supposed to be. So close did these thundering, giant missiles come, that the splinters tore my clothes and cut me severely about the face, while a fragment from one of them struck Patsy on the head, and, with the bood pouring over his face, he rolled over at my feet.

I dragged him into a little angle, and expecting every moment to be my last, I waited without hope, though I still clutched my pistols in desperation. From my position I had a view down as far as the creek, and though it was nearly dark, I could see there was no renewal of the attempt to attack from that quarter; still the stones came down, and one of them struck my left arm, and it fell powerless by my side. This, added to the loss of blood from the cuts on my head and face, made me so weak that it was only with the greatest difficulty I could remain on my feet.

It became dark, pitchy dark, and never for an instant did the torrent of stones cease. I felt sick and giddy. I was parched with thirst, and even if the foe were to withdraw I was powerless to leave my position. I do not know how the time went by. Once I imagined I heard low voices outside the barricade and up the defile, and I emptied a chamber of my pistol in each direction, when the whispering ceased, and the hurling of the rocks was renewed.

I thought Patsy was dead; but some time during the night—the whole time is misty, like a half-remembered dream—I thought I heard him mutter:

"I'se dead, an' I'm put in de dark, my feller-citizens; foh my body's in de cole, cole groun'."

I have an indistinct recollection of firing my pistol several times after this, then comes a blank, not one incident of which I can recall till daylight.

When I woke, or, rather, returned to consciousness, I could not believe my eyes nor ears. The Indians were still yelling, and a rifle was blazing away close to me. I looked up, and there stood Patsy, like a black Hercules, guarding the pass. He looks down at me, and his big eyes grow larger and brighter as he gasps:

"Bress de Lor', yeh ain't done gone yit! Yeh see, Mauss Costlah, somebody had ter fight, an' dar wan't nobody luff'd but me, so I'se peggin' away."

So saying, he raised his rifle, and let drive like a veteran.

Like myself, he was covered with blood, and the sight of it made him stronger. I staggered to my feet and looked up the ravine, from which now came the sharp rattle of rifles and the terrific yells of the Indians.

They were attacking us on every side. I took up my rifle in my right hand, and determined to die fighting the fiends, whom I expected to see every second.

While I was listening, I heard cheers blending with the yells, but they came from the opposite direction, and, looking toward Scalp Creek, I saw Paul the guide, with Whitchurch and Brougham, running toward me.

The momentary strength that came to me when I supposed the end was at hand departed, and I had no recollection till I found myself in camp at the mouth of the ravine, to which point the wagons had been brought.

My friends told me they had been attacked the previous night, and hence could not search for me and Patsy. They repulsed the Indians, and, knowing the direction I had taken the day before, they broke camp and started on the search, with the result already stated.

The Indians were badly punished and driven off; still, on account of my broken arm, we turned back to Fort Benton, where we remained all Winter.

The following Spring we started again, and went through successfully; but a curious thing about the adventure was that Patsy, from being a timid non-combatant, at once became the most warlike of beings, and never was so delighted as when there was a prospect of a brush with the Indians.

SPANISH GUITARS.

The country which of all others has associated the guitar with its national expression in music is Spain, on whose romantic soil it was introduced at the time of the Moorish invasion. There always have the most tuneful guitars been manufactured. To the Paris Exposition were sent guitars from a Spanish instrument-maker, the vibrations of whose strings could be prolonged twenty seconds when the air performed required it. The workmanship displayed on these Gonzales guitars is exquisite, and the instruments were sold at the price of $200 each.

The progressive development of sonorous power in music, which began in the second half of the eighteenth century, has caused to disappear from the domain of art one by one all the instruments whose voices are not very strong. But, as recently as forty years ago, the guitar was cultivated with passionate feeling by a multitude of persons of musical tastes all over the world. Rossini, in "The Barber of Seville," gets a charming effect from it in the famous serenade. Still the days of the guitar, in any wide sense, were even then numbered. It has not sufficient volume of sound to hold a place in the noisy music of the present, not to mention that of the future.

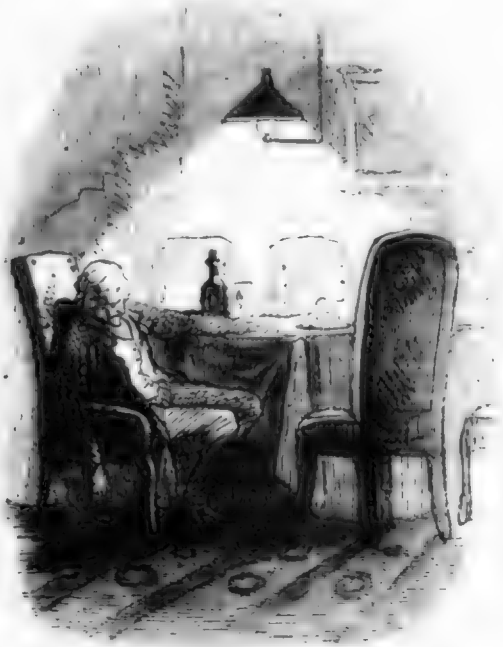
Spain is now the only country where the instrument continues to give active signs of life. Heard amid the stillness of the lovely moonlit nights of Spain, struck by a practiced hand, and accompanied by a mellow voice, it seems in perfect analogy with the character of the nation itself—tender, gallant, dreamy, secret, and melancholy.

THE LAST SUPPER.

By J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.

There is a story of a club of twelve friends who agreed together to sup annually on a certain day, at a certain place, when all should meet, no matter how far apart they might be scattered; the survivor to sit at the last supper alone. The compact was kept to the letter, and the last man was found dead in his chair.

Sad at heart he sat, and lonely,
In the gayly lighted hall,
With the silence broken only
By the clock upon the wall,
Saying with its dreary ticking: "End of
Time must come to all!"



Sad he filled the bumper, glowing
With the ruby-flashing wine;
Drank, but felt no rapture flowing
From the spirit of the vine:
Only Death spake from the goblet—
"Thou art old, and thou art mine!"

Vacant chairs around the table
Standing stiffly in the gloom,
And the tapers are not able
So to light the empty room,
That the shadows in the corners shall not
Speak of death and doom.

Where are they, the gay eleven
Who once sat here at his side?
Some in Hades, some in Heaven—
All are gone; yes, all have died,
And have left the old man lonely; greater
Ill can scarce betide.

Midnight, stepping through the portal
Of the open banquet door,
Finds within the weary mortal
Sadly waiting for the hour
When the compact shall be ended, and
The Twelve shall be no more.

Waiting—stay, what is it passes
Gliding to each vacant chair,
Filling high the empty glasses,
Pouring on the midnight air
Scraps of ancient song and story? Lo
The last, the dead are there!

And they drank, and toasted gayly
Many a loved one in the tomb,
Many a beauty they'd mourned daily,
Cut off long since in her bloom,
And the ringing toasts and laughter filled
With joy the banquet-room.

When the servants came to tell him
That the night was nearly fled,
Little dreaming what befell him,
And how fast his time had sped,
There they found his body only, for his soul
Was with the dead!

THE PECAN NUT.

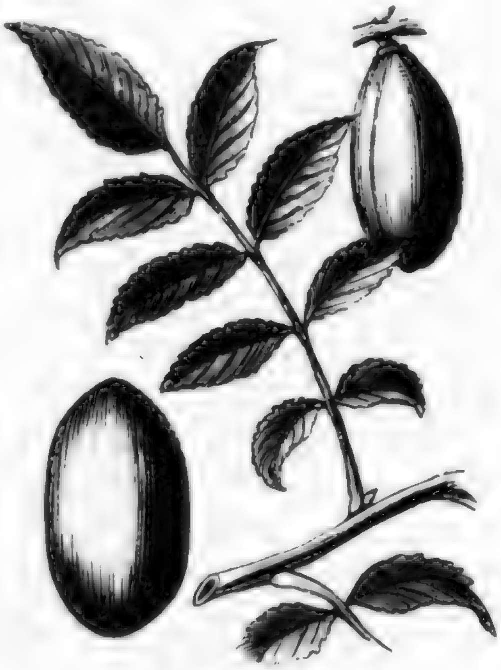
The pecan, or Illinois nut, belongs to the genus *Carya*, more commonly known as the hickory. It is surnamed by botanists *Oliviformis*, on account of its resemblance in shape to the olive. This is the finest and most deliciously flavored nut of the genus. As its name implies, it is a native of Illinois.

The tree, when fully grown, reaches the height of sixty or seventy feet, and has a straight trunk. It grows spontaneously on the river-banks of Illinois, southward to Mississippi. It is also found in gardens and sheltered situations as far north as the Hudson River, but is nevertheless quite rare in this vicinity, as our Winters are too severe. It is very abundant in Texas, from whence immense quantities of the nuts are annually sent to our markets.

The tree bears yearly a bounteous crop of those sweet and pleasantly flavored nuts, considered by many as being superior to any of the nuts of Europe.

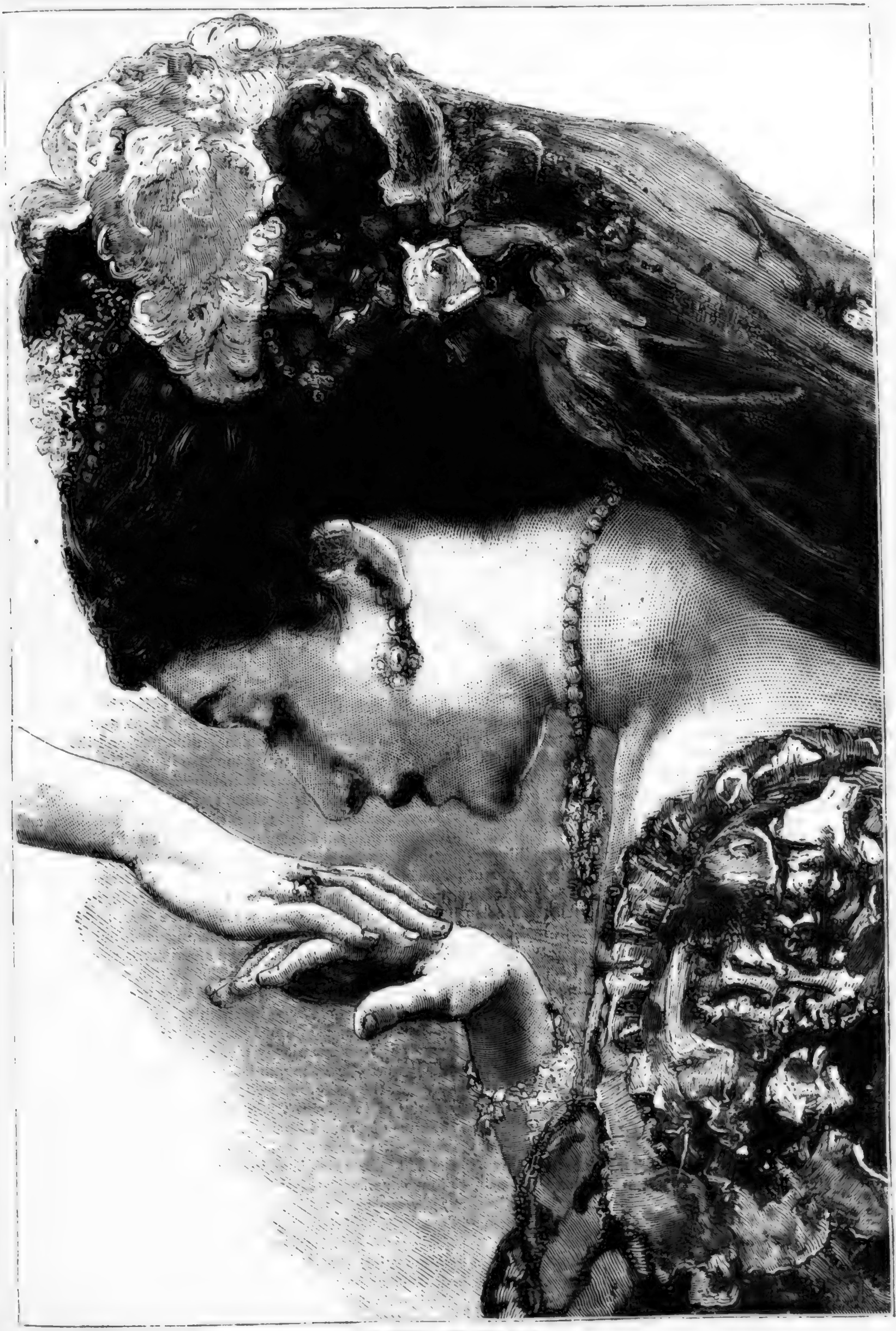
The husks are very thin, as also is the shell of the nut itself, which is of an ashen or yellowish-brown color, soft, and easily broken. A very palatable oil is obtained from the kernel by pressure.

Owing to the constant destruction of the pecan trees for timber, the supply of nuts is annually becoming scarce. Last season they brought from $3 to $4 a bushel in the Southern markets.



THE PECAN NUT.

Of the genus *Carya* there are other familiar varieties: the shell-bark (*C. Alba*), common in the Eastern States, and highly valued for its timber, contains a sap rich in sugar;



AT COURT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

the mocker-nut (*C. Fomentosa*), noted as being the most common of all the hickories, being plentiful in the West and South, as well as East; and the pig or hog nut, the tree of which is the most noble of all, growing to the height of nearly ninety feet. The wood of this species is considered superior to that of any other. The fruit is smaller than the others, and is mostly eaten by squirrels and pigs. Hence its name.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

Contrary to the custom of most European Courts, the English Court has kept up the habit of a daylight ceremony, for the purpose of what is known as Presentation. Both "levees" and "drawing-rooms" (the former attended by men only) take place early in the afternoon (usually beginning at two o'clock), and full dress is required of all attending. This involves, in the case of ladies, a large amount of trouble, so that all the morning of the day has frequently to be spent in some toilet process or other. The fashionable hair-dressers—and there are not above three in London who are considered to be quite "the thing"—are engaged weeks beforehand; and as the number of people needing their services is large, and their best apprentice is not always well received as a substitute, it follows that many *coiffures* have to be arranged hours before the time. Fancy yourself sitting down to breakfast with your hair dressed as if for a ball, while the rest of your dress consists of a comfortable wrapper, or a lace-trimmed morning-gown.

The Court etiquette requires three ostrich feathers and a vail, no matter how disposed, nor of what size; and the *coiffeurs* are skillful enough to arrange very pretty combinations out of, nominally, the same materials which furnished our great-grandmothers with their hideous nodding head-dresses, a foot and a half high, and clumsy, notwithstanding their height. Many family pictures show this peculiarity of Court costume of bygone days; a thing like the sign of the Prince of Wales's approbation over a successful tailor's shop, stands upright on a small, insignificant head, and a heavy vail of priceless lace, with all grace and elegance hidden behind age and costliness, hangs clumsily behind the bare shoulders.

As the lady's great-granddaughter stands before this portentous representation, hanging in the further corner of the long dining-room that represents the breadth of a whole London house of the old style, she may well compare her own Court equipment favorably with that of her ancestors.

Living in such a house, we will presume that she is not one of the Belgravian, fast or husband-hunting kind, but a girl with country tastes and quiet manners, not given to extravagance of fancy in dress or to lavishness of purse; but in England the exigencies of position are so arbitrary, the social machinery so resistless, that it is out of the question that she should spend her Summer where and as she likes, before having paid toll, at least for one season, and run the gauntlet of London society.

The French *coiffeur* has put three small ostrich feathers (I believe marabout is also permitted) as coquettishly as white camellias, among the intricate puffs and loops of hair, and on the left side, rather far back, is fastened the silver-spangled tulle of the very lightest kind—only a tangible vapor—which represents the technical "vail."

You may see, when you get to Buckingham Palace, a good many head-dresses that will astonish you—hair standing in solid tiers, dragged up from the neck; hair "banged" like a terrier's over the forehead (perhaps the worst taste of all); hair floating in preternaturally long love-locks, or "frizzed" in curious wrinkles produced by hot crimping-irons; but what I am describing now is a compromise between the extreme of fashion—whatever it may be at the time—and the style that best suits the face of the wearer. When you see such a *coiffure* in a crowd, you may be sure that with it goes the traditional character of the old-fashioned type of Englishwoman, modest, home-loving, dreading notoriety and hating affectation.

By-and-by, after breakfast, our young girl will put on her dress, generally a marvel of prettiness, and only second to the bridal dress as a model of millinery. White is almost universal for a *débutante*—a silk or satin underdress, puffed with tulle and looped with flowers, and a train of silk or satin, trimmed to match round the edge. Sometimes, when fastidious taste objects to artificial flowers, satin bows and white feather trimming make a prettier and more uncommon substitute. The first court-dress of our friend let us suppose to be something like this, *plus* some wonderful Parisian shimmer of silver introduced very delicately here and there, and, instead of tulle, the rarer and lighter *crêpe-lisse.*

After an ordeal of admiration from the assembled household, she gets into the carriage, usually the stately "chariot," or "coach," an antique-looking vehicle, hung very high, and approached by three or four folding steps. On the single seat in front, called the "hammer-cloth," from its being covered like a cushioned ottoman, sits the coachman, whose full dress consists of a small wig in tightly curling rows fitting to the head like a cap, knee-breeches, pink silk stockings, and buckled shoes, and a large bouquet of choice flowers fastened to the front of his coat, whose color depends on that of the family livery. The wig and cockaded hat are part of his customary as well as "full" dress. The footmen stand, in the same costume, *minus* the wig (their hair being powdered, as usual), on a wide board at the back of the coach, holding on by embroidered straps. Two footmen are sufficient, but three are considered a still more fashionable number, and the under-butler often dons his livery to make it up.

Toward the Marble Arch, the carriage begins to be stopped by a crowd of other carriages like itself, full of finery inside and out; for the husbands, fathers and brothers generally accompany their womankind, and consequently wear their uniforms or court-dress, though at a drawing-room they do not go into the Presence-chamber itself. Presently the carriages fall into rank, and henceforward the progress is at a slow foot's pace, and the road lined on either side with a thronging multitude, scarcely kept back by the police. Free remarks are passed on the beauties inside the coaches. The British public, though it "dearly loves a lord," as this very crowd testifies, is still fonder of criticising him at a safe distance; and outspoken and quickly formed judgments are passed on every face as it is borne slowly along. To a bashful person, this is worse than the publicity of the Palace itself.

At last the gates are reached, the magnificent, statuesque sentries of the Horse Guards are passed, and, still under the gaze of a crowd—but a uniformed, military and official crowd—the occupants of the carriages get out. Here, in the first hall, which is almost open, and one of the most picturesque parts of the unartistic Palace, the multitude and variety of uniforms are bewildering. There is a detachment of the Guards in blue or scarlet uniforms, blazing with gold lace, the high, polished boots meeting the white leather breeches, and the gilt helmet with a tangle of black or scarlet horse-hair flying from it, the men all of gigantic stature and equal height, physically a picked corps; there are servants in liveries so gorgeous that they

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might be mistaken for court-dress; ambassadors from foreign countries, in uniforms, or in some special national dress; court officials in their various costumes; and a maze of women in every color of the rainbow, and exhibiting every variety of fashion.

The staircase which opens to your right as you go in is full, yet not crowded; up and down its whole length the same bright display of warm color, framing otherwise insignificant faces and figures, and the same through the immense saloons beyond. At one spot the stairs branch off on two sides of a wide landing, where pace guards of a different stamp from those below—the famous "Beef-eaters," or, properly speaking, the "Yeomen of the Guard"—a corps dating from Henry VIII.'s reign, and still wearing the costume that distinguished them at the Tudor Court—buckled shoes, scarlet hose meeting short, puffed breeches, a scarlet tunic with a golden rose on back or breast, and a red, round flat cap. They bear the old halberd instead of any modern weapon. Forty of these yeomen (there are one hundred in all) are in attendance at the Tower as "wardens," and it is nominally their duty to attend also at the royal table, to carry up the dishes. I do not know if this is done now. On levee and drawing-room days they are distributed in the palace chambers from the stairs to the Presence-chamber, nearest the door of which the head of the band, or "Yeoman Usher," stands. The lowermost yeoman, when a person of certain distinction enters from the stairs, calls aloud, "Yeoman Usher!" to anounce his approach; whereupon the usher answers, "Stand by!" to warn lesser individuals to make way. These attentions are called "the honors of the Great Chamber," and only peers and peeresses, privy councilors, knights of the great Orders, ambassadors, and the heads of legations, with their respective wives, are entitled to them.

In St. James's Palace, where the "drawing-rooms" used to be held, the space was much more confined, and real inconvenience was often the result; but in Buckingham Palace, there seem miles of hall and saloon to get through before reaching the room of audience. Progress is slow, however, even at present, and there is ample time, often two hours, for conversation, observation, and curiosity. You notice all the diversities of personal taste as well as the layers of fashion represented by the numberless women—young, middle-aged, and old; you stare at the diamonds of this one, and the family lace of that; you are curious about the history of that fair, haughty, melancholy dame; that other is the sister of a lady no longer "in society," on account of some scandal not possible to be hushed up; that one beyond has been married three or four times; the next is the greatest heiress of this year, and on the other side is the last beauty, who is "all the rage." And the toilets! Many are Parisian, and cost four times their real worth; but many more are as costly, and yet dowdy into the bargain. The old women are the most painful to look at; the taste of their youth survives in those hideous erections on their heads; the incongruity of colors is not worse than the contrast of any color with their poor necks and arms, swathed in gold and jewels, like the brown images of Italian shrines.

Those splendid Beef-eaters, however, are enough to turn the attention of any female spectator, at least, from the contemplation of their own sex, or of the foreign beribboned or bespangled diplomats whose dark eyes and complexions are so good a foil to the auburn-haired Saxons who swarm among them.

No one hears the odd name of "Beef-eater" without wondering what it means, and there are two or three learned explanations, based on corruption into English of a French official term; but Fuller, in his Church History, gives a pleasant incident as the source of their modern name, and if the explanation is not conclusive, the story is none the less characteristic.

He says that Henry VIII. when out hunting in the neighborhood of Reading, disguised himself as one of his yeomen, and paid a visit to the abbot about dinner-time. The abbot, finding it politic to be civil to such a guest, invited him to dine at his own table, where there was a large joint of beef, of which the supposed yeoman ate voraciously. Observing his appetite, the abbot cried out: "Well fare thy heart! and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of His Grace. I would give £100, on condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak, squeamish stomach will scarcely digest the wing * of a small rabbit or chicken."

The king took his leave, and a few weeks after the abbot was summarily committed close prisoner to the Tower, and fed for many days on bread and water. When at length a piece of beef was put before him, he was quite in a condition to enjoy it; and while he was eating it, the king came to see him, and demanded the £100 promised for a restoration of appetite. Such a practical joke is not unlike Bluff King Hal, and Fuller vouches for the truth of the story and the fact of the payment. The connection between the uniform of the yeoman and beef-eating would henceforth be natural in the mind of the abbot, and the story—enjoyed, as it would be, by most Englishmen—might easily entail the nickname, which to most people at present is the only one, of the Yeomen of the Guards.

By-and-by, as the time goes on, the crowd lessens round the ante-room, divided from the great saloon by two low turning-gates, admitting one person at a time. Within is a page-in-waiting, to whom one of the prescribed cards bearing the name of the individual and the person presenting her, is given, while the other is handed on entering the Presence-chamber to the lord-in-waiting charged with announcing the names to the sovereign. Just as you go in, your train, which hitherto you have carried over your left arm, is spread out behind you by two men posted on each side of the door for the purpose, and you walk up to the Queen, who stands in the centre of the room, with a half-circle of the Princesses and Officers of the Household around and behind her. The lord-in-waiting reads out the names in a clear voice, and you courtesy low as the sovereign gives you her hand to kiss. Ladies above the rank of earls' daughters (inclusive) receive a kiss from the sovereign on the cheek; all below that rank only kiss the hand.

In the days of George III., after the old King became deaf, it was not always easy for him to hear the name, and it is said that on one occasion, the wife of a city knight being presented to him as Lady So-and-So, he was going to salute her cheek, when the Lord Chamberlain, horrified at the breach of etiquette and precedence, called out, loudly, "Do not kiss her, Sir; she is not a *real* lady!" On another occasion, he kissed a young *débutante*, a very pretty girl, so heartily, that he got his nose powdered from the dust of her spreading *coiffure*, and, not observing it, was admonished by an officer of the household, but not until the latter's agonized gestures, being misunderstood by the good-natured king, had to be put into loud words that caused a titter throughout the Court.

A few seconds are all that is required for presentation, and you pass on sideways, courtesying still to the members of the royal family, who stand to the left of the sovereign,

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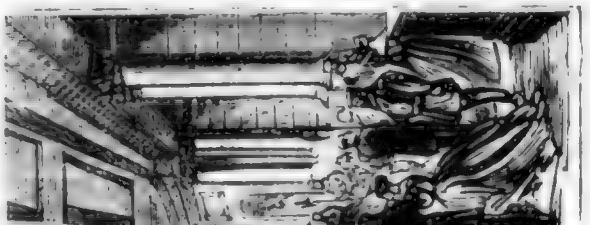
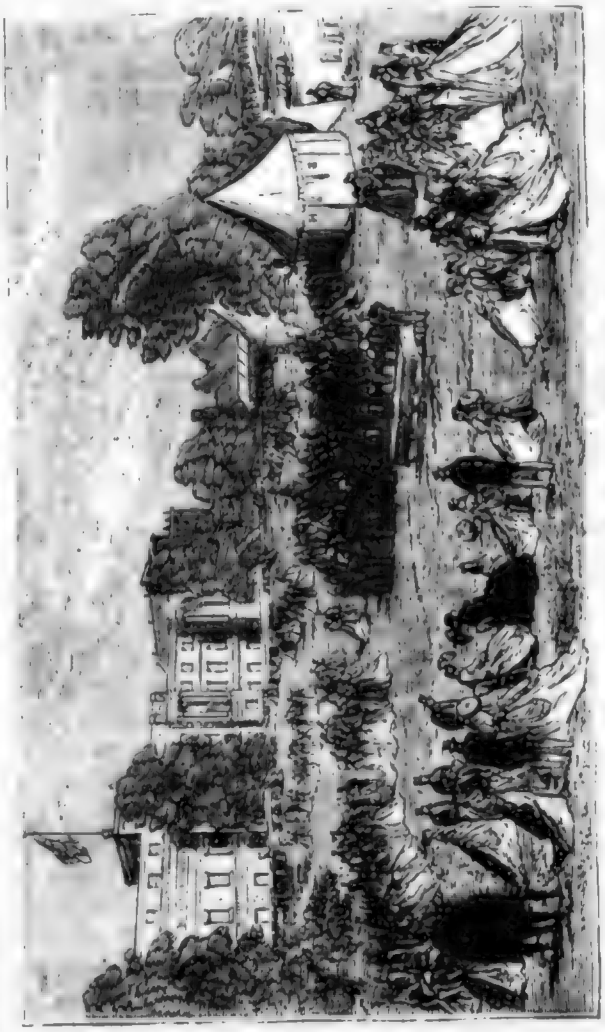
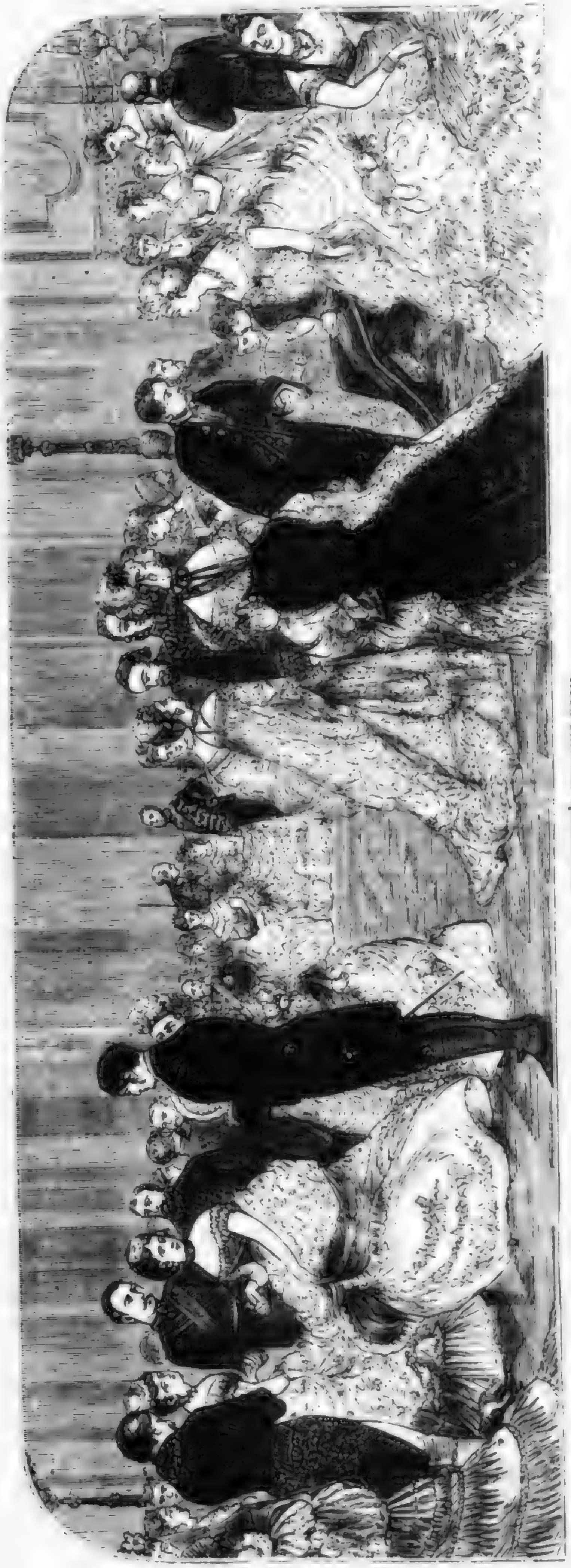
* Rabbit is often served whole, boiled in white sauce; and the doubled-up fore-leg is not unlike a wing.



THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM—THE GRAND ENTRANCE.



A GARDEN-PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

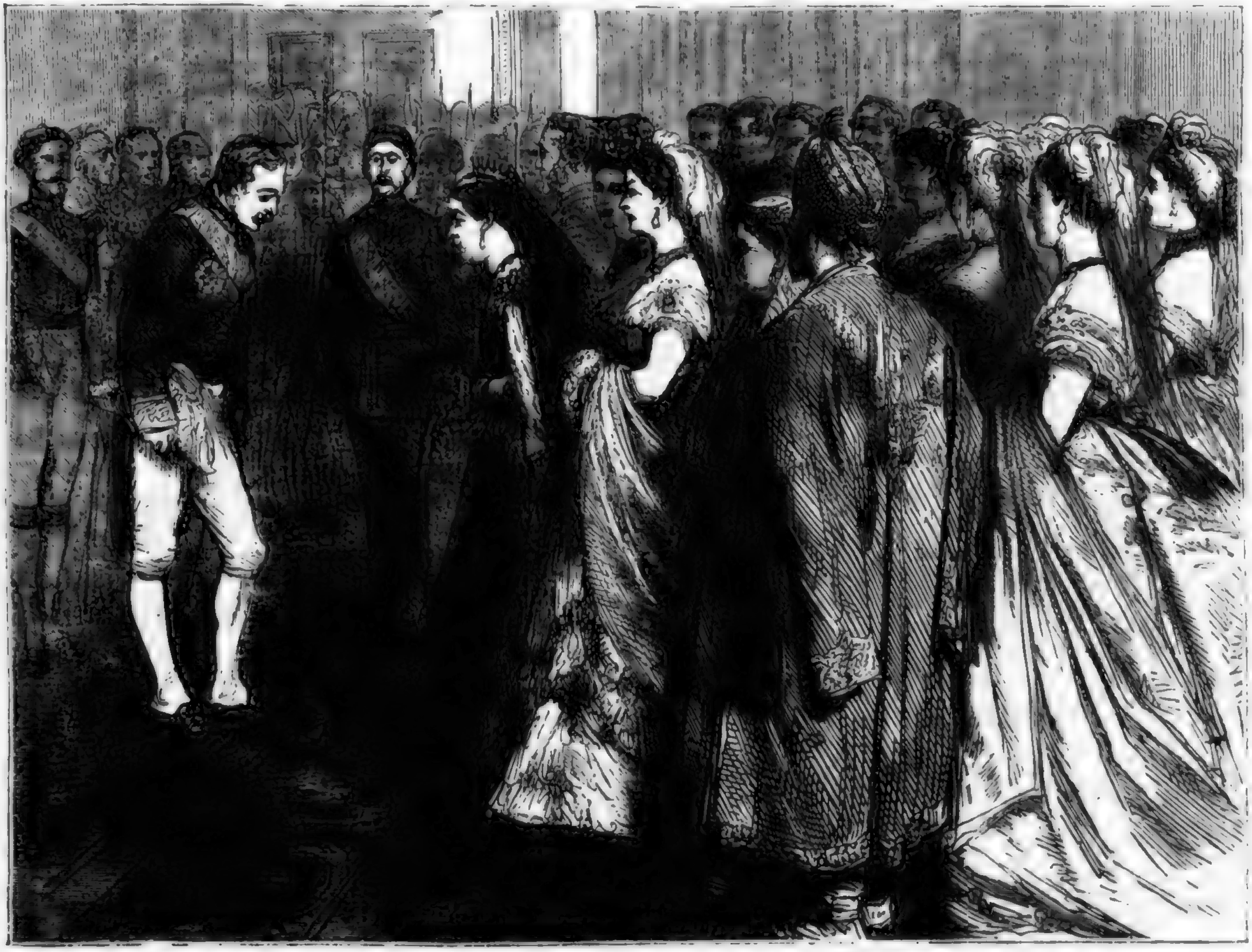


THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

until, when nearing the opposite door, two men once again dexterously throw your train over your arm, and you back out of the throne-room.

These movements are not easy, and the knowledge that a hundred eyes are upon you does not tend to make you graceful. Girls are usually trained to it by a special rehearsal, either at home or, oftener still, at a dancing-school, where, with a table-cloth tied round them, they are taught to back and manage a train. Even under these circumstances, awkwardness is the common result.

After passing the Sovereign, no one is allowed to stay in the same room, except, at the levees, the ministers, the officers of the household, the foreign ministers and the officers on duty; and at the drawing-rooms, the respective wives of these dignitaries. An unmarried woman is usually presented by her mother or nearest female relation; a bride, by her mother-in-law or her husband's nearest female relation; and a foreigner, by the wife of the minister representing her country.



THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM—THE CEREMONY OF PRESENTATION.

Technically, a girl is not really "out" before she is presented at Court. On her marriage, she is presented once more, and then, once again, should she succeed to a title, either in her own right or in her husband's; for instance, the wife of a peer's eldest son, on her husband's succeeding his father and becoming himself a peer.

When petitions or addresses are presented to the Sovereign during a levee or drawing-room, it is the rule to write a short statement of the object of such a paper, with the name of the person presenting it, on the cards beforementioned, one to be left with the page in the ante-room, the other to be given to the lord-in-waiting, who reads the contents out loud, but no other statement, either by word of mouth or in writing, is allowed on the occasion. I believe there is no technical reason preventing any one not of noble or gentle blood from being presented to the Sovereign; at any rate, persons in the lower ranks of society are constantly presented. The only bar is illegitimacy or personal ill-conduct, and the former is occasionally overlooked when circumstances warrant it. The chief obstacle to practical people of all classes is the expense, involving other items besides the mere dress. The latter, if judiciously managed, may be turned to good account, and people often manufacture three presentable dresses out of the materials of a Court suit, the train alone being capable of making a handsome dress. Velvet is a magnificent, and, on the whole, an economical choice, for it will last almost your lifetime; but the use of it is restricted by custom to married women, and the same tacit rule holds good in London for the wearing of diamonds.

Last season two young Americans were presented—at least, two intended to be—and made up their minds to disregard the old rule about ostrich feathers, wear flowers instead, and see what would come of it. The story goes—as the newspaper correspondents had it—that one of them was actually presented, but that the significant look which the Queen gave her headdress as she passed before her so deterred the other girl, watching the presentation from the ante-room, that she gave up her intention for the time, and went home. The well-known conservatism of the Queen as regards court-forms is no doubt a wholesome check, especially at present, when all forms, even of decency, are on the wane. There is still a wide gap between English and American social toleration, but the difference between English ways to-day and English ways

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forty years ago is still wider in proportion. Fortunately, the social head of the nation is intensely conservative and old-fashioned in her views, and people who would not otherwise be held back *are* slightly impressed by the fact that, although "free and easy" may be the latest stamp of society manners, it is a stamp utterly repudiated by Court manners.

The Court garden-parties, which have become the fashion of late years, are of course less formal than the Court balls and concerts which are given every season, two of the former and two of the latter, and to which all have a right to be invited who have been to a levee or drawing-room during the year. Most people who wish to keep in the front of London life, therefore, go to Court at least once a year. Young men are presented at levees by their fathers, guardians, or nearest male relation, and wear uniform or Court-dress. As nearly every one is a Volunteer, there is always that resource to fall back upon in the costume line; but the ordinary Court-dress of the individual who cannot boast even of a Volunteer uniform is very pretty, and generally becoming, consisting of a coat and waistcoat of black velvet, lace ruffles at neck and wrists, black silk stockings and low shoes with buckles, and, I believe, a light sword. Professional men often go in this when not in the Volunteer force and entitled to wear a uniform. The garden-parties, of course, involve only morning dress, and leave plenty of margin for individual taste.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now PONDER well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk lived of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one, a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
Th' other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mold.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled:
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth—
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear:
"Oh, brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone
She kissed her children small—
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave!"

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young
And slay them in the wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away they went, these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide—
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay;

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murd'rers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake with fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell:

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessèd will:
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here expressed;
Their uncle died while he, for debt,
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right;
Lest God with such-like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

THE POTTERY TREE.

Among the various economic products of the vegetable kingdom, scarcely any hold a more important place than barks, whether for medicinal, manufacturing or other purposes. The structure and formation of all barks are essentially very similar, being composed of cellular and fibrous tissue. The cell contents of these tissues, however, vary much in different plants; and for this reason we have fibrous or soft, woody, hard, and even stony barks. To explain everything which relates to the structure of bark would lead us into long details which our space will not permit. Briefly stated, the bark of trees (considering now those of our own climate) consists of three layers. The outermost, called the cortical, is formed of cellular tissue, and differs widely in consistency in different species; thus, in cork oak, which furnishes man with one of his most useful commercial products, the cortical layer acquires extraordinary thickness. The middle layer, called the cellular, or "green bark," is a cellular mass of a very different nature. The cells of which it is composed are polyhedral, thicker, and more loosely joined, and filled with sap and chlorophyl. The inner layer (next the wood), called the liber, consists of fibres more or less long and tenacious. It is from the liber that our most valuable commercial fibres are obtained.

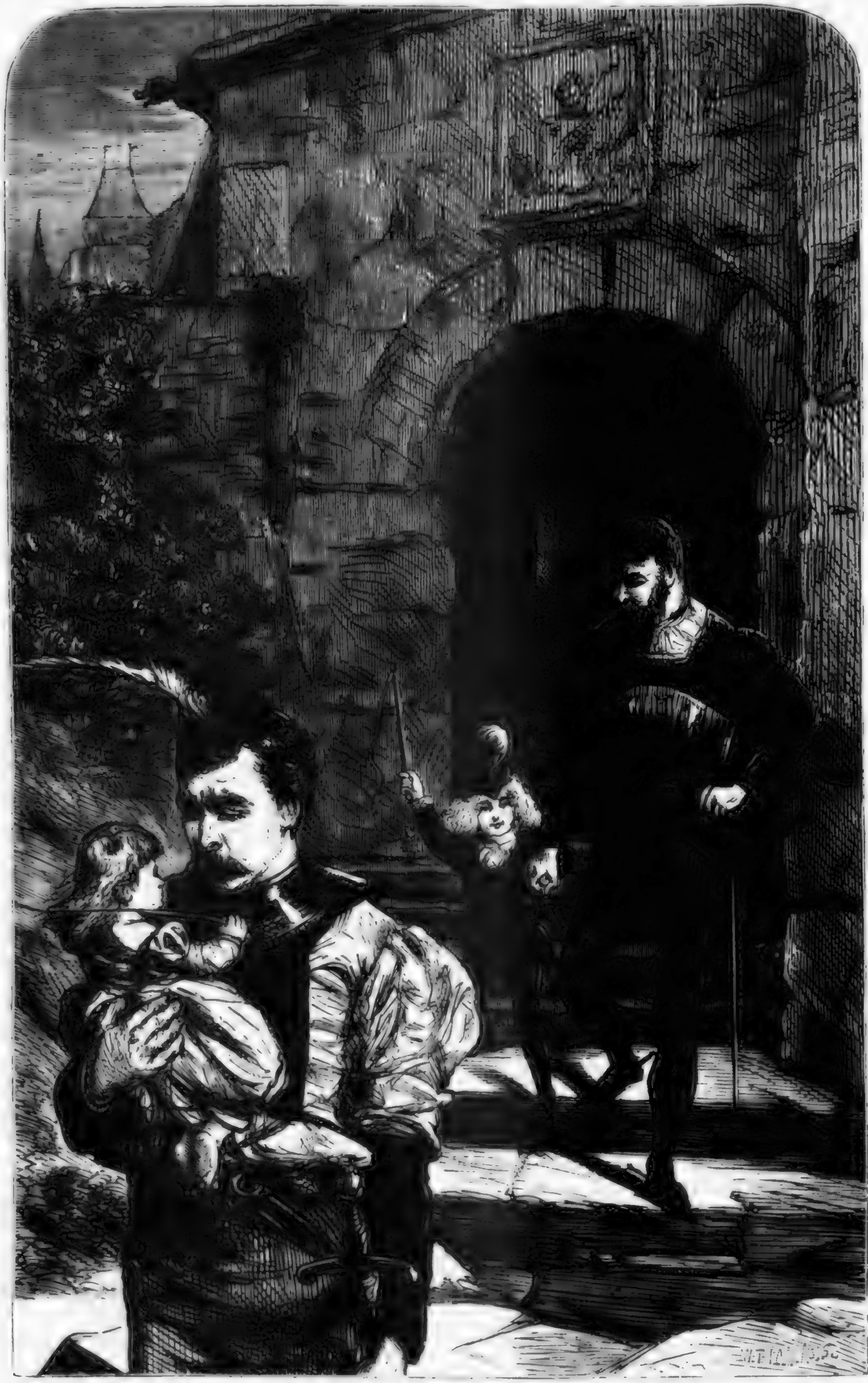
In some plants the fibrous system prevails throughout the inner bark. But what we wish to refer to more particularly at present is a remarkable example of the harder and more silicious barks, and which is to be found in the Pottery-tree of Para. This tree, known to the Spaniards as *El Caouta*, to the French as *Bois de Fer*, to the Brazilians as *Caraipe*, is the *Moquilea utilis* of botanists, and belongs to the natural order *Ternstrœmiaceæ*. It is very large, straight and slender, reaching a height of 100 feet before branching. Its diameter is from twelve to fifteen inches, and its wood is exceedingly hard, from containing much flinty matter. Although the wood of the tree is exceedingly sound and durable, the great value of the tree to the natives exists in the bark, for a purpose which, to say the least, is a novel one in the application of barks—that of the manufacture of pottery.

The Indians employed in the manufacture of pottery from this material always keep a stock of it on hand in their huts for the purpose of drying and seasoning it, as it then burns more freely, and the ashes can be gathered with more ease than when fresh. In the process of manufacturing the pottery the ashes of the bark are powdered and mixed with the purest clay that can be obtained from the beds of the rivers; this kind being preferred, as it takes up a larger quantity of the ash, and thus produces a stronger kind of ware. Though the proportions of ash and clay are varied at the will of the maker, and according to the quality of the bark, a superior kind of pottery is produced by a mixture of equal parts of fine clay and ashes. All sorts of vessels of small or large size for household or other purposes are made of this kind of ware, as are also vases or ornamental articles, many of which are painted and glazed. These articles are all very durable, and are able to stand almost any amount of heat; they are consequently much used by the natives for boiling eggs, heating milk, and, indeed, for culinary purposes generally.

A brief glance at the structure of the bark will show how it comes to be so well adapted for this purpose. The bark seldom grows more than half an inch thick, and is covered with a skin or epidermis; when fresh, it cuts somewhat similar to a soft sandstone, but when dry it is very brittle and flint-like, and often difficult to break. On examination of a section under the microscope, all the cells of the different layers are seen to be more or less silicated, the silex forming in the cells when the bark is still very young. In the inner bark the flint is deposited in a very regular manner, the particles being straight, and giving off branches at right angles; that of the porous cells of the bark, however, is very much contorted, and ramifies in all directions.

In the best varieties of the tree, those growing in rich and dry soil, the silex can be readily detected by the naked eye; but to test the quality of the various kinds of bark,

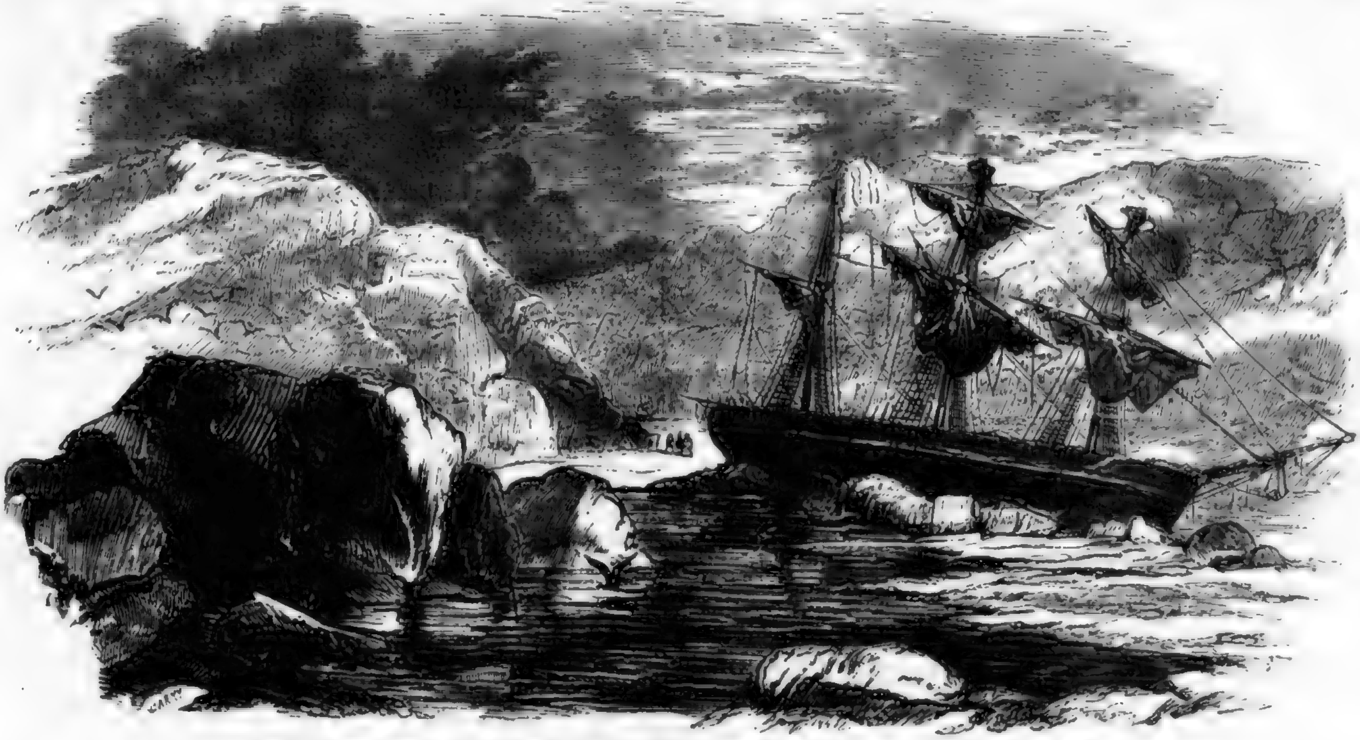
XUM



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 302.

the natives burn it, and then try its strength between their fingers; if it breaks easily, it is considered of little value; but if it needs a mortar and pestle to break it, its quality is pronounced good. From an analysis of this singular bark, that of old trees has been found to give 30.8 per cent. of ash, and that of young, 23.30 per cent. The wood of the tree, in comparison with the bark, is relatively poor in silex, the duramen of an old tree giving only 2.5 per cent.

XUM

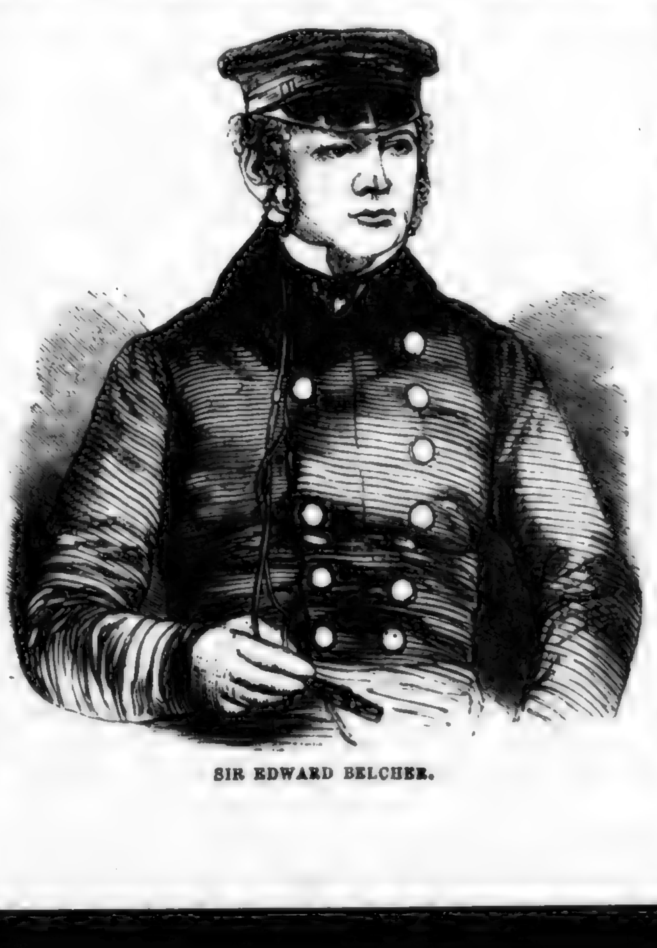


THE "RESOLUTE" ABANDONED IN THE ICE AS DISCOVERED BY CAPTAIN BUDDINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE "RESOLUTE."

A SHORT cable dispatch recently published in one of the New York daily papers announced that the old Arctic exploring ship *Resolute*, which formed part of Sir Edward Belcher's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin in 1850, is about to be broken up at the Chatham Dockyard.

The memories which are awakened by this simple announcement are many and interesting. The ill-fated search for a Northwest passage made by Sir John Franklin has long been the object of deep and anxious interest. Both English and American expeditions were fitted out to search not only for the passage, but for Sir John Franklin as well, who never returned from his quest amid the eternal ice. We remember the Grinnell expedition, commanded by the gallant Kane; and since his time there have been many adventurous and brave spirits who were willing to risk hardship—nay, even death—that to them the glory might be of determining the fate of Franklin.



SIR EDWARD BELCHER.

It was in the Spring of 1845 that Sir John Franklin started on his last and fatal voyage to the North Seas. He had previously made several voyages thither, and had earned the reward of knighthood from the English Government, which always knows how to recompense bravery and merit. He started on his final voyage from the Orkney Islands, on June 8th, in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with Captain Crozier, an experienced Arctic navigator, as his lieutenant, and one hundred and thirty-seven brave and resolute picked seamen. A month later he arrived at Baffin's Bay, where he remained a few days, baffled by the floating ice, which, however, opened on the 25th of July; and on that day the two ships sailed out into those Polar seas from which none of their occupants ever returned alive.

Two years passed away, and no word was heard of the missing heroes. The English Government determined to institute a search. An expedition was sent out under Sir James Ross, another under Sir John Richardson; but neither was able to find any trace of the lost. Hope then was lost by all except the brave and noble wife of the missing commander; and she till her dying day never gave up the search for her lost husband. She believed, and impressed her belief on others, that Sir John and his companions had taken refuge among the Esquimaux, and were dragging out a weary existence in some remote wilderness, in expectation of help from home. Several expeditions were fitted out, some of which discovered articles which were identified as having been on the two ships *Erebus* and *Terror*.

In the year 1852, the English Government determined to make a last effort to discover the fate of Franklin. Five vessels, the *Pioneer*, *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Intrepid* and *Investigation*, were selected and fitted out. The *Assistance* was commanded by Sir Edward Belcher, the *Resolute* by Captain Kellett, and the *Investigation* by Captain McClure. The reports received of the progress of this expedition were uniformly unfavorable; and, after an absence of nearly two years, the Government sent out the *Phœnix* and the *Talbot* to the relief of the other ships, which were imprisoned in the ice.

Sir Edward Belcher decided

to abandon some ships in Wellington Channel, latitude 76°, longitude 94°, and return home in the *Phœnix* and *Talbot*. This was in May, 1854. Captain Kellett of the *Resolute* did not wish to abandon his vessel, and wanted to remain and winter the season out, but yielded to the command of his superior with great regret.

The crews of the *Investigation*, *Resolute* and *Assistance* were placed on board the *Phœnix* and *Talbot*, and were, along with their commanders, taken home to England. Although Sir Edward Belcher had orders from the Admiralty that in the opinion of many justified him in abandoning the vessels, yet he and Captains McClure, Kellett and Richards were tried by court-martial for not properly performing the duties allotted to them. The result of the investigation placed Sir Edward in rather an unpleasant situation; for, although he was acquitted of the charge against him, the swords of Captains McClure and Kellett were handed back to them with a complimentary speech, while his was returned in silence. This action on the part of the Admiralty was considered almost tantamount to a conviction, in the eyes of the world and his brother officers.

The *Resolute*, thus abandoned, was left fast imprisoned in the ice, and none of her crew expected ever to see her again; but sixteen months later she was rescued by an American whaler under the command of Captain James M. Buddington, who has since made his name known in the history of Arctic discovery. On May 29th, 1855, the whaling bark *George Henry*, Captain Buddington and seventeen men, left New London, Conn., bound on a whaling voyage in the Northern Seas. In the course of a few weeks she was surrounded by ice. On August 20th, when in latitude 67°, the ice became penetrable, and the bark was able to force its way in a southerly direction nearly two hundred miles. A storm then came up, and the bark became unmanageable, and for three days drifted in a floe of ice, still in a southerly direction. On the 10th of September, in latitude 64°, while hemmed in with fields of ice, Captain Buddington discovered a ship in the distance. He at first signaled the ship; but, on receiving no answer, he ascended the rigging, and, looking through his glass, pronounced the stranger an abandoned vessel. Captain Buddington said, after his return: "She was bearing northeast, twenty miles from Cape Mercy. Her head appeared to be due east. We kept gradually nearing one another. For five days we had been in sight, and it was not until the sixth that I ordered two of the crew to proceed to the abandoned vessel across the seven miles of pack-ice that separated us, and directed them to bring back an account of the phantom ship. I had told them to send for me if the case seemed a very bad one, and I would go and take a look at her before we finally abandoned her, if it was thought to be hopeless to save her."

The mate, Mr. Quale, and his companions, when they came up with the vessel, found the ice piled up in solid rifts around her. She was lying over on the port side. With the superstition natural to sailors, they for a long time hesitated to go on board. Finally stealing over the side, they found everything stowed away in proper order for desertion—spars hauled up to one side and bound, boats piled together, and hatches closed. Everything wore the silence of the tomb. At length, reaching the cabin door, they broke in, and felt their way in the darkness to the table. On it they fortunately found a box of lucifer matches; in a moment one was ignited; the glowing blaze revealed a candle, and on lighting it a scene was exposed before the gaze of these astonished men more like enchantment than reality. Upon the massive table was a metal teapot, glistening as if new; also a large volume of Scott's family Bible, together with glasses and decanters filled with choice liquors. Near by was Captain Kellett's chair, over which had been thrown, as if to protect this seat from vulgar occupation, the royal flag of Great Britain. There was also another object of especial attention—a stove, either of brass or bronze, of peculiar construction, which, at the time it was first seen by the rescuing party, was shining with burnished brilliancy.

The exhilarating effect of the liquors on Quale and his companions soon dissipated the ghosts of the dead they at first supposed were still attendant upon the ship, and in their migrations they opened the private wine-locker in the captain's cabin. The first thing turned out was a basket of champagne; another followed, and there began a popping of corks which sounded unusually comforting considering the howling of the distant storm which raged without.

For two days these agreeable revels continued, when Quale, having satisfied himself thoroughly of the merits of the discovery, returned to the *George Henry*, and reported the result of his examination, announcing that the ship was the *Resolute*, one of the fleet abandoned under the command of Sir Edward Belcher.

Captain Buddington, on becoming fully acquainted with the prize, determined that a British Government vessel was of more commercial value than whales, while at the same time there was considerable glory in restoring to the living, breathing world a famous ship, supposed to have been long since sunken in the yawning grave of the sea. He himself said, on his return, "I was quite familiar with the published accounts of Sir Edward Belcher's expedition, and blamed myself for not having solved the mystery of the ship by a lucky guess. I determined to abandon the catching of whales and to navigate the *Resolute* to some port of the United States. I accordingly sent the first mate, with six men, to the ship, telling them to communicate by signal all details about the condition of the vessel and her seaworthiness. It took nearly a day to accomplish the journey to the ship."

On the 17th of September, Captain Buddington for the first time took possession of the *Resolute*, and staid on board that night, and on the next day proceeded to examine her condition. On descending the hold, she was found to be entirely full of water up to the first deck. The well was then sounded, and seven feet of water were discovered to be in the ship. The pumps were then examined, and, being of new construction, none but Captain Buddington understood the manner of working them. One of them, which was a force pump of great power, was rigged, and the following morning was got into working order. A gang of men was then set to work, and for three days the pump was kept busy. Fourteen hours of the twenty-four were consumed in thus freeing the vessel from water. On the third day her hold was cleared, and the attention of the captain was then turned toward extricating the prize from the dangerous position in which she was then placed. After incredible exertion, the *Resolute* was entirely freed from ice and water, and on Sunday, the 23d, she was righted.

The day following, Captain Buddington and his party went to work at the rigging, getting it straight, and preparing to make sail. The rudder, which was found on deck, was put in its place, and in a week the canvas was all bent, and the *Resolute* was in a position to resume the journey upon which she started out over three years before.

When all was ready, Captain Buddington squared away for New London, with a crew of eleven men. The ice would occasionally open, and the vessel made a little alvance, sometimes half a ship's length, and sometimes several lengths, in a southeast direction. When she was at last freed from the floating ice, Cape Elizabeth was in sight.

Among the difficulties that beset the captain in the *Resolute*, was the want of proper navigation instruments to work the vessel. His compass was not trustworthy, he was without a chronometer, and he had no other map of the American coast than a rough outline drawn on a sheet of foolscap. Nevertheless, with these poor appliances, the brave Buddington took his place on the deck of that ship which Captain Kellett had so reluctantly deserted nearly two years before.

Bidding adieu to his comrades on the *George Henry*, and trusting in Providence, but relying also in a great measure on his practical experience in Arctic navigation, he started on his journey home. Soon after he got fairly under way, the British bark *Alibi* hove in sight, and, on being signaled, came alongside the *Resolute*. The news of the recovery was communicated to Captain Stuart, of the British bark, and a pair of Captain Kellett's epaulets found on board the abandoned vessel were intrusted to him by Captain Buddington, with instructions to have them forwarded to the owner as speedily as possible. A letter for the owners of the *George Henry*, informing them of what had occurred, was also placed in the hands of Captain Stuart, who promised to mail it immediately on his arrival in England.

On the homeward voyage, Captain Buddington experienced every possible privation and hardship. The ballast-tanks had burst in the hold, long before he came into possession of the *Resolute*, which made the ship light, and disposed to roll in the trough of the sea. Gale after gale poured its fury on the ship, at times driving it helpless amid the waste of water and ice. On account of her great strength, no danger of her being sunk by the floes of ice on which she was constantly driven was anticipated; but there was a period in the history of the voyage when the lives of all on board hung, as it were, by a thread. When a little to the north of the Banks of Newfoundland, the *Resolute* came in contact with a towering iceberg, on the summit of which was a detached piece of ice of many tons in weight, and which the captain expected every moment would topple down upon the vessel and sink the prize he had so gallantly won. So great was the danger that the boats were all in readiness to put off, should the overhanging glacier be precipitated upon them. But they passed this danger in safety.

Night and day the captain and his gallant crew remained at their posts. The crew, not having shipped in the *Resolute*, every man was more less his own master. All discipline had to be effected by persuasion. There was no command given on board. "For sixty hours at a time," said Captain Buddington, "I frequently had no sleep, and would sometimes sink, utterly exhausted, and wake, to my own astonishment, in some part of the cabin." His hands became almost helpless with the labor of working the ropes, and for a long time after showed the signs of the hard work they did on that voyage. In fact, so great was his mental and physical suffering and anxiety, that he declared that he would not again go through the same scene for the salvation of a fleet of abandoned ships.

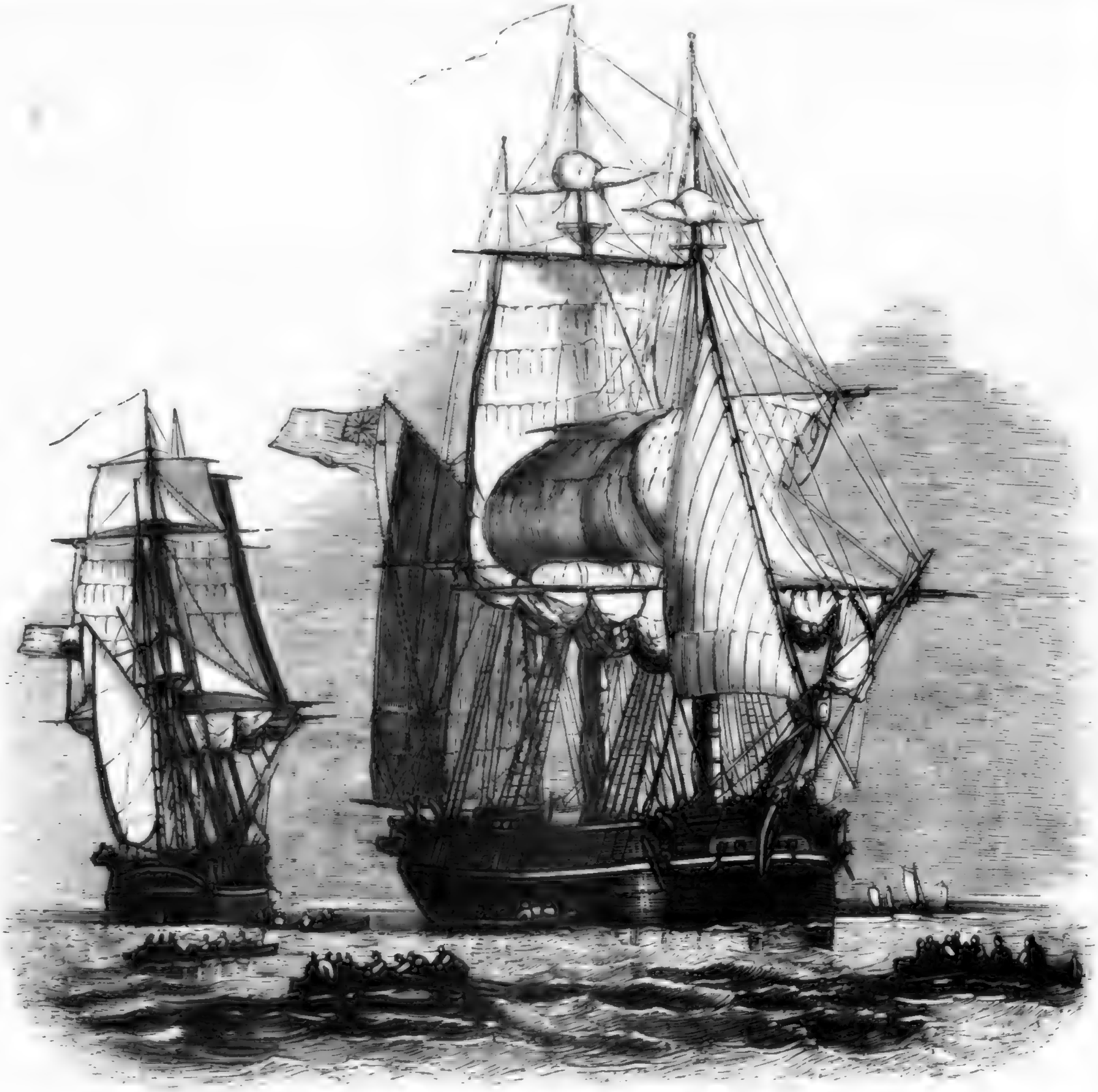
But his noble perseverance was successful, and a few days after the safe arrival of the *George Henry* at New London—on Sunday morning, December 24th, 1855, one hundred and six days after he took possession of the prize—he dropped his anchor in the harbor of his destined port. His desire to save the *Resolute* was accomplished.

The moment the anchor was down, Captain Buddington ran up the royal ensign of Great Britain. The astonishment ashore at the appearance of a strange vessel, with topgallantmasts down, was exceedingly great; but when the British flag was planted in the faces of the admiring crowd, Sunday as it was, the determination was at once taken to take the ship by storm. It was estimated that in a few hours 300 sailing craft of various sizes had encircled the stranger. A few months before, the *Resolute* was hugged in by the towering ice, all was solitude and desertion—now, how changed the scene! The eternal silence of the Arctic seas had disappeared, and in its place were gallant vessels crowded with living, admiring, enthusiastic beings, who, as they comprehended the great triumph of their fellow-townsmen, rent the air with joyous acclamations. The crew hailed their friends, and, according to the time-honored custom of celebrating "arrivals at home," made sad havoc with the choice wines and liquors of the *Resolute*.

During the sixteen months that the *Resolute* was without a human being to guide her course, she had floated over some thousands of miles. In the opinion of Captain Buddington, if Captain Kellett had remained on board the *Resolute*, he would have perished with cold, the topmasts having already been consumed for fuel. The ship was abandoned by those on board, fast locked in the centre of a field of ice, 300 miles in extent, and it could not have been less than 150 miles from the nearest open water. Under such circumstances, the British officers were fully justified in leaving her as they did. It was a natural impossibility for them to have extricated themselves for at least a twelvemonth, and very doubtful whether they could have done it at all, before their provisions failed them, for though, when the Americans took possession of her, she was well supplied, she had by no means enough on board to have lasted a crew of seventy-five men that length of time. When she was abandoned, her sails were left bent on the standing rigging, yet, so preservative was the Arctic atmosphere, that they brought her safely into New London.

The *Resolute* was a vessel of 600 tons, and was valued at $100,000. A Resolution was passed by the House of Representatives on August 28th, 1856, authorizing her purchase by the Government, and directing that she be presented to Great Britain. The sum of $40,000 was appropriated, which was accepted by the owners of the *George Henry*, whose lawful prize the *Resolute* was, the English Government having waived all claim to her. She was, therefore, taken to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and repaired and refitted with the utmost care, with the design of restoring her to the Queen in at least as good a condition as she was at the time when the exigencies of their situation compelled her crew to abandon her.

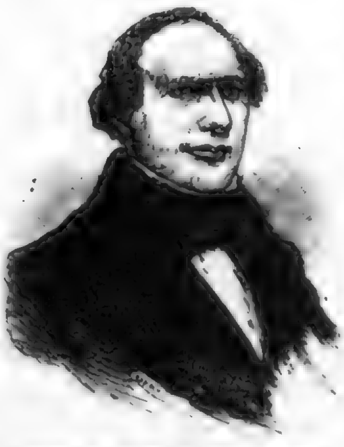
This work was performed with such completeness and attention to detail, that, not only everything found on board was preserved, even to the books of the captain's library, the pictures in his cabin, and some musical instruments belonging to other officers—but new British flags were made to take the place of those which had rotted during the long time she was without a living being on board. From stem to stern she was re-painted; her sails and much of her rigging replaced with new material, and the muskets, swords, telescopes, and nautical instruments which she carried were cleaned and put in perfect order. Nothing was overlooked or neglected that was necessary to her complete and thorough renovation; and everything that was cleaned or repaired was with excellent taste restored to its original position; and as regarded the arrangement of the furniture and the situation of each particular article, she presented the same appearance when re-finished as when the crew forsook the ship. The English papers expressed it that the ship was "A floating



THE "RESOLUTE" LEAVING WOOLWICH, APRIL 17TH, 1852.

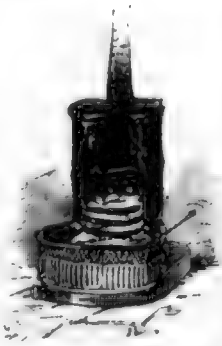
Pompeii, and everything came to light just as it was left."

After the renovation was complete, she sailed out of New York amid salutes from all the forts at the Narrows, and, after a voyage of twenty-seven days, arrived at Portsmouth, England, on Friday, December 12th, 1856, under the command of Captain Hartstein, of the United States Navy. She was under the American flag, but, on letting go her anchor, the British colors were run up and saluted. The next day, Captain Hartstein was embarked by the steam tender *Sprightly*, and landed near the official residence of the United States Consul, the Chevalier Vincent Pappalardo, at the Platform Battery, where he was met by Commodore Sir Thomas Maitland, C.B., of H.M.S. *Excellent*, who offered Captain Hartstein, in the name of Her Majesty's Government, everything in the way of ship's provisions, pilotage, and whatever else the officers and crew could require during their sojourn in England.

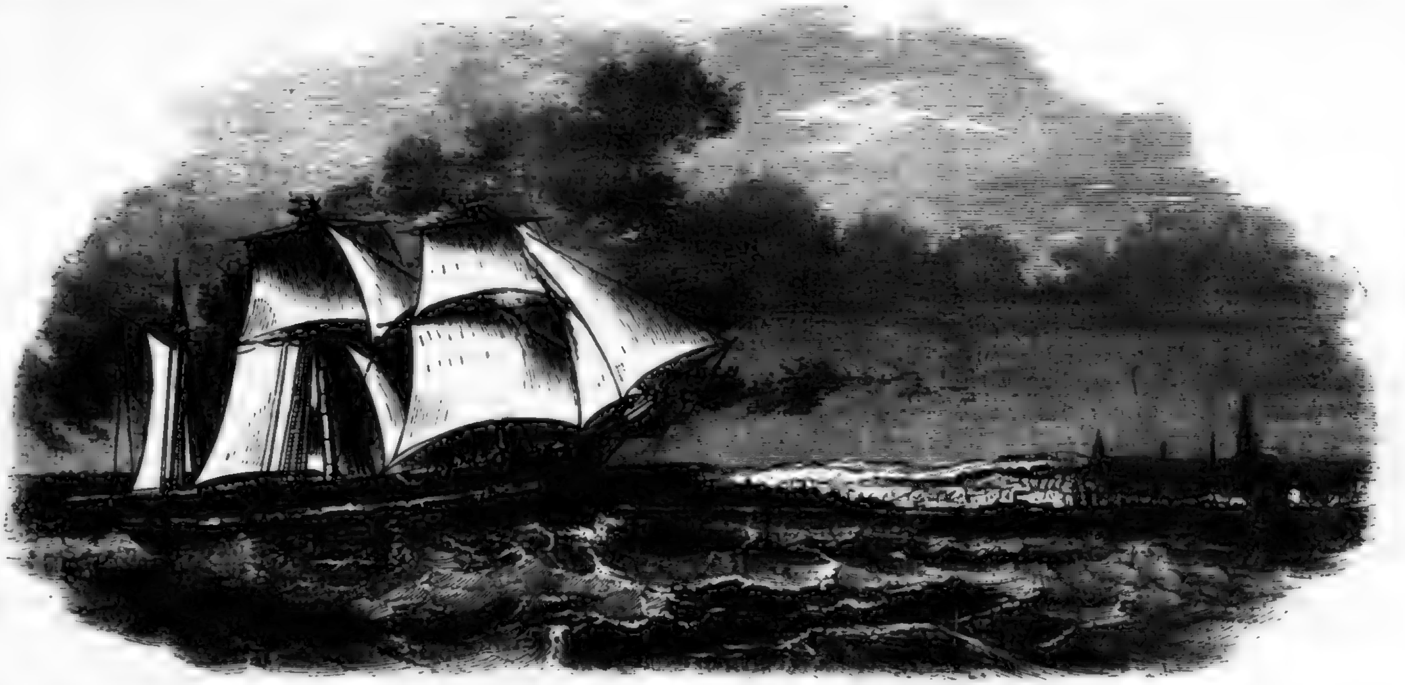


CAPTAIN JAMES M. BUDDINGTON.

On the following Tuesday, the 16th, the *Resolute*, having in the meantime been taken to Cowes, was visited by the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice. The *Resolute*, dressed in her colors, was lashed alongside of the Royal Embarkation place at Trinity Wharf. The English and American flags were flying at the Peak, and as soon as the Queen set her foot on the deck, the Royal Standard was hoisted at the main; salutes were fired; boats' crews "tossed" their oars, and the ship's company standing on the rail, received Her Majesty with three rounds of cheers. Captain Hartstein received the royal party at the gangway, and the officers in full uniform were grouped on each side. All the officers were pre-



STOVE FOUND ON THE "RESOLUTE."



THE "RESOLUTE" SAILING INTO NEW LONDON HARBOR.

sented to the Queen by Captain Hartstein, who then addressed Her Majesty in the following words:

"Allow me to welcome your Majesty on board the *Resolute*, and, in obedience to the will of my countrymen, and of the President of the United States, to restore her to you, not only as an evidence of a friendly feeling to your Sovereignty, but as a token of long admiration and respect to your Majesty personally."

The Queen replied, with a gracious smile, "I thank you, sir."

After completing the inspection of the ship, the royal party retired amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the spectators. After the withdrawal of the royal party, an elegant *dejeuner* was served in the ward-room, at which the following toasts and sentiments were given among others:

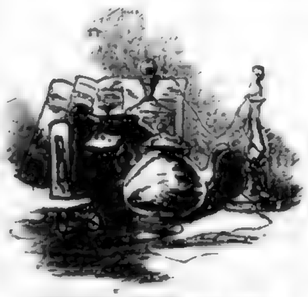
"The Queen and the Royal Family."
"The President of the United States."
"The Union Jack and the Star Spangled Banner."
"The Health of Mr. Cornelius Grinnell."
"The future success of the *Resolute*; and may she again be employed in prosecuting the search of Sir John Franklin and his comrades."

Captain Hartstein was invited by the Queen to dine and spend the night at Osborne, and all the officers were invited to visit the grounds there.

During the stay of Captain Hartstein in England, he was the recipient of numberless courtesies and honors, and, at the Queen's command, £100 were divided among the crew of the *Resolute*.

The official transfer of the vessel to the English Government was soon completed, and she again became British property on December 30th, 1856.

The *Resolute* was never again employed in Arctic explorations, and is now ordered to be broken up. Ornaments and handsome pieces of furniture are to be made from the best timbers, which the Admiralty intend to present to the President of the United States as a souvenir of the occasion when the *Resolute* was found by American whalers abandoned in the ice, and the Government of the United States had her repaired and refitted and presented her to the British Admiralty.



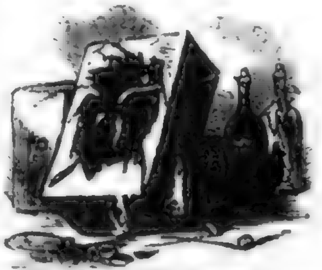
ARTICLES FOUND ON THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE.

THE CHAPEL OF HENRY VII. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Chapel of Henry VII. is indeed well called by his name, for it breathes of himself through every part. It is the most signal example of the contrast between his closeness in life and his "magnificence in the structures he hath left to posterity"—King's College Chapel, the Savoy, Westminster. Its very style was a reminiscence of his exile, being "learned in France" by himself and his companion Fox. His pride in its grandeur was commemorated by the ship, vast for those times, which he built, "of equal cost with his Chapel," which afterward, in the reign of Mary, "sank in the sea and vanished in a moment."

It was to be his chantry as well as his tomb, for he was determined not to be behind the Lancastrian princes in devotion; and this unusual anxiety for the sake of a soul not too heavenward in its affections expended itself in the immense apparatus of services which he provided. Almost a second Abbey was needed to contain the new establishment of monks, who were to sing in their stalls "as long as the world shall endure." Almost a second shrine, surrounded by its blazing tapers, and shining like gold with its glittering bronze, was to contain his remains.

To the Virgin Mary, to whom the Chapel was dedicated, he had a special devotion. Her "in all his necessities he had made his continual refuge"; and her figure, accordingly, looks down upon his grave from the east end, between the apostolic patrons of the Abbey, Peter and Paul, with "the holy company of heaven—that is to say, angels, archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, and virgins," to "whose singular mediation and prayers he also trusted," including the royal saints of Britain: St. Edward, St. Edmund,



PRESERVES, WINES, BISCUITS, ETC., FOUND IN THE LOCKERS.

St. Oswald, St. Margaret of Scotland, who stand, as he directed, sculptured, tier above tier, on every side of the Chapel; some retained from the ancient Lady Chapel; the greater part the work of his own age. Round his tomb stand his nine "accustomed Avours or guardian saints," to whom "he calls and cries"—"St. Michael, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. George, St. Anthony, St. Edward, St. Vincent, St. Anne, St. Mary Magdalene, and St. Barbara," each with their peculiar emblems—"so to aid, succour, and defend him, that the ancient and ghostly enemy, nor none other evil or damnable spirit, have no power to invade him, nor with their wickedness to annoy him, but with holy prayers to be intercessors for him to his Maker and Redeemer." These were the adjurations of the last medieval King, as the Chapel was the climax of the latest medieval architecture. In the very urgency of the King's anxiety for the perpetuity of those funeral ceremonies, we seem to discern an unconscious presentiment of terror lest their days were numbered.

But, although in this sense the Chapel hangs on tenaciously to the skirts of the ancient Abbey and the ancient Church, yet that solemn architectural pause between the two—which arrests the most careless observer, and renders it a separate structure, a foundation "adjoining the Abbey," rather than forming part of it—corresponds with marvelous fidelity to the pause and break in English history of which Henry VII.'s reign is the expression. It is the close of the Middle Ages: the apple of Granada in its ornaments shows that the last Crusade was over; its flowing draperies and classical attitudes indicate that the Renaissance had already begun. It is the end of the Wars of the Roses, combining Henry's right of conquest with his fragile claim of hereditary descent. On the one hand, it is the glorification of the victory of Bosworth. The angels, at the four corners of the tomb, held or hold the likeness of the crown which he won on that famous day. In the stained-glass we see the same crown hanging on the green bush in the fields of Leicestershire. On the other hand, like the Chapel of King's College at Cambridge, it asserts everywhere the memory of the "holy Henry's shade"; the Red Rose of Lancaster appears in every pane of glass; and in every corner is the Portcullis—the "Altera securitas," as he termed it, with an allusion to its own meaning, and the double safeguard of his succession—which he derived through John of Gaunt from the Beaufort Castle in Anjou, inherited from Blanche of Navarre by Edmund Crouchback; whilst Edward IV. and Elizabeth of York are commemorated by intertwining these Lancastrian symbols with the Grayhound of Cecilia Neville, wife of Richard Duke of York, with the Rose in the Sun, which scattered the mists at Barnet, and the Falcon on the Fetter-lock, by which the first Duke of York expressed to his descendants that "he was locked up from the hope of the kingdom, but advising them to be quiet and silent, as God knoweth what may come to pass."

It is also the revival of the ancient Celtic-British element in the English monarchy, after centuries of eclipse. It is a strange and striking thought, as we mount the steps of Henry VII.'s Chapel, that we enter there a mausoleum of princes, whose boast it was to be descended, not from the Confessor or the Conqueror, but from Arthur and Llewellyn; and that round about the tomb, side by side with the emblems of the great English Houses, is to be seen the Red Dragon of the last British king, Cadwallader—"the dragon of the great Pendragonship" of Wales, thrust forward by the Tudor king in every direction, to supplant the hated White Boar of his departed enemy—the fulfillment, in another sense than the old Welsh bards had dreamt, of their prediction that the progeny of Cadwallader should reign again:—

> "Visions of glory, spare my aching sight—
> Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul—
> No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:
> All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue hail!"

TWO WOMEN; OR, THE HEIR OF FAIRFIELDS.

CHAPTER I.—FAIRFIELDS.

"MY birthnight."

So said Ross Wrexham as he came over the top of the last long hill and saw Fairfields shining in the sun.

"The old estate looks to me like something I have dreamed of, for it is twenty years since I saw it," he murmured. "The same stately, pillared structure of glistening white stone, the four colossal oaks, the succession of green terraces, the wide, level grounds all around, smooth as a carpet. A goodly heritage—Fairfields. Why should I bear a heavy heart? I have a home, a name."

He touched his steed with his spur, and, with a snort, the fiery creature dashed away.

They paused at last at an arched iron gate.

Two negro boys came running from different directions across the lawn to open the gate.

"Please, massa, I'm Jupe."

"An' I'm Pixie, massa."

He flung them some coin, with a smile, and rode on, coming at last to the stone steps of the upper terrace. There was a man waiting respectfully here, hat in hand.

"Glad to see you home, Mr. Wrexham."

"Jackson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you. Is my aunt well?"

"She is—yes, sir."

He saw a face at a window, then the door opened wide, and a stately old lady extended both hands with a beaming smile. She was in rich, sombre dress; her face was beautiful, with clusters of silvery curls about it.

"So, Ross, you have come at last?"

"At last, Aunt Serene!" and they exchanged a cordial kiss.

She had a shrewd smile, this handsome old lady. Ross saw it now as she held him off and looked him over.

"Humph! tall and handsome. Fairfields hasn't waited in vain for its master. Any heart affairs, Ross?"

"Not any," hanging his cloak and cap on a stag's antlers in the hall.

"Because, if you had come home married——"

"Who is with you, Aunt Serene?"

"My goddaughters, Rose Cadore and Beatrix Beverly. You remember them?"

"Not at all. Please lead the way."

The large dining-room was lighted with arched, pink-tinted windows, and in this light, at a round table, sat two girls, laughing and lunching. A great dog, lying at the feet of one of them, rose and sniffed at him suspiciously.

"Traitor, you beggar, come here!" cried a deep voice; and a young man, pouring wine at a buffet, came forward with a sparkling smile to be introduced.

"Your cousin Fairlie, Ross. You remember?"

"I remember the boy Fairlie as my cousin remembers the boy Ross, perhaps;" and the two young men shook hands.

The ladies had risen from the table. The shorter one, with a ready smile and a brilliant complexion, Ross thought to be Rose Cadore; but it was the other, with a cheek creamy and cool as a magnolia leaf, nut-brown, waving hair, and eyes of dark, sparkling gray, whom his aunt presented as "my goddaughter, Rose."

The little one was "Trix."

"Fairlie is on furlough," the mother's heart betraying itself in the tone of pride, and then her glance wandered to Rose, who was composedly stroking the head of the dog, who had gone back to her knee.

"Such brief notice of your coming, Ross! only a day's watching. Yet the *Europa* has been in a week."

"I preferred to come in my own time and way. It was nearly impossible to have my horse sent on; he is almost unmanageable by any one but me."

"I have waited until the last moment to see you, Ross. I am off to-morrow," said his cousin Fairlie. "The girls will light bonfires of rejoicing, I have no doubt," but looking only at Rose, with blue eyes grown suddenly stormy.

Trix only laughed.

"Then I must console myself with your mother and the young ladies—unless they belong to the army too," replied Ross, glancing at Trix, but secretly longing to hear Rose speak. "I have to thank my aunt for this house-warming," he continued. "It would not have been cheerful coming home to empty rooms."

He looked up to meet Rose's clear gaze.

"Thank you," she said, gently.

Her voice was creamy and cool as her cheek.

Her godmother looked up with a quick frown, then her glance wandered to Trix.

"My goddaughters are very different," she said to Ross.

He understood that already.

After lunch they went through the house and over the grounds.

Ross saw that Fairlie gave Rose his arm in the garden, and he said:

"She is engaged to him."

Trix fluttered like a butterfly through the walks.

"You have had a pleasant home here all these years," he said to his aunt.

The old lady glanced up at him, and for a moment her handsome face looked aged.

"I am a homeless old woman but for you, Ross," with an unsteady voice.

"Hush, hush! Fairfields will always be your home, Aunt Serene. And my uncle is dead at last?"

She nodded.

"And Maurice must remain in the asylum during the remainder of his life?"

"No hope there."

"But do not despond. Fairlie is a fine fellow, and you are invaluable to me. Your goddaughters love you, too, I am sure—or they should. Be cheerful and happy now."

He pressed her hand, then went to cut a rose for Trix.

When he came back, she was talking briskly with Rose and Fairlie, looking as if her blue eyes had never known a tear.

"The St. Georges were all handsome, Rose. It would be folly for me to say that our family was without personal beauty. Ross is a St. George. He shows little of the Wrexham blood."

Ross smiled.

"Aunt is a born aristocrat, Miss Cadore. The Wrexhams had money, but were not distinguished. She ignores them."

"How do you like your grounds, Mr. Wrexham?" asked Trix.

"They have been taken good care of, and are fine."

"Now, the *next* thing is to find you a wife," said Aunt Serene.

CHAPTER II.

MATCH-MAKING.

The following morning, Fairlie St. George took his departure.

Ross was immediately called to New York to meet his business-agent, and for a few days Fairfields saw little of him.

Presto, change! Fairfields was almost a dream to him again, in the bustle of the city and the society of men.

But dimly, sweetly, one woman's face haunted him—a pale, cool face, with broad lids, curled lashes, gray eyes, crimson lips—Rose Cadore! Law-offices, insurance companies, bank stock—but also the echo of a liquid voice, the fragrance of a silken dress.

"Bewitched!" he muttered, "and by my cousin Fairlie's choice. Absurd! When I go home, the charm, perhaps, will vanish."

Sophistry! And he knew it.

Upon the following day he put spurs to Lucifer, galloping once more over the home road.

Trix, lingering in the hall, was robed in a dress of cool, sea-green *crêpe*. And she wore a heart of pink coral at her throat. Indifferent as Ross was to her, he saw that she was very pretty.

"Welcome home!" she cried, merrily, as he dismounted upon the terrace.

Aunt Serene, in the upper hall, heard, and smiled approvingly.

"Thanks!"—gayly; for since Trix was a reality, Rose surely would be. "And the—others?"

"Oh, godmamma is pattering about somewhere, and Rose is in her chamber, reading Fairlie St. George's letter, I suppose. Let me give you some iced claret; the weather is growing so warm!"

She served him with a charming grace, to which he was not *quite* insensible. But he said shortly afterward:

"Miss Cadore is very unlike you, Miss Beverly."

"No, we are not alike. How should we be? We are not related. More wine? Is it not pleasant to come home?"

"Yes"—roaming around the room, and finally deserting Trix altogether, and wandering off up the staircase.

But the great dog, Traitor, lying at Rose's door, growled at him.

He went to his aunt's dressing-room. She welcomed him with her charming smiles.

"Sit down, and let us have a talk, Ross. I want to take counsel with you. Tell me all your wishes respecting Fairfields."

He regarded her thoughtfully as she sat mending her laces.

"I wish for nothing different at present," he replied, after a pause.

"The girls——"

"She—they do not think of going away?"—in alarm.

"You like their company?"

"Exceedingly."

"I will tell them so. Rose thought it might seem even an intrusion. Do you not think Trix very pretty?"

"I believe she is."

"You like *petite* women, I hope; and Trix has such a charming complexion!"

He wanted to ask if Rose were engaged to Fairlie, but, somehow, could not utter the words.

"Trix came of a good family," continued Aunt Serene. "You know Lendemain, the great diplomatist?"

"Yes."

"She is his cousin. She is thoroughly accomplished, and very brilliant in society."

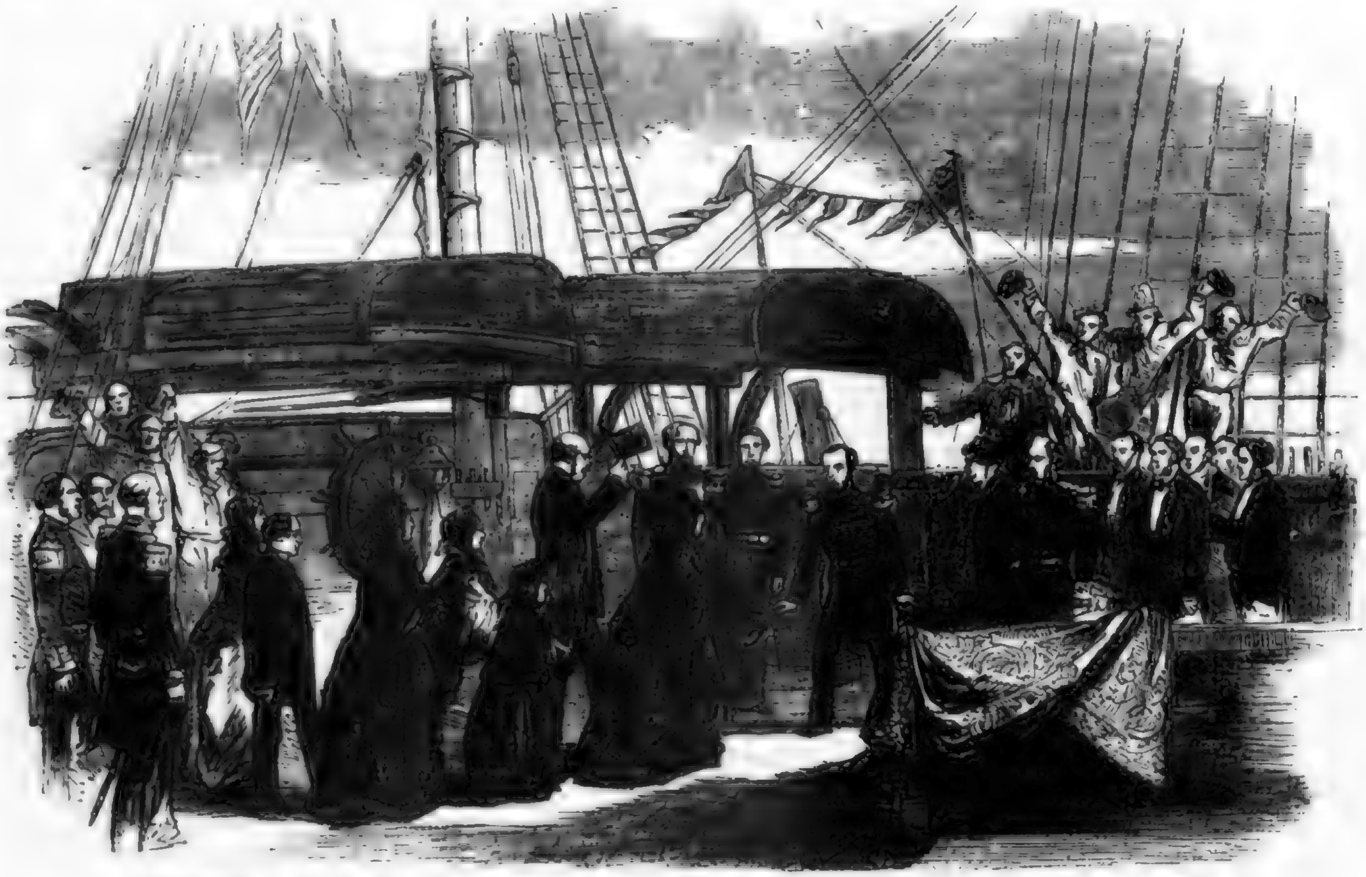
The opening of a door, the joyful barking of a dog, and Rose passed through the hall.

"Trix will also have a fortune of forty thousand dollars when she marries."

The light footsteps and the leaping dog-feet went down the stair. Ross half rose, then seated himself.

"Then, beware of fortune-hunters," he said, making an effort to give his aunt his attention.

"We will look out for *that!*"—nodding. "Ross, doesn't your birthday come this month?"



RECEPTION OF QUEEN VICTORIA BY CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN ON BOARD THE "RESOLUTE," DECEMBER 16TH, 1856.

"Yes. I am thirty in a week. Shall we have a *fete?* I owe something to society, I suppose."

"Wrexham of Fairfields has been expected for months by all the neighbors. Some remember you as a boy. You must be civil to them, I think."

"A party, then. Send out invitations according to your discretion. You know whom to invite. We will have a merry time!" brightening up. "You think Miss Cadore would like it, do you not?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"She is very quiet."

"Rose is beloved by my son Fairlie. I hope they will be married before another year."

"I guessed as much," he answered, carelessly. But the red had faded out of his bronzed cheek.

* * * * * * *

Miss Cadore *was* interested, joined the family councils freely, made the most charming suggestions, and helped carry out all the plans.

"The grounds are perfect for such an entertainment," she said. "*My* home is on the shore, and is surrounded by sea-sand. The trees and the trellises—we can have them hung with colored lamps—red, blue, and yellow."

"Yes, it shall be done. Where *is* your home, Miss Cadore?" said Ross, who was leaning upon the piano, where she sat.

"At Flintfield, on the Jersey coast. If you will come and see me some day, Mr. Wrexham, we will return your hospitality."

"You and Fairlie?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"No," she answered, with decision, but her color changing sensitively.

"Rose," said her godmother, "I shall leave the arrangements of the flowers for the rooms quite in your hands. You can have Jupe and Pixie to help you about hanging the garlands."

"That is too arduous a task for Miss Cadore," said Ross.

"No; I shall like it," replied Rose. "I like to be very busy," but the color of her cheeks still a burning red. "Come, godmamma, who shall we invite? If you and Mr. Wrexham will make out the list, I will write the cards."

CHAPTER III.

THE FETE.

The morning was magnificent. The carriages rolled up to the door and disgorged upon the terraces. The Herberts, the Malverns, the Ferrols, the Embdens, the Gairlocks of "The Glen," the Ilchesters of Ashpark—fifty persons in all, including Admiral Frontignac and Commodore Lynn. A goodly company for Ross Wrexham to play host to.

Trix was the best dancer in the company; Rose, to his eye, the loveliest woman. And Madame St. George was in her element—she was the ideal hostess.

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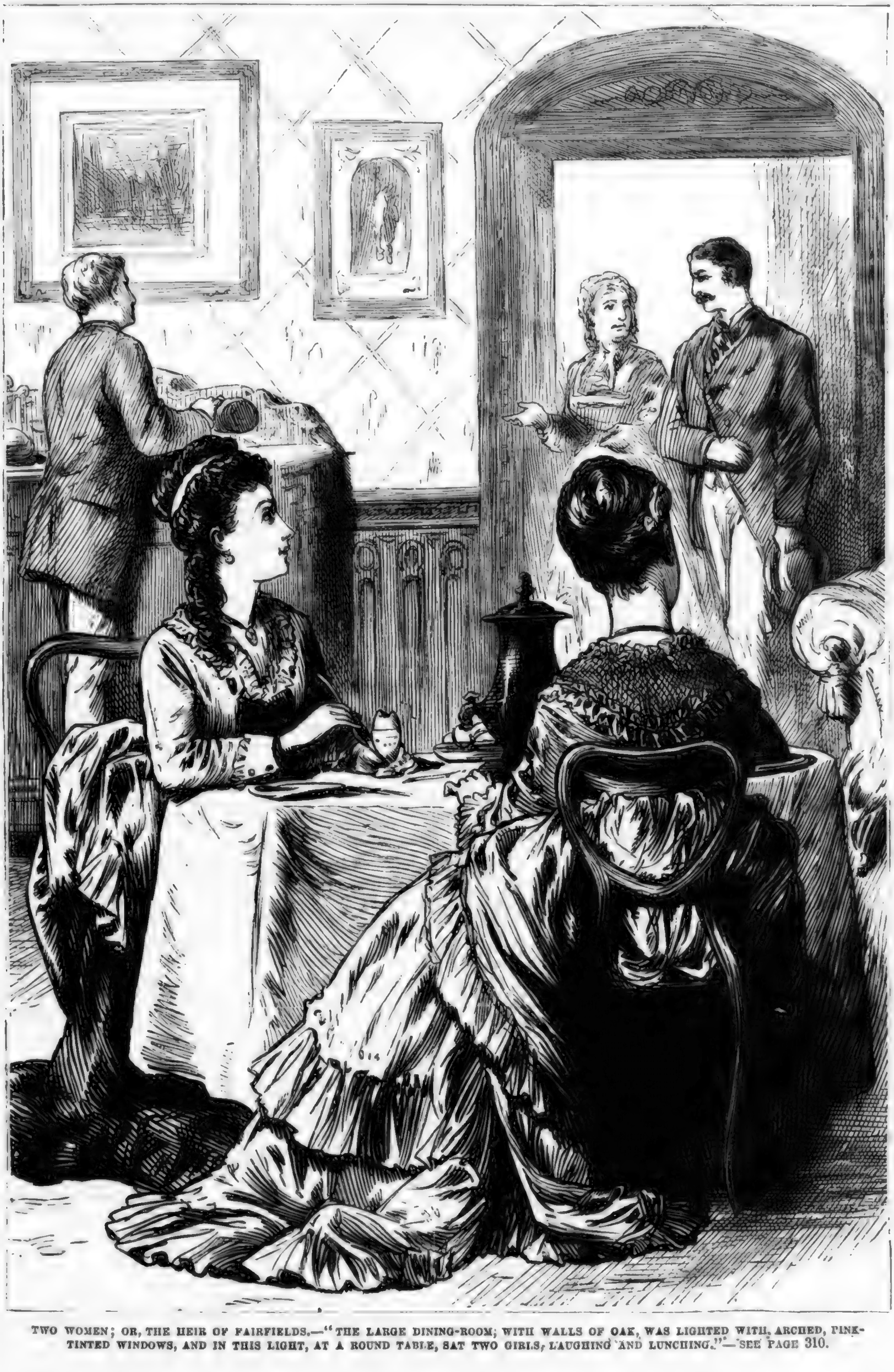

TWO WOMEN; OR, THE HEIR OF FAIRFIELDS.—"THE LARGE DINING-ROOM; WITH WALLS OF OAK, WAS LIGHTED WITH, ARCHED, PINK-TINTED WINDOWS, AND IN THIS LIGHT, AT A ROUND TABLE, SAT TWO GIRLS, LAUGHING AND LUNCHING."—SEE PAGE 310.

With his years and travel, Ross was yet new to social life. He was utterly unconscious of how the ladies of his company pulled caps for his attention. Maggie Gairlock had openly vowed to win him—a large, sandy-haired, confident woman of five-and-twenty, Scotch blonde. Trix laughed at the boast, and then betrayed Miss Gairlock to Ross, who blushed like a girl.

It was a time of wild excitement. The mirth exploded in hilarious bursts of laughter.

The lawn-breakfasts, the croquet-matches, the music, dancing, amateur concerts and tableaux, kept up a ceaseless activity for five days.

Then the festival came to an end.

The gayety and social magnetism broke the ice between Ross and Rose Cadore.

It was such a merry time, and both were happy as children.

"Rose," he whispered, that last night, "come down to the lower lawn with me, and see the effect of the colored lights up the avenues."

She looked at her watch.

"Yes; there are five minutes before godmamma will want me."

They went down the green terraces. She wore a white dress; her curls were on her neck; there was a silvery vail about her head.

"*Does* she love my cousin Fairlie?" thought Ross, with a thrilling heart.

The sun disappeared behind the grove, and, down the long vistas of shadow, the gloves of light, crimson, purple and gold illuminated the dark.

"Did not I say that it would be pretty?" cried Rose, with enthusiasm.

"Yes; it was your plan."

"The ground looks like a fairyland. But I must not wait any longer, Mr. Wrexham. Will you go back with me?"

And he went back, longing to confess, yet not daring. She went into the house.

He left a group of men playing like children, and wandered alone into the garden.

Within a rose-arbor, dim and densely covered with foliage, he threw himself into a rustic chair.

That little moment alone with Rose had been a great temptation. He would dare another.

He spoke to Jupe, who was running through the garden, scrawled a word upon a leaf of his memorandum-book, tore it out, and gave it to the boy.

"Give this to Miss Cadore before supper."

The boy's nimble heels ran off, and he stood waiting in the dark.

Little Jupe, bounding up the terraces, met Trix.

"What have you there?" she asked.

"Note fur Miss Rose."

"From whom?"

"Mass' Wrexham."

"Miss Rose is busy—give me the note. I shall see her before you can. I will hand it to her."

"Mass' Wrexham said, 'Right 'way.' He's waitin' down by de rose-arbor."

"Yes. Well, then, I will give it to her right away."

Obtaining possession of the note, Trix saw Jupe disappear, and then slipped into the momentarily deserted hall, and read it. The light of the great swinging alabaster globe showed her very pale.

"Umph! something to tell her. He *does* love her, then! I suspected it. If I give her this, she will meet him—he will know that she does not care for Fairlie, and—and they will be happy!"

Her eyes glittered. She set her little, white teeth.

The next moment her glance rested upon a vail of silver gauze lying upon a table. She snatched it up, as footsteps approached, and fled. She flew to her chamber.

"Waiting by the rose-arbor—it is dark there," she murmured.

Tearing off her robes of blue silk, she hurriedly donned a dress of white *crépe*, pulled the silver comb from her hair, permitting the curls to fall loosely about her neck, thrust her feet into some high-heeled slippers, and darted from the room.

As she descended the stair, she tied the silver vail about her head.

The next moment she was treading the shrubbery of the lawn, and entered the garden.

Her guilty heart throbbed wildly as she entered the rose-garden.

She knew that she had guessed the truth, when Ross Wrexham, springing forward, caught her hands, saying, in tones trembling with tenderness:

"Rose, Rose!"

"You said you wanted to see me," she whispered, not daring to betray her voice.

"You must know for what, Rose. I wish to tell you of my love. May I? Are you engaged to my cousin Fairlie?"

"No."

"And you do not love him?"

Trix shook her head.

"But he loves you?"

"I cannot help that."

"Then you will listen to me? Dearest! dearest!"

She felt the tender clasping of his arms, the beating of his heart.

"Can you accept my love, Rose? It is a good one, and the only one of my life!" he murmured, solemnly.

She gave her own imperious heart its sway—clasped him, kissed him.

How long the roses swayed in the Summer night-wind—how long the stars twinkled, they knew not. By-and-by footsteps and voices approached.

"Darling, we must go; we shall be missed. Go first, before those people come. I will follow after they have passed."

Quick as light Trix stepped forth, and, after a wary glance, hastened away, passing Admiral Frontignac and Margaret Gairlock.

Trix sped by them unnoticed.

"He has said that he loves me. I will make it true!" she murmured, exultingly.

Again in her chamber, she hurriedly resumed her former dress.

In the supper-room Ross was listening to the conversation of his guests with a pale, abstracted, happy face. When Rose passed him, he touched secretly, reverently, lovingly, with the tips of his fingers, the hem of her dress.

Utterly unconscious, she passed on.

Ross mused over the expression of her face.

"Her godmother wishes her to marry Fairlie, and she desires *our* love kept a secret," he thought, and guided his actions by this idea.

CHAPTER IV.

SUB-ROSA.

THE *fête* was scarcely over, when Madame St. George was taken ill. Rose immediately took her station as nurse. She shut herself in the sickroom, and applied herself with unwearied care to the restoration of her old friend.

Ross bore it as best he could. He longed to see his angel, yet adored her for the service she gave his aunt, whose cheery presence was sorely missed in the house.

Trix wore her prettiest dresses, grew large-eyed and pale in her efforts to win a sunbeam from Ross's gloomy eyes.

"He shall love *me!*" she had vowed, and no eyes that were free to admire could fail to observe her charms.

But she might have donned sackcloth and strewn her hair with ashes, for any effect her robes and smiles had on Rose's lover.

And so a week went by, and Madame St. George was better.

It was evening when Rose came from the sick-room for a breath of fresh air. She sank into a rustic seat upon the terrace.

Ross approached her, but Trix also hovered near.

"How pale you have grown!" he said, tenderly.

"I was afraid she would die," she responded, with an answering smile, for she could not be insensible to his tone.

But the strong, loving voice was a pleasure, after a week of the invalid's pitiful moans, though she knew nothing of the heart which freighted it.

"Shall you write to Fairlie to-day, Rose?" put in Trix, quickly.

"Yes, as soon as it is time for lights."

"She writes every day. Is not that faithful?" asked Trix, in an aside to Ross.

Rose had dropped her aching head in her hands.

"I believe I am tired," she murmured.

Lights and shades were chasing over Ross's face as he stood silent beside her. He bent quickly.

"Come for a walk in the garden, will you not? The fountain-spray cools the air, and—and the arbor-roses, they are in full bloom, and so exceedingly sweet!"

His eyes shone in the dark, as he bent them pleadingly upon the fair, unconscious face.

"Thank you, no. I am too tired."

What were the arbor-roses to her? They had no association, as to him, with clinging embraces, close kisses, and whispers of endearment.

But Trix flushed hotly. She clasped Rose's hand, and pretended to be toying with her rings.

Ross concealed his disappointment.

"I will not be selfish," he murmured.

Rose stood up.

"I must go in. They are bringing lights, and I have letters to write."

Ross's face grew white. Would she leave him, then, to write letters to Fairlie St. George? A twinge of bitter jealousy stung him.

"She said she did not love him—she would not tell me an untruth—yet what can she mean me to think?" he muttered, with knit brow. "Rose, Rose, surely you will be true! All my life's hopes are hoarded for you—surely you will not fail me!"

A light step, a rustle of silk, a quick breath, and a woman's hand on his arm.

"Hush! it is Rose."

There was a quick embrace.

Her quick kisses electrified him. She cried, in an eager half-whisper:

"You must not be jealous and make a fuss, dear. Be quiet, or you will break my heart!"

"But I'm afraid you love Fairlie."

"I do not—oh, I do not! I love no one but you! Be patient," she said, after a moment. "Godmamma, she is sick; she must not be troubled with this. Her heart is set on her son's marriage to Rose—no one else but Rose. Wait—don't be impatient, and spoil everything."

"But you have seemed so cold! Surely you might have given me one little glance! And yet, I will not reproach you, dearest—my own! my own!"

"You forget that Trix was by. Poor Trix!"

"Why poor Trix?"

She kissed him silently, once, twice. She made no answer. Then, with a sudden "I hear a step!" she darted away, and he was left alone.

So for a few days he played his part as obediently as an automaton twitched by invisible strings.

And Rose, she yet sat in the sick-room. Madame St. George was out of danger, but the days of convalescence were very tiresome.

"Write and tell Fairlie that I am better to-day," she said, every morning.

And Rose obeyed, though the letters were brief as telegraphic reports.

A sadness oppressed Rose. She was motherless, fatherless. At her home—sea-bound Flintfield—her brother, the host, was a man proud and cold as stone. That she was an heiress did not make her happy.

She did not love Fairlie St. George; she would not promise to marry him, in spite of his prayers and his mother's persuasions.

Many envied Rose Cadore—none guessed her secret.

For a little while her sadness had been assuaged. The bright days of the *fête*—how bright they had been to her! It had seemed as if Ross Wrexham had loved her. A subtle joyousness possessed her. But the dream had fled.

It was Trix whom he preferred—bright, saucy, imperious Trix. Her animation, her significant smiles, her careful toilets, told the story.

Well, she was young, barely twenty, and in the dark—forgive her! In after years she learned to be stronger, more hopeful.

Madame St. George came down from her sick-room. Ross was overjoyed.

"Now," he thought, "Rose is released from her confinement. I can at least look upon my darling's face."

And now Trix deepened her plot.

"Rose," she whispered, from behind the coffee-urn, where she sat, "come to my room, after breakfast. I have something to say to you."

Rose assented. She turned pale.

"She will tell me that she is engaged," she thought.

"Fortunately she is the proudest girl I ever knew," murmured Trix, cracking an egg-shell.

Rose repaired to Trix's chamber. The latter stood before the mirror, putting her hair in crimping-pins, for dinner.

"Sit down by the window. How pale you have grown, sitting up so much with godmamma! Do you know, Rose, I should have gone away from here long ago, but for her illness."

"Why, Trix?"

"Mr. Wrexham thinks we impose upon his politeness by our long stay."

Rose's blue blood flamed in her cheeks.

"Trix, what reason have you?" she began.

"Reason enough," Trix replied. "He is barely civil to me when we are alone together. Still, he does not want to offend his aunt, and will say nothing to her. I am off Monday."

"I was afraid of this," murmured Rose. "But I trusted godmamma's judgment; and it is so lonely at Flintfield! But she must not be troubled."

"We will leave him his old castle! Such an odd, silent fellow! You must assume that your brother Gregory sends for you."

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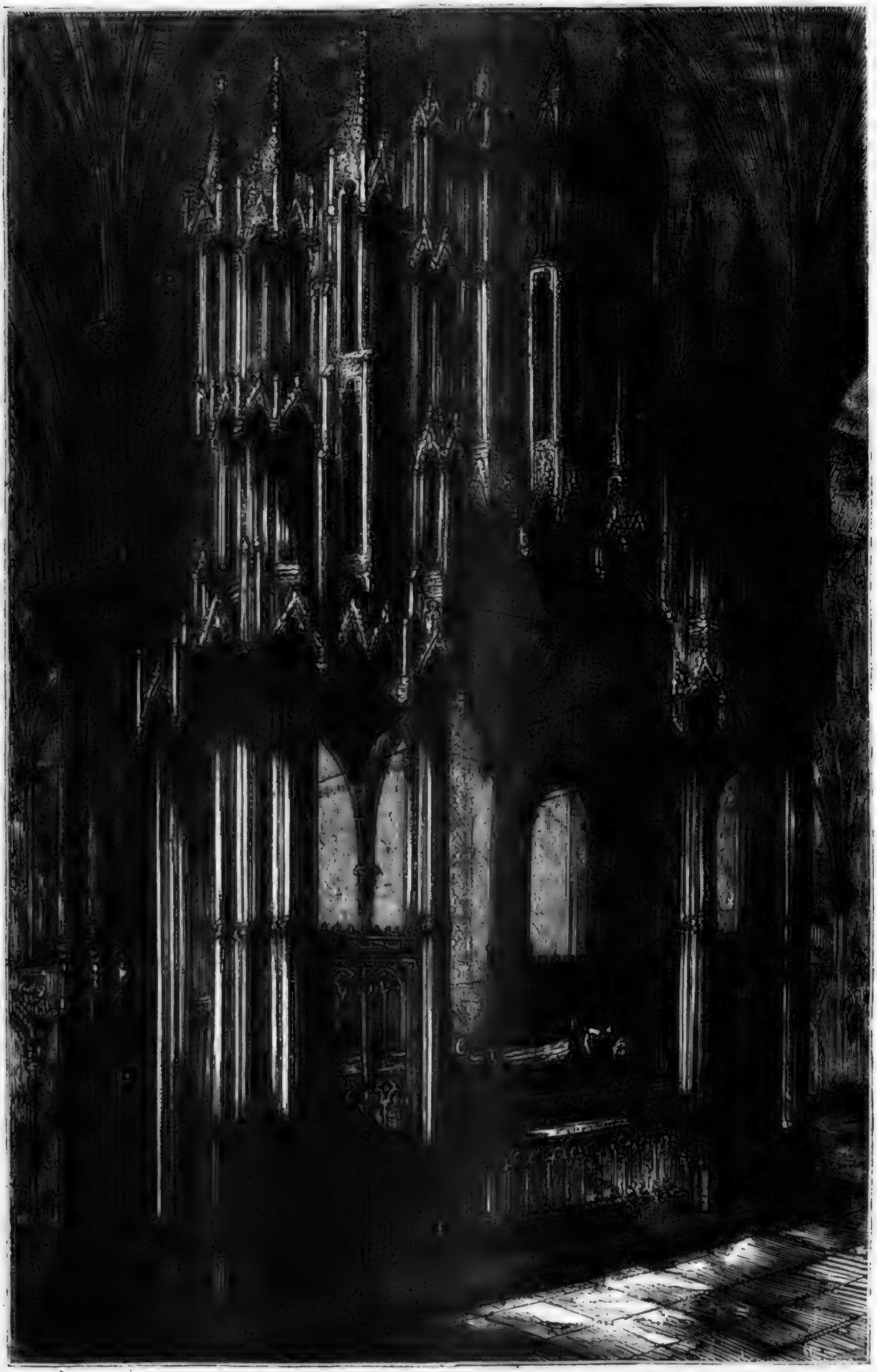

THE CHAPEL OF HENRY VII. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—SEE PAGE 309.

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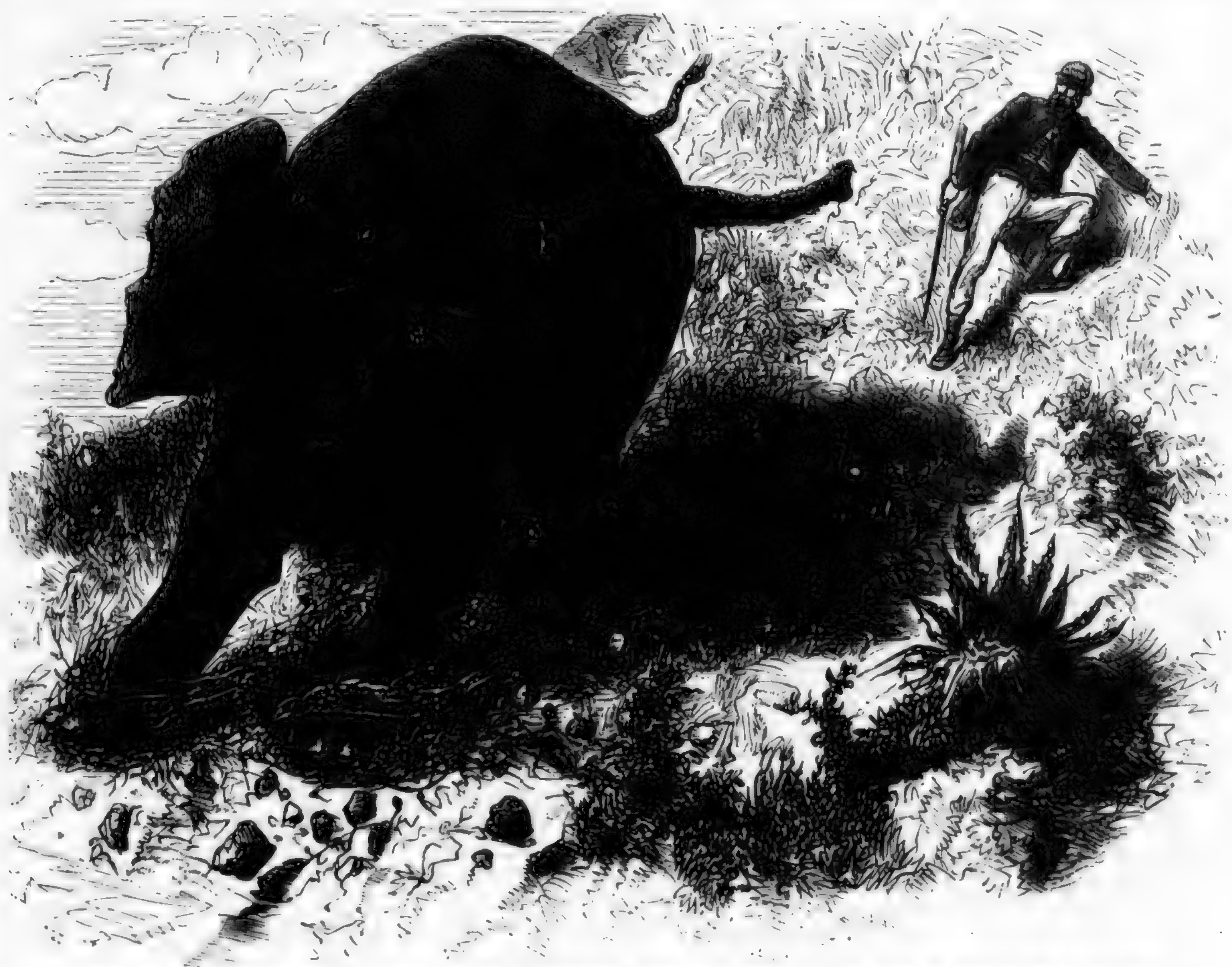

LOST IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.—"I FOUND MYSELF IN A NARROW GORGE, AND FACE TO FACE WITH ME WAS A HUGE ELEPHANT." SEE NEXT PAGE.

"But, Trix," after a painful pause, "I am surprised. I thought you were a favorite with Mr. Wrexham."

"You know godmamma's wish. But men are so perverse!"—with a shrug of her dainty shoulders. "I can do better! Commodore Lynn has offered himself. I want a man of some address. Mr. Wrexham is *bizarre!* He has lived in horrid places in Germany. Still, he has money, and if he were to offer himself—I should be obliged to consider the advantages."

Rose dropped her head wearily upon her hands. The old heartache was very strong. But to be an unwelcome guest was unendurable. She sat silent.

"Yes, Trix, I will go to-day. A train goes at half-past three o'clock. You can take care of godmamma. You are quite right. We have staid here too long."

She arose, with decision, and left the room.

Instantly beautiful Fairfields, wherein she had taken so much delight, was hateful to her. She longed to be away, though she knew she should long to come back. The great dog, Traitor, was lying at her chamber-door.

"Good fellow!" she murmured. Then added, "Why not marry Fairlie St. George, and have done with all this unrest?"

But she did not love Fairlie St. George—he would never give her ease. And she did love Ross Wrexham.

CHAPTER V.

STRATEGY.

Trix was secretly filled with exultation. She had only to see Rose off without an interview with Ross, and then to prove her insincere to him, and the field was all her own!

So she must needs help Rose at packing. Madame St. George was not to be told until after lunch; Ross, when the hour of departure came, unless he learned it sooner. It would not matter, in either event.

Rose was abstracted, sad—Trix chatted gayly. She had a thousand confidences to relate of Commodore Lynn and the *fête*.

The morning wore away, and lunch-hour came.

Madame St. George presided for the first time.

"Dear me," she said, "what a trouble one's body is! Now, if we were made up of a head and two wings, like the cherubs in pictures, how much more convenient it would be!"

They all looked at her, and laughed fondly.

But Rose scarcely spoke through the meal.

Trix, however, was voluble, and Ross was happy as a boy, and must needs let his happiness run over.

"I purchased some goldfish for the conservatory yesterday," he said, as they arose from the table, speaking to his aunt, but looking past her at Rose; for he longed to hear her beautiful voice. "Will you not come and see them?"

Rose only answered, "I have no opportunity," and left the room.

Disappointed, Ross led the way to the conservatory.

Trix went, that her godmamma might not ask him inconvenient questions.

When madame went up-stairs for her *siesta*, Rose was in the room. She told her that she was going away.

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"You should have told me days ago!" said madame, almost angrily. "I am so disappointed!"

But Rose coaxed her into acquiescence. In the Winter, madame must come and visit her goddaughter at Flintfields.

"You look pale; your eyes are heavy; you do not appear fit to travel," said the old lady at last, enfolding the young, graceful form which bent to kiss her.

"I am very well, and shall go at three. I have staid here too long already."

And then Trix, hovering near, entered the room.

Half an hour afterward, when the girls had gone to Rose's room—though Rose would gladly have been alone—Trix's quick ear caught the sound of her godmamma's bell. She slipped from the room, and presented herself in madame's apartment.

"What is it, dear godmamma?"

"Does Ross know that Rose is going away, Trix?"

"I suppose so."

"*You* will not leave me?"

"Dear godmamma, I love you too well!"

"Rose is a good girl, but willful. Well," with a sigh, "call me in an hour, Trix."

The old lady fell asleep, and dreamed that Fairlie came home, and Rose, at the altar, refused to marry him!

Ross was duped until that last hour.

He loved Rose too dearly to find fault. If blessed with her love, he thought it his duty to be patient. He did not wish to arouse her godmamma's displeasure against her.

It was Jupe who revealed to him the anticipated departure of Rose. It was during Madame St. George's *siesta* that Jupe put his bright mulatto face and curly head in at the door.

"Please, Mass' Wrexham, Miss Trix tole me to go to town an' send hackney-coach out to take Miss Cadore to depot. Tho't, pr'aps, you'd rudder send de carriage."

"Is Miss Cadore going to the depot?" asked Ross, in surprise.

"Yes, sah. Goin' to take half-pas' three train."

He looked at his watch; it was nearly two o'clock. He dismissed the boy.

Then he heard them coming to the library—Rose, his aunt and Trix.

Trix saw instantly that he knew Rose was going away. He waited to be told, however, without referring to it. Madame complained; Rose might stay a week longer, she thought.

"Will you not?" asked Ross, fixing his eyes upon her race, tenderly.

"I do not think it best, Mr. Wrexham."

Ross saw that her cheek was ashen, her smile forced. He did not think her fit to travel alone by railway.

He wished to offer himself as her escort, but her manner was constrained, and he was embarrassed for a time how to act.

The ladies sat around the fire, for the day was cool.

Madame St. George looked disturbed, and talked at random. Ross, too, was absent-minded. Rose, only, seemed quite natural, though wearing the air of sadness or weariness that had of late become habitual to her.

At length the clock struck three. Ross begged to be excused, and left the room. Rose's pale profile, lying against the back of the velvet chair, her dear, melodious voice toned to weariness, the listless little hands clasped upon her lap, were too much for his caution. She should not go alone to Flintfield. Soon he came back.

"I have ordered my carriage for you, Miss Cadore. With plenty of wraps, you will reach Flintfield far more comfortably by carriage than by rail. I should feel a reflection cast upon my hospitality to have you travel less comfortably from Fairfield."

His bright face alarmed Trix. When Rose went to get ready for her journey, she remained in the library.

"I think Rose should stay with godmamma as long as she wishes," she said. "But Rose is so fickle!"

Ross stared.

"Poor Fairlie!" sighed Trix. "I am afraid she will never marry him, she is such a flirt. I am sorry. I think these dreadfully cool people are always selfish, do not you?"

"Rose selfish?" murmured Ross. "No, indeed!"

"Ah, you do not know her, I see!" said Trix, carelessly, but inwardly angry.

Idle scheming! She bided her time in vain. A light foot on the stairs, the banging of trunks in the hall. Madame St. George's voice.

"Now she is going," thought Trix. "I shall have the field to myself."

But Ross Wrexham sprang from his chair. He went into the hall. He saw the luxurious carriage standing before the open door.

When Rose put out her hand at parting, he smiled.

"I am going with you," he said.

Trix's plot was ruined. Free and alone under the blue sky, the sunshine flooding them, the coachman discreetly observant only of his horses, they were at last masters of the situation.

How they had untangled the labyrinth into which they had been led is known only to themselves. But when they arrived at Flintfield, Rose was smiling, though she had been crying, and Ross Wrexham was the proudest and happiest man under the sun.

He remained at Flintfield several days, introduced to Rose's brother as her future husband. When he returned to Fairfields, Trix was not there. As soon as possible she married Commodore Lynn, and went to Europe.

At Fairfields all is peace and content. Rose was greatly the fashion as a bride. As a wife and mother, she was the pride of future generations. Her godmother became reconciled. She spent her life with Rose. And Ross Wrexham has been heard to say that the price of his wife is far "above rubies."

LOST IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.

Our principal occupation, of course, during our sojourn among the Caffre tribes, was hunting the elephants that abound among the pathless forests of that wild region. We hunted giraffes, antelopes and panthers by way of a change to the dangerous and exciting business of our travels, and even amused ourselves by chasing a tribe of huge baboons that dwelt near the hamlet, and had a special pleasure in descending among the huts and tents and stealing everything they could lay their claws on.

One day I was returning to the tent, when I saw a venerable baboon that I recognized as an offender of long standing, bounding away at full speed with a blanket in his paws. It was really time that an example should be made, if we did not wish to be wholly despoiled; besides that, our reluctance to kill the creatures had rendered them so impudent and fierce that it was evident they misunderstood our scruples, and believed they were left uninjured through fear of their attacks. So I set the dogs upon this old thief, and followed myself at a rapid trot.

Away went Mr. Baboon into the woods, and we after. Before long he appeared to discover that the chase was in earnest this time, and he dropped the blanket and flew on

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with dismal outcries. The dogs overtook him at length. When he found there was no escape, he stationed himself against a tree, and fought so desperately that, before I could dispatch him, several of the dogs had received severe wounds. I left his carcass fastened against the trunk, as a warning to his confederates.

That night we heard the most doleful moans and howls from the whole tribe, who appeared to have collected about the body of their friend, but the lesson was one they did not forget; they kept shy of the village during our stay, and we were duly gratified at this forced improvement in their morals.

The next afternoon I went out in the forest alone with an old man, whom I had christened Crafty, on account of his skill and cunning in the chase. We started on the track of a herd of elephants, anxious to discover their whereabout, and be ready for a grand hunt on the following morning.

It was a beautiful day, and we had gone miles further than we intended, finding no traces of the animals, when, without the slightest warning, we were overtaken by one of the most violent storms I ever witnessed, even in that region. I had nothing on but a thin shirt and a pair of linen pantaloons, so that in an instant I was drenched like a river-god.

We turned in the direction of the village, even the great branches affording us slight shelter, the rain falling in such torrents that we could distinguish objects little better than if we had been surrounded by a heavy fog. We hurried on as best we might; but when the storm ceased, and twilight approached with the suddenness of that torrid clime, I made the agreeable discovery that for once Crafty's skill had deserted him—we were lost!

Nothing can be more dispiriting than such an adventure. We climbed trees in order to obtain a more extended view—nothing met the eye but the endless sweep of forest; and when we descended, we were sure to take a labyrinthine path in the opposite direction to the one we had desired to follow. At last I became so weary and dispirited that I threw myself down on a rock and told Crafty to call me when he found anything like a path.

The poor fellow was in despair, deeming the misfortune wholly his fault, and he was so dolefully penitent that I had not even the satisfaction of scolding him.

At last he disappeared from view, and I lay for a long time, somewhat forgetting the unpleasantness of my position in thoughts of home, when it suddenly occurred to me that Crafty had been a great while absent.

I roused myself and called loudly; there was no answer. I was alone in the forest. I began to think that he had wandered off, and, losing his way anew, was unable to find me.

A very uncomfortable feeling began to suggest itself to my mind; but I was unable to indulge in it long enough for it to become poignant, for at that instant the crackling of the underbrush at a distance warned me of the approach of some heavy animal.

I sprang down the declivity—found myself in a narrow gorge, and there, face to face with me, was a huge elephant, dashing madly along, the blood streaming from a hurt in his shoulder, and his whole appearance denoting pain and rage. I learned, after, that he had been pursued and wounded that morning by my friends, while out in search of me and my poor Crafty.

Just as I raised my gun to examine the loading, the brute caught sight of me, and with a sudden roar bore down upon me. Discretion was so decidedly the better part of valor in that case, that I turned to run up the hill. It was a difficult task; my feet slipped among the dead leaves and sharp rocks, and several times I rolled full length upon the ground.

The elephant was quite near me; I dropped my rifle and climbed up the trunk of a great tree, while he executed an awkward sort of advance under it, yelling and groaning, and evidently urging me to come within reach of his trunk. Just then I heard Crafty's gun on the top of the hill beyond, and shrieked to him with all the force of my lungs. I concluded to try a leap, and, descending to the lower branches, I sprang recklessly down, but my foot slipped, and I was gradually sliding down the hill.

I caught at a clump of bushes desperately, not even stunned by the fall, and sprang up; as I did so, I heard a fresh roar from the elephant, and there he was half way up the hill, brandishing his trunk almost within reach of my shoulder. I threw myself into the thicket, dashed over a great rock, rolling and pulling rather than jumping, but there was the elephant again, so close that it seemed to me I could feel his breath.

The agony of the moment was beyond all words. I made one more frantic effort, in which the last of my strength seemed to go out. There was another rush from the elephant, followed by the crack of a rifle, and the unwieldy creature rolled over and over down the hill. Crafty had come up just in time to see my danger, and, with his usual dexterity, had planted a bullet in the brain of my pursuer. Another shot finished his agonies, and we descended the hill to take a better view of the victim and recover my rifle.

But poor Crafty could think of nothing except the danger I had run. He threw his arms about my neck, sobbing like a child, and offering to kill himself for his stupidity, if it would be the slightest satisfaction to me.

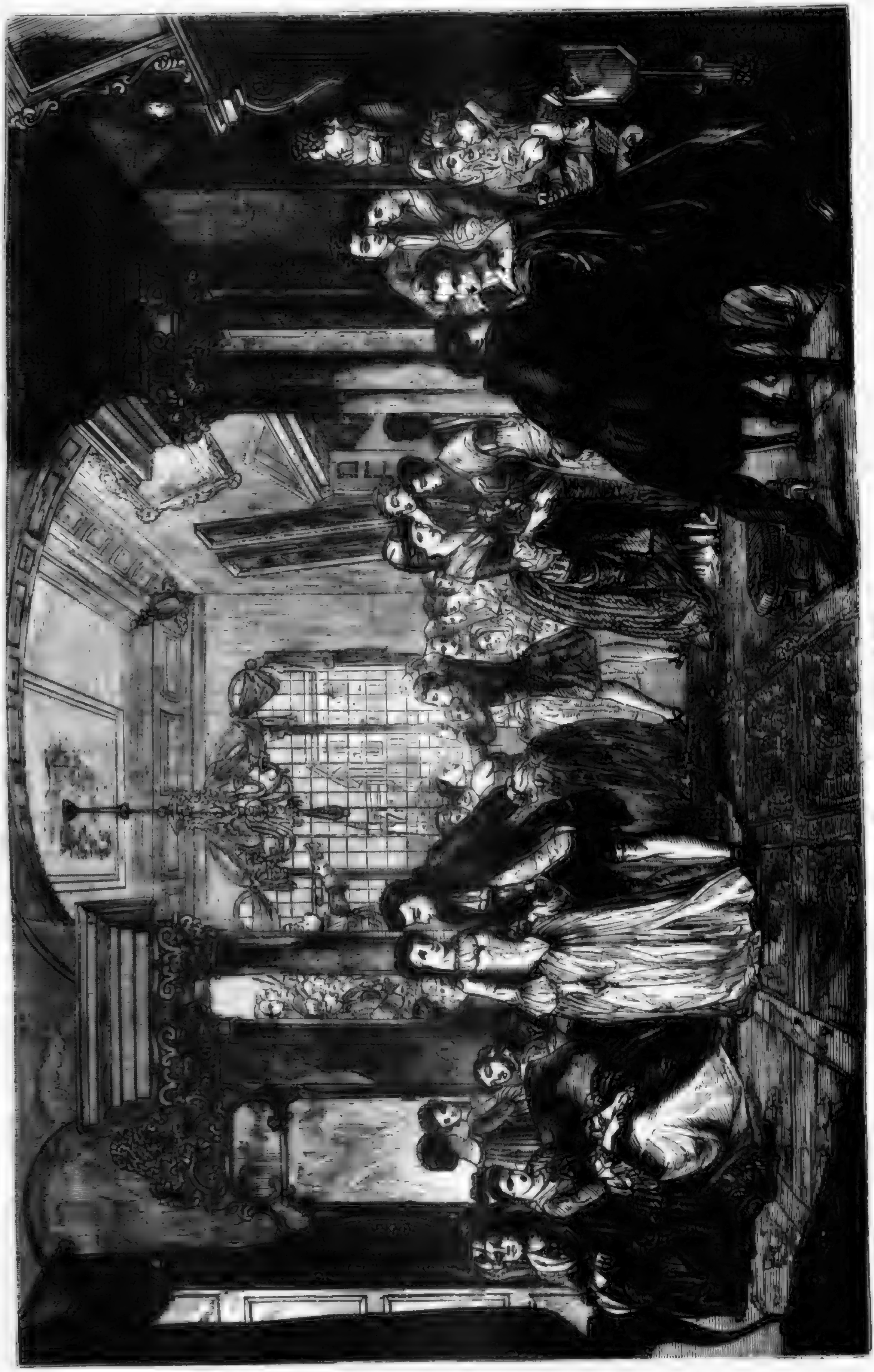
When I learned that he had discovered no traces of the camp, I declined the proffered sacrifice, and we set out again to find some means of exit from the wilderness.

At last, after more than an hour's wandering in circles, we discovered a sort of path, and persevering in it despite of its discouraging appearance, we emerged into a more open track, evidently trodden by cattle. Not long after, I saw a flock of goats in the distance, and pointed them out to Crafty. He fairly danced with joy, and declared that we were near the village; but alas, as we approached the flock, the goats turned into a troop of brown animals, that fled with all haste.

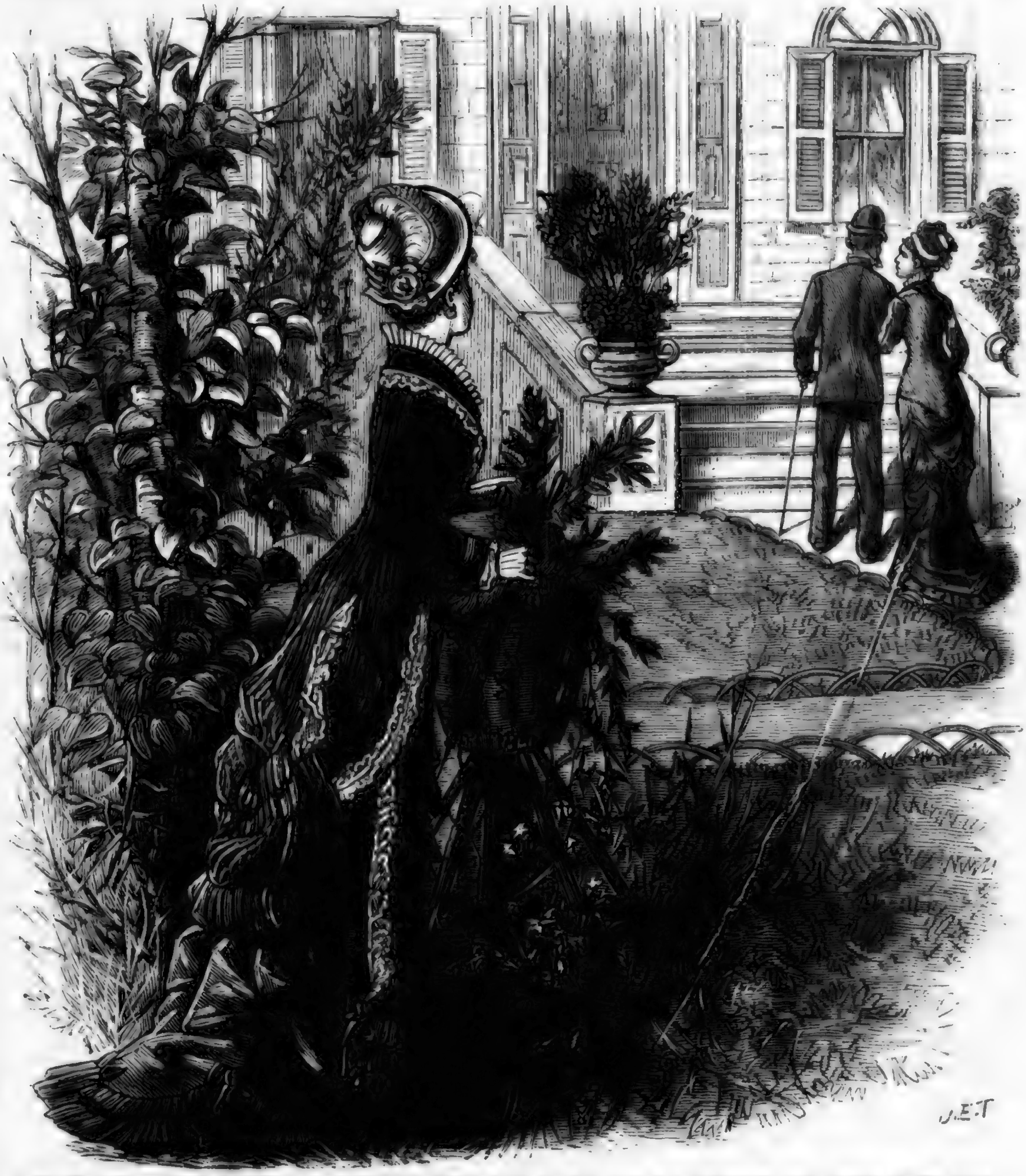
We began again to feel our weariness and hunger, but we marched hastily on in silence for another half-hour. Then Crafty gave a cry and declared that he saw a dog ahead, but the dog was a figment of his imagination. On we traveled; the day was passing, and no sign of escape visible. We came to the foot of a high hill, and I told Crafty I was worn out, and we would make up our minds to spend another night in the forest.

He urged me so earnestly to go at least to the top of the steep, that I consented, and up we clambered with great exertion and difficulty. Crafty was in advance, and, as he gained the summit he uttered a howl of delight. I hurried to him, looked in the direction he pointed, and saw through an opening the village lying in the sunshine, miles away, it is true, but plainly to be seen, and with the way to it so clear that there was no possibility of losing the path.

We reached there before sunset, and I was suitably disgusted to find that though my friends had searched for us, they had not been anxious, because Crafty was with me, and had been rather inclined to believe that our absence was prolonged because I had discovered some exciting chase from which I wished to emerge with all the laurels.



A BALLROOM IN 1700.



A GOLDEN DAWN.—"IT SO HAPPENED, AS ILL-FORTUNE WOULD HAVE IT, THAT ALAN HAD OVERTAKEN LADY FRASER ON THE LAWN, AND HYACINTH SAW THEM ENTER THE HOUSE TOGETHER."

A GOLDEN DAWN.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "Lord Lynne's Choice," "More Bitter than Death," Etc.

Chapter XI.

Lady Fraser found out that afternoon that there was no voice blended so well with her own as the young squire's; they had been trying a duet, and she had said to him, in an ecstasy of delight:

"What a superb voice you have, Mr. Branston, and how strange that it should blend so perfectly with mine! Do try some duets with me, will you?"

"I shall be only too pleased," said Alan, for whom her ladyship's contralto had a wonderful charm.

The result was that the hour before dinner, always hitherto appropriated by the young lovers to themselves, was spent with Lady Fraser, who sang like a siren; while Hyacinth sat in her dressing-room, trying to understand the terrible pain that was eating her heart away.

What was it? Alan loved her—what could it matter whether he sang with Lady Fraser or not? He was not in the least changed to her.

One evening, just before dinner, she went into the

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drawing-room. She had generally been first there, and Alan had been accustomed to join her; he did so, he said, jestingly, to see if the flowers in her hair were all right. This evening, on entering suddenly, she saw Lady Fraser leaning back in her chair, diamonds shining in her dusky hair and a pomegranate blossom on her white breast, and Alan bending over her, talking earnestly to her. She could not discern that it was merely a scene which Lady Fraser had put upon the stage, as it were, for her benefit. She had called Alan to her side, and was questioning him about Elmsthorpe Grange, when Hyacinth saw him talking so earnestly.

She hesitated for half a moment, while her fair young face grew pale. Lady Fraser looked up with a gleam of triumph in her eyes. Hyacinth said, gently:

"I beg pardon; I hope——"

She had no time to finish her sentence; two or three others entered, and she walked to the other end of the room, where no one could see the pain she could not control.

Through some witty, playful nonsense, Lady Fraser had her chair placed next to Alan during dinner, and the little anecdotes she told him were so bright and clever that he allowed her almost to engross his attention. It was after that that Lady Rosedene made the fatal mistake of speaking to Hyacinth about the widow, and so bringing the jealousy which had until now lain dormant, into terrible, active, fiery life.

"Hyacinth," said the kind-hearted mistress of Dene Hall, "I want to speak to you. Why, child, you are losing your beautiful color! You look like a white hyacinth indeed! You must not be jealous of Lady Fraser."

The blue eyes raised to her face had something in them of intense pain.

"I am not jealous, Lady Rosedene," she said; but the keen ears detected the ring of pain in the clear, young voice.

Lady Rosedene went on:

"No one thinks much of what Lady Fraser does or says; if any one else did the same things, people would be shocked. She is a thorough flirt. I believe that she could no more see a nice man without trying to make him like her, than a cat can see a nice, plump little sparrow without wishing to eat it. There is no sincerity about her; her flirtations never last. Were I in your place, I should take no notice of her."

"Then you really think she is flirting with Alan, Lady Rosedene?"

Her ladyship was rather discomposed by the very straightforward question.

"I think, my dear, she is trying to do so; but I do not think she will succeed. Alan loves you too much to think of any one else."

"He did love me—he does love me!" said the girl; but her voice had the ring of despair in it.

"I should laugh at it," continued Lady Rosedene—"not take it seriously. Lady Fraser always devotes herself to the nicest man in the house, no matter whom he may be. Alan is the nicest man here."

"But he is mine!" said Hyacinth.

"Certainly. I know he is, and always will be. He cares nothing about Lady Fraser; but he cannot be rude to her. Take my advice, Hyacinth, and do not be jealous."

"I will not," said the poor child; "I am not."

"You have no cause," declared Lady Rosedene; "if I saw that you had, I should be the first to interfere—you know that."

But even Lady Rosedene's faith was somewhat shaken that evening, when she saw Alan and Lady Fraser singing together.

"Gertrude is cruel," she said. "She cares nothing for the squire. Why should she make that poor child unhappy? I shall speak sharply to her, if this goes on."

Lady Rosedene had no fear of Alan's loyalty; she had no doubt of his truth and constancy to Hyacinth; but she could not bear to see the sweet face lose its brightness and the tender eyes their light.

Little scenes that were nothing to the outsiders, yet which were full of tragedy to those interested, passed continually. One lovely morning in the middle of May, the guests were out on the terrace, the widow, as usual, in the centre of a brilliant, laughing group. Alan and Hyacinth were near her; and she was pretending to read the character of each person present by the flower that he or she admired. She made some wonderful "hits"—above all, when Captain Clifton said that his favorite flower was the poppy. The character of a brave and reckless soldier which she drew from that was clever in the extreme. Alan listened with wonder. Presently she turned to him.

"What is your favorite flower, Mr. Branston?" she asked. He laughed as he replied:

"My allegiance is divided between two, and they are very different."

"What are they?" she asked.

"The white hyacinth and the blue cornflower," he replied.

She laughed the low, silvery laugh which was like a chime of bells.

"The fact that you are divided between two shows that you prefer neither. Your favorite flower shall be a spray of apple-blossom; from that I will sketch your character."

And she proceeded in a few picturesque words to give such a description of Alan, with such happy "hits," that every one was amused—except Hyacinth. She tried to reason with herself, to believe that there was nothing in it; but the hot fire of jealousy was burning her very heart away. She withdrew silently from the laughing group, and Alan was so deeply engrossed by Lady Fraser's brilliant wit that he did not miss her.

He found Hyacinth an hour afterward in the garden.

"My darling," he said, "why did you leave me? I never saw you go away."

He sat down by her, and drew the fair, troubled face near to his own.

"Alan," she asked, "do you really love me?"

"What a question to put, when we are to be married so soon!" he replied.

"But do you really love me better than any one else?" she pursued.

"Yes—ten thousand times better. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have no thought, no wish, no desire, no hope, that does not begin and end in you, Hyacinth."

"Then," cried the girl, "why do you torture me? Oh, Alan, if you love me, why torture me?"

He looked at her in amazement.

"I torture you, Hyacinth?" he exclaimed. "Why, my darling, I would not hurt a hair of your dear head! How do I torture you?"

"You do not understand," she said, with a bitter cry.

And, rising, she left him, lest he should see the tears she could not restrain.

CHAPTER XII.

ALAN soon forgot Hyacinth's words. He was of a singularly bright and happy temperament. He had a certain vague idea that all women had highly strung nerves, and were never to be properly understood. When Hyacinth said anything that was not quite comprehensible to him, he attributed the want of clearness to the fact that she belonged to the sex supposed to be swayed by feelings without reason.

He wondered a little sadly and a little gravely at the word "torture." What could the child mean, when every hair of her head was dear to him, and he worshiped the ground on which she stood?

It was one of Lady Fraser's fancies never to recognize the engagement between the two lovers. She never alluded to it. She never made even the faintest comment upon it. She gave no sign of having ever heard about it. She took no notice when others mentioned it. If any allusion were made to the coming marriage, she affected to misunderstand it.

More than once Hyacinth found herself wondering whether she knew of the engagement or not. Surely she did not—though they called her a flirt, she must have some notion of honor, and no honorable woman would ever seek the admiration of another woman's *fiancée*. When Lady Rosedene wished to speak to Alan, or took him in any way from Hyacinth, she always made some laughing apology. When Lady Fraser asked him to sing with her, or to take her round the grounds, or to read to her, as she often did, she never affected to think that Hyacinth was in the least concerned.

And, as she found that Alan fell easily into the net spread for him, she became more and more encroaching. She totally ignored Hyacinth, and openly claimed Mr. Branston. If some of the guests proposed going out for a drive, she always asked him to drive her; if any were walking, and he was with them, she chose him as her companion; if the evening was fine, she invited him to stroll around the grounds with her.

Alan was slightly impatient at first. Sometimes he excused himself, and went away with Hyacinth. Sometimes he was irresolute, and a witty jest from the beautiful siren brought him to her side—a constant fire of witticisms kept him there. She was kind to Hyacinth in a cold, formal fashion, but never mentioned Alan to her.

The others looked on—Lady Rosedene with vexation and impatience, the rest with amusement.

One day Hyacinth, passing the library windows, which opened upon the terrace, saw Lady Fraser seated in the deep bay-window; a dark head was bending over her, and just as Hyacinth went by she saw Alan take the white, jeweled hand and kiss it.

It was not much, perhaps, to kiss the hand of a beautiful woman; and she could not tell that Lady Fraser had tempted him—drawn him into doing it—by showing him one of her rings and leaving her warm, soft hand in his.

It was no wish of Alan's—he had no desire to kiss any hand save Hyacinth's; but, when she left it in his own, with a plain invitation in her eyes, he was but a mortal man, and he kissed it. There was not much in the action; but it shot with deadliest pain through the girl's loving heart; it smote her with bitterness like death; her face paled; her lips trembled. She looked like one whose heart had suddenly been transfixed with a sharp sword.

She went on her way—she was taking a message to the head-gardener about some flowers that Lady Rosedene wanted—but over the brightness of the May day a cloud had fallen: a funeral pall lay over the gold of the laburnum and the purple of the lilacs; a dark mist hid the budding roses and the lily-leaves; the birds seemed suddenly to have changed their notes. What was the fiery, horrible pain that made her heart bleed?

She went on quickly. She wanted to be alone to think over what she had seen. She gave the message to the gardener, who looked at her in amazement—her face was white and her lips trembled. Then she went from the park into the woods, where she could be alone and sob out her pain.

If she had known that Alan was searching everywhere for her, with hot impatience in his heart against the widow, she would have gone to him.

What bewildering pain it was! She flung herself down, hiding her white face and burning tears in the long, soft grass. The memory of that kiss was a burning pain—it tortured her. How was she to bear it? Was his love so light that a few glances from dark eyes and a few smiles from rosy lips could take his heart from her?

The white hands were clinched; the pretty lips trembled with deep-drawn, passionate sobs. How could she bear it—she loved him so well! Why should this dark-eyed woman come between them? Why should she woo him with her soft voice?

"He is mine!" she said, raising her tearful face to the sky. "Why should she try to take him from me? He is mine!"

The fever of jealousy that burned the loving soul grew cool in the rain of bitter tears—but the pain remained. How it tortured her!

Presently she returned to the house. It so happened, as ill-fortune would have it, that Alan had overtaken Lady Fraser on the lawn, and Hyacinth saw them enter the house together. As a matter of course, she thought that they had spent the morning together, while she had been weeping her heart out in the wood. The sight of them entering the house together made her grow faint.

The bell was ringing for luncheon. She had only just time to remove all traces of tears from her face, and hasten to the dining-room. The widow and Alan were side by side; but a chair had been left for Hyacinth next to her lover. She took it—but it was a mere farce for her to pretend to eat.

Alan was kind to her—he attended to all her wants; but he was laughing the whole time at some absurd anecdote that Lady Fraser was telling him. Hyacinth could not eat, but she had no wish to draw attention to herself. She contrived to keep up appearances, and joined in the discussion about a ball which Lady Rosedene had resolved upon giving. But her voice seemed to her as though it came from a long way off. It was forced and unnatural.

More than once she found Lady Rosedene's eyes fixed anxiously on her; and then she tried to rally—but it was in vain. The sting of her pain was too bitter. How was she to bear it?

On that same day Alan asked her to go down to the lake-side with him, and she did so. They sat down on the green bank that sloped gently down to the clear lake.

"Hyacinth," cried the young squire, suddenly, "let me look at your face! Why, my darling, what is the matter? Your eyes are quite dim. What is wrong? You do not look happy. And yet you must be happy—you cannot be otherwise."

"I am not happy! Oh, Alan," cried the girl, "do you not see that my heart is bleeding—not pained, not aching, but bleeding? Can you not see it—you who love me so well?"

He looked at her in utter wonder.

"No," he said. "What is it, my darling? Have I displeased you?"

"'Displease' is not the word. You torture me! Oh, Alan, give up Lady Fraser'"

"Give up Lady Fraser! Why, my darling, what have I to do with her? She is nothing to me."

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"She talks to you; you sing with her; you kiss her hand—I saw it. Oh, Alan, it is killing me! You must give her up!"

"I have nothing to give up," he replied. "I hope you are not jealous, Hyacinth? I do not like jealous women."

"She causes me nothing but pain," said the girl, earnestly. "But I see it is not your fault—she seeks you."

"Yes, I think she likes to talk to me," he answered, little dreaming of the bitter anguish his words would cause her. "You see, she is a clever woman, and I understand her."

"Give her up, Alan, for my sake—because it makes me so unhappy to see you with her."

"My darling," said the young lover, gravely, "while we are in the world, we must do as the world does. Because a lady happens to be young and beautiful, and to show, as Lady Fraser does, a decided preference for my society, I cannot be rude to her. I must give laugh for laugh, jest for jest."

"Give her up, Alan. Tell her you are going to marry me, and have not time to spare for her."

"My darling, I cannot—every one would laugh. They would say that I was under petticoat government."

"But it is for my happiness," said the girl. "Sometimes, when she looks into your eyes and smiles, it seems to me as though my heart were burning. For my sake, Alan——"

"I have never wronged you, even in thought, Hyacinth," he interrupted. "I would do anything on earth to please you; but, my darling, I cannot make myself a subject of laughter. I promise to keep out of the fair widow's way. Do not ask me to make myself the mark for everybody's wit. Let us talk about something more pleasant."

And he forgot the subject, while she suffered unutterable pain.

But that evening, when Lady Fraser asked him to sing, the young squire excused himself—he was going to play at chess with Miss Vane.

The widow gave a glance at the fair face of the girl whose heart she was wounding for her own amusement.

"You have been talking to your lover about me, *ma belle*," she said to herself; "but you shall pay dearly for every word!"

Chapter XIII.

Lady Fraser began to be interested. She liked the young Squire better than she had liked any one yet, and there was a certain piquant pleasure in watching the pained face of the young girl. For once the biter was bitten. She had begun by playing at love, and she ended by learning to love the man who was so solemnly promised to another woman.

After she had found that out, she delighted in torturing her young rival; to see the fair young face blanch, the white lips tremble, and a sudden quiver of pain pass over it, was a pleasure to her. Yet she was so clever and so cunning that she contrived to accomplish all this without attracting attention, or drawing down upon herself the displeasure of others.

One afternoon, by some strange chance, she found herself alone with Hyacinth. It was a golden opportunity—one not to be lost. Lady Fraser walked aimlessly up and down the room; then, as though an idea had suddenly occurred to her, she said, half to herself, half to Hyacinth:

"I wonder where Mr. Branston is? I wish he would sing with me for half an hour."

Looking up at her, Hyacinth saw a flash of fire and mischief in the dark, lustrous eyes. She spoke without thinking.

"Lady Fraser," she said, "do you know that I am going to marry Mr. Branston? We are to be married in July."

She trembled as she spoke; it seemed to her as though with these few words she must crush her rival; but, to her surprise, Lady Fraser laughed a low, gentle laugh with a touch of scorn in it.

"Indeed!" she said. "But July is not here yet; and there is 'many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

"There will be no slip for me," rejoined Hyacinth, hotly.

"I hope not," laughed Lady Fraser; "but it is wise not to make too sure of anything in this world. Those who trust, for instance, in a man's love trust in shifting sand. I am going to sing. If Lady Rosedene wants me, tell her I am in the music-room with Mr. Branston."

A few minutes afterward, Hyacinth heard a stream of music filling the house. She did not wait to discover whether her lover's voice was blending with the magnificent contralto. She went to her room and buried her face in the pillows to shut out the sound.

"She is stealing his heart from me!" sobbed the girl.

From that hour the very madness of jealousy seemed to take possession of her; her pain became intolerable; she lost all the sweet, childish grace and softness that had been her great charm. She was always angry, suspicious, or silent. The light had gone from her life; and Alan, vexed and impatient at the change in her, was often displeased, simply because he did not understand. Lady Fraser did her best to make matters worse. She said many things in the young girl's presence which she would not have dared to say to others.

One evening Hyacinth was with Lady Rosedene; they were walking slowly amongst the budding roses, and suddenly they saw Lady Fraser crossing the lawn, with Alan by her side. The very sight seemed to turn the girl's blood cold.

"Look, Lady Rosedene!" she cried. "There is Alan—he is with Lady Fraser again. She will take him from me, I am sure. See how she smiles at him, how she looks at him."

Lady Rosedene looked in alarm at the girl. Her face had suddenly grown livid, her eyes were dim with despair.

"My dear Hyacinth," she said, "do not look like that."

With a convulsive grasp the girl clung to her arm.

"Lady Rosedene," she cried, "she will take my lover from me—I am sure she will. She is luring him away."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself," said Lady Rosedene, honestly indignant. "I wish she had never come to Dene Hall."

The madness of passion seemed to have taken possession of Hyacinth. A crimson color flushed her face, an angry light shone in her eyes; all her gentleness and sweetness vanished. Under the influence of her terrible jealousy, she was like one transformed. Lady Rosedene never forgot that awful change; it was the first time she had ever been brought face to face with the dreadful reality of human passion.

"She will take him from me," said the girl, in low, despairing tones; "and he is all I have in the world. I wish she was dead!" she cried. "Why should she seek to take him from me?"

"My dear Hyacinth, you must not say such things," remonstrated Lady Rosedene. "You do not mean them."

"I do mean them," cried the unhappy girl. "If she takes my lover from me, I will kill her!"

Then the wild, passionate words died in a burst of tears.

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Lady Rosedene tried her best to soothe her, but to Hyacinth it seemed as though her soul had been seared.

Perhaps Alan was not altogether free from blame. He might, as he expressed it, have kept out of Lady Fraser's way; but her evident admiration flattered him. More than once, when he found Hyacinth with a tragic face, and eyes dim with tears, he muttered words that were by no means complimentary to the charming widow; but also more than once, when he found Hyacinth sad and silent, or ready to taunt him about Lady Fraser, he showed his independence by going straight back to Lady Fraser's side.

So things went from bad to worse, and there seemed little hope of any improvement. Lady Rosedene resolved to speak to the beautiful coquette, who was risking the happiness of two lives merely to gratify her own vanity. She resolved to do or say something which should shorten Lady Fraser's visit.

"I have never felt jealous in all my life," said Lady Rosedene to herself; "but if jealousy can change any one as that beautiful, happy, loving child is changing, it must be hard to bear."

It was hard to bear. Hyacinth tried to trample it down, but it rose again with a thousand tongues of flame, and seemed to enfold her. It poisoned every breath of the sweet Summer air; it poisoned the food she ate; it killed all sweet sleep; it destroyed all rest. It was like a corroding poison eating her very heart away. There was no brightness, no beauty, left in her life.

She was always weighing evidence about Alan. She said to herself a hundred times over that if he really found that he liked Lady Fraser best, she would give him up, and then tried to imagine what her life would be without him, and found that it held nothing for her but despair and death!

More than once Lady Fraser stung her into the madness of pain, and she had cried aloud that she wished her rival dead. With many additions, the words were passed from one to another, and the guests said such passion was dangerous.

The night of the ball came, and great had been the preparations. A ball at Rosedene was one of the most pleasurable events in the county, and this was, above all others, eagerly looked for. Hyacinth, by her lover's desire, wore a dress of rich white silk, superbly trimmed with blue cornflowers; a wreath of blue cornflowers lay on the golden hair, and she wore a knot of the flowers at her breast. An exquisite toilet it was—one just suited to her fair, Spring-like loveliness. She was so pleased with her lover's admiration that something of her former glad young happiness came back to her.

Alan was waiting for her in the hall, and kissed the sweet, wistful face that was raised to his.

"How beautiful you look, my darling!" he said. "Now we will have a night so happy that it shall be like a Summer dream to us. Let me see your dear face bright and glad as it is now."

They went into the ballroom together, Lady Rosedene watching anxiously. She had seen something in the widow's dark eyes that boded mischief.

When Lady Fraser entered the ballroom—which she did an hour later than most of the others—all eyes were turned wonderingly toward her. The beauty of every other woman paled before the fire of hers. Art, elegance and luxury had exhausted themselves in her marvelous costume. She wore a dress of the palest green brocade, so pale as to be almost white; it was elaborately and beautifully trimmed with apple-blossoms; diamonds, shining like dew-drops, were scattered over the blossoms. The lovely hues of the flowers were shown to perfection in the wreath on her glossy hair; diamonds shone in it, and a diamond cross sparkled like fire on her breast.

A low cry came from Hyacinth's lips as she saw Lady Fraser's dress. She remembered the scene about the apple-blossoms. It seemed to the loving, wounded heart as though her beauty suddenly faded and the light of her life went out.

Alan evidently understood all that Lady Fraser intended to convey. He laughed when he saw the flowers; he laughed when people teased him; and those who remembered the little scene assured him that he was much honored. He laughed again when Lady Fraser raised her face to his.

"You will dance with the apple-blossoms, if you do not with me," she said; and the heart of the girl who loved him stood still with jealous rage, with hot, bitter pain.

Once during the evening the two rivals stood together. Lady Fraser said to Hyacinth:

"How well Mr. Branston dances! I am longing for a waltz with him."

"He does not waltz," said Hyacinth, coldly.

"You will see," the widow laughed. "You have forgotten all I told you about lovers' vows. He will waltz with me, I am sure."

Later on he did so; and Lady Rosedene, who was talking to Hyacinth, was startled by the spasm of pain that crossed the fair young face.

When the girl saw that, although the waltz was over, Alan remained talking to Lady Fraser, her jealousy became unbearable.

"Good-night, Lady Rosedene," she said. "I cannot bear it. I shall go home to-morrow, and then I shall suffer no longer. I—I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me!"

The last glimpse that Lady Rosedene and several visitors had of her that evening was when she left the ballroom, with a pretty blue-and-white shawl thrown over her shoulders. No one knew that she flung the shawl away as she passed through the hall to go to her room.

Chapter XIV.

AFTERWARD, every detail of that night was remembered — from Hyacinth's passionate cry, "I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me," to the insignificant occurrence that, while the ball was at its height, a stranger had called, and asked if Lady Fraser was staying at the Hall. Hearing that she was there, he had said that he would call on the morrow. Long afterward, one of the footmen, who was not quite sober at the time, remembered that this stranger had spoken of the size of the Hall and of the situation of the visitors' rooms.

Alan was the first to miss Hyacinth from the ball-room. He went at once to Lady Rosedene, who told him frankly the cause of her absence.

"If she is really cross," he said, "it is of no use my sending any message to her."

Lady Rosedene looked gravely at him.

"I think you are to blame," she said. "If I were in your place, I should not spend so much time with Lady Fraser."

He laughed carelessly.

"I shall not be much troubled," he replied, "when Lady Fraser's visit ends. She amuses me almost against my will; but I love my darling."

"Then why vex her?" asked Lady Rosedene, quickly.

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"I do not—that is, she ought not to be vexed. She knows I love her, and she ought to trust me," said Alan. "I shall be glad when Lady Fraser is gone; I have had a presentiment of evil ever since she has been here."

The last they saw of Lady Fraser that evening was when she stood, in all the brilliant glow of her beauty, talking to Alan. The light from the great chandelier fell on her beautiful face and imperial figure—on her diamonds, her rich dress and the lovely apple-blossoms. She was talking to him, and saying to herself that she liked him far better than any one she had seen, and that, if it could be managed, she would be the lady of Elmsthorpe, instead of the child who showed her jealous pain in her face.

Her dark eyes flashed and her red lips smiled as she bade him good-night. She said good-night also to Lady Rosedene; but the mistress of Dene was not very cordial to her; she could not forget the pain on Hyacinth's face or the despair in her voice.

"Gertrude," she said, somewhat sharply, "do you remember the old saying, 'Do as you would be done by'?"

Lady Fraser laughed a careless, musical laugh.

"I remember many quaint old sayings, but I never apply them to myself," she answered; and, as she hastened away, some of the apple-blossoms that had been fastened to her dress fell to the ground.

"They are all rather cross with me," said Lady Fraser to herself, as she reached her own room. "I do not care. I like him, and I shall win him for myself if I can."

It was long after midnight, and the whole household was wrapped in slumber. There was no sign left of the brilliant ball; the last carriage had driven away; the tired dancers, and the still more tired servants, had gladly sought rest. Lady Fraser alone felt no fatigue; she was full of high spirits and exultation; her brain seemed to burn with the different plans that came into her mind. Her maid took the jewels from her hair and her breast, and then she opened her window, that the cool air might take the fever from her.

As she leaned her head out in the moonlight, a man standing watching uttered a low cry.

"It is herself!" he exclaimed. "Now I shall see."

She did not remain there many minutes, but quickly closed her window, still smiling to think what she would and could do.

She had been for some time moving quietly about her room, when a noise, as of some one throwing sand or gravel at the window, attracted her attention. At first she thought it was fancy. But it was repeated again and again. Such signals could not have been quite unknown to her, for she suddenly grew deadly pale.

She went to the window and opened it. The man then stood underneath. He looked up, and in the moonlight their eyes met.

"You know me?" he said, briefly.

A low cry of wonder and dismay came from her lips.

"Is it you, Andrea?" she asked.

"Yes; I want to speak to you; you must come to me. Do you hear? I make no prayer; I say only you must come to me."

"I cannot," she answered, with a low moan. "I cannot get out of the house."

"You must—I repeat that you must! I have looked half England over to find you, and now I will see you—now—here—to-night!"

"I cannot, Andrea. Be reasonable; come to-morrow. I dare not," she moaned.

"I say come. You need not fear; only cowards fear. You think I shall hurt you; on my honor I will not. You know my power over you—do not hesitate. If you come now and speak with me, you shall return to your room unhurt; but I must have speech with you. I am a desperate man. If you refuse, I shall wake up the house and declare before all that which you know and I know. Quick—your choice?"

"I will come," she said.

She did not wait even to gather together the long, dusky hair that lay over her shoulders. She opened the door of her room, which was near the grand staircase, and looked out cautiously. There was no sound, nothing but darkness and silence. She knew of a side-door which opened with but little trouble into the grounds. If she could use that, she could get out in silence and no one hear her.

Cautiously she made her way down-stairs. In the hall lay a blue-and-white shawl. She lifted it and threw it over her head; then noiselessly unfastened the door and went out.

The cool, sweet night-air greeted her. Passing round the western end of the house, she met the stranger face to face. He seized her with almost savage force.

"I knew you would come," he said. "I am a desperate man. You lured me on to love you. You laughed at me when I asked you to marry me. I have searched half England to find you; and now I shall never leave you until you promise to be my wife. You may look at me. You think me mad. I may be. I have been mad, they say, since you played with me. But I am sane now, and you must listen to me."

She foresaw that she had a hard battle to fight, and that she must do the best she could.

What took place between them, no one ever knew. What was the secret of his power over her, no one ever understood. She walked with him for more than an hour, and then she raised a white, tired face to his.

"You will let me go now, Andrea," she said. And he watched her as she re-entered the house.

The beauty and exultation had all left her now. She undressed hurriedly, and flung herself, tired in body and mind, upon the bed.

She drew the blue-and-white shawl from her head, and folded her hands in it. Soon the dark eyes closed, and the beautiful woman slept. Soon dreams gave her back her happiness, and she smiled while her hands lay, warm and still, folded in the pretty shawl.

What that night saw, only Heaven knew; but one thing was quite certain—day never dawned for her!

* * * * * * *

It was late the next morning when the household began to stir. Lady Fraser's maid, Julie, waited some time before she knocked at her mistress's door, and then there came no answer. She went away, thinking that her mistress slept and did not wish to be disturbed. But the morning wore on, and she grew anxious at last. She could hear no sound, and could get no answer. She went in search of Lady Rosedene, who smiled when she heard the maid's story, but finally shared her anxiety. They went together to the widow's room, but all endeavors to rouse the sleeper were ineffectual.

"We must have the door opened," said Lady Rosedene, with a pale, scared face. "What can be the matter?"

They fetched the butler—an old, confidential servant of Lady Rosedene's—and he broke open the door.

Then followed the wailing and shrieking of women, speedily succeeded by the horror and anger of men. For the beautiful Lady Fraser lay dead, stabbed to the heart—stabbed in such a manner that she must have suffered little pain. Her closed, cold hands clutched Hyacinth Vane's shawl, and to the fringe of the shawl was fastened one of

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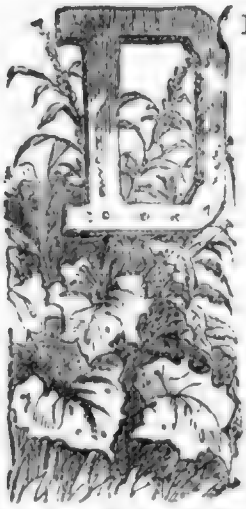
the blue cornflowers that she had worn on her dress. The servants tried to remove the shawl, but the dead hands clasped it with the clasp of death.

To one and all the same awful thought came. The young girl who had threatened her rival's life had surely accomplished her end; and there in the dead woman's hand, by the will of Heaven, was left the proof of her guilt. Her own words rang in all ears—"I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me!"

CHAPTER XV.



DENE HALL was filled with consternation. Colonel Halle undertook the superintendence; Lady Rosedene was quite incapacitated. All that she could say was, "I knew evil would come of it."

Even in the midst of her sorrow and dismay, she had time to reflect that her prestige was ended—that never again could people speak with satisfaction of her home. A murder had been committed there—a beautiful woman had been cruelly slain in the middle of the night. Instead of being the admiration of the whole county, her house would henceforth be shunned as the scene of a most cruel tragedy.

Colonel Halle, by dint of hard words, brought her back to reason.

"It is clearly," he said, "a case of murder, and the laws of the land must be obeyed; no one must touch the body or enter the room."

The last injunction came too late. When the rush of terrified women came, they disturbed the ornaments on the toilet-table; and no one remembered whether the window was found open or shut; all that was known was that the dead woman grasped the shawl in her hands as though she had grasped it in her last struggle.

Colonel Halle forbade its removal. He sent away the weeping women, he kept a watch on the chamber of the dead. He was a strong man and a brave soldier, but his eyes filled with tears as he picked up from the ground the beautiful spray of apple-blossom that had been worn on the white breast now stilled for evermore.

Very quickly the detectives came, and the whole ghastly machinery of the law was set in force.

No one ever knew who first uttered the fatal words:

"She must be guilty; her shawl was in the dead woman's hand."

Several guests of her own sex, with some women-servants, sought Miss Vane. No one could tell in the after days who was the first to enter the room where the girl stood in her white dressing-robe, her hair falling like a vail over her, her face colorless as that of the dead woman's, a terrible fear in her eyes, her white lips dumb. She leaned back against the wall, with her hand held out as though she would ward off some terrible blow.

Who entered first, who said first that she was guilty, who revealed that she had said over and over again that she would slay Lady Fraser if she took her lover from her, who repeated the last words that she had uttered in the ballroom when she hastened away with the blue-and-white shawl round her shoulders which was now clasped in the dead woman's hand, was never known.

The storm gathered, and the young girl stood there breasting it alone. Her own sex shrank from her with looks of scorn, with horror in their eyes, with fear in their faces. The room seemed full of whispers.

"She is so young," said one; "could she be so cruel?"

"She looks so fragile," remarked another, "it is a wonder that she possessed the strength."

"Hate is strong," was the answer; "and she hated her rival because she was jealous of her."

And all the time they spoke these words, Hyacinth stood dumb and motionless, with unutterable woe in her white face.

She never moved until, attracted by the crowd, Alan entered the room and saw her, the mark for all suspicion. She sprang to him, regardless of who saw or heard her; she flung herself upon his breast; she clasped her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Alan, save me, help me! Send them away; they say I killed her!"

And the words were wailed out in a voice that filled some of the people with pain.

He gathered her to him; he kissed the sweet, despairing face

"No one shall say so, my darling; I will take you away. No one thinks you did it; it is women's foolish talk. You shall go home; I will take you. Leave the room," he said to the ladies and women-servants who had gathered there. "Hyacinth, get ready to return to your father. I will stand outside here at the door, and see that no one molests you." He raised one white, cold hand to his lips and kissed it. "My darling," he added, "those sweet hands would not knowingly take the life of anything."

But, when she tried to arrange her dress, her hands trembled so that one of the women-servants had to help her. She was not long, however, before she was ready; but, when Alan led her from the room, he was stopped by a stern-faced officer of the law.

"That lady cannot leave the house, sir. I have a warrant for her apprehension for the murder of Lady Fraser."

"You are mad!" said Alan, "or rather those who granted such a warrant are mad!"

"I am very sorry, sir, I must obey orders. The lady cannot leave this house. When she does, it will be to go to Ulverston Jail."

Those who saw the scene will never forget it. The officer produced the warrant for Hyacinth's apprehension—he had ridden to the nearest magistrate for it—and the girl, her fair young face as white as death, clung to her lover, crying out that he must save her. Alan, mad with shame and despair, sent for Lady Rosedene, who came with Colonel Halle.

"You cannot allow such an injustice as this," he said; "it is too cruel! This young lady is under your care, Lady Rosedene. They shall trample my dead body under foot before they touch her!"

A voice rose from the crowd of women:

"She killed Lady Fraser because she was jealous of her!"

When Alan Branston heard the words, they smote him like a sword. The arm that had gathered her closely to him fell by his side. She raised her despairing eyes to his face.

"Oh, my love, my love!" she cried, "surely, if all the world fails me, you will not?"

Lady Rosedene's words bore fatal witness against her young visitor.

"I never thought you meant it, Hyacinth," she said; "although I believe she drove you mad with jealousy."

"I may have been mad," replied the girl, calmly, "I do not remember what I said; but I take Heaven to witness that I never injured Lady Frazer."

"If you are innocent," said Colonel Halle, "you will be able to prove it at the right time and in the right place."

He, for one, evidently believed in the girl's guilt.

The terrible scene was shortened by Colonel Halle. Under some pretext he drew Alan away, and during his absence Hyacinth Vane was removed under the charge of the police-officer.

The details of the terrible tragedy at Dene Hall were soon known all over the land. The newspapers discussed it fully; every illustrated paper had a view of Dene Hall; every variety of style was used in describing the tragedy—the pathetic, the sentimental, the monitory; but one and all of the writers agreed that it was the most awful crime of modern times.

How greedily people read the story of the handsome young squire who had so truly loved the young girl, although, manlike, he had thought it no treason to flirt with another woman! How they wondered about the young girl, who was said to have the face of a goddess! How they talked of the brilliant woman who had tried to lure the young lover away!

It was the old story, they said—love, jealousy, and madness. No one seemed to doubt Hyacinth's guilt—she must have done the deed. So the public read and talked, while at Dene Hall the dreary tragedy moved on. There was an inquest, and the verdict was "Willful murder." Then most of the visitors left Dene Hall. Colonel Halle, at Lady Rosedene's request, remained.

The saddest part of the tragedy was to come. Alan Branston determined that Francis Vane should not hear the intelligence from any one but himself, and he went over to see him. He lived out of the world—this scholar who had been so true to one love; but the moment his eyes fell on the young squire's face, he cried out:

"There is something wrong with my daughter!"

Alan tried to tell him gently—to break the news to him softly; but from the first moment in which he clearly understood, there was death in his face. He spoke at last, but his words were few.

"My daughter is in prison, you tell me, charged with the murder of the woman of whom you made her jealous?"

"Alas, it is so!" said Alan. "I would rather be dead myself than telling this to you."

"And, were I in your place, I would rather be dead than saying it."

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The tragedy was deepened when people heard that Francis Vane, scholar and gentleman, was found dead on his wife's grave. There was a smile on his face when they raised him, as though he knew the truth.

CHAPTER XVI.

HYACINTH VANE's trial, while it lasted, occupied the attention of all England—there had been no such sensation for years. There had been cases of poisoning and horrible murders, but nothing like this—a young and beautiful girl in her jealousy had slain the woman she believed to be her rival.

It was a trial that had been expected for many months; but the prisoner had been seriously ill, and it had been delayed until she was well enough to appear at the bar of justice.

The March Assizes at Ulverston were the general subject of conversation; every one was on the alert. The grand jury found a true bill, and Hyacinth Vane was to be tried for her life for the willful murder of Lady Fraser.

Hyacinth's father was dead, and, but for Alan, she would have been alone in the world. He would have lavished his whole wealth in her defense. He employed the cleverest and most eloquent counsel; he left no stone unturned; he wore himself to a shadow in his efforts—but circumstantial evidence was too strong for him.

The day of the trial came, and from all parts of England people went to see the heroine of the Dene Hall tragedy. There had been nothing like the excitement for years.

The evidence against the prisoner was strong. Ladies of unimpeachable veracity came forward and said that they had heard the prisoner threaten that she would slay the deceased if she took her lover from her; and those words, spoken by the girl in the mad frenzy of jealousy, meaning nothing then, had a very different and far more horrible sound when repeated in a court of justice. She had been heard to threaten Lady Fraser. A dozen witnesses could swear to the ill-feeling there was between the two. On the night of the murder they had quarreled; Hyacinth had been heard to say she would kill her rival if she took her lover from her. It was next proved that after those few sharp words, Hyacinth left the ball-room with the blue-and-white shawl round her shoulders. The same shawl was found clinched in the dead woman's hands, and fastened to it was one of the blue cornflowers Miss Vane had worn.

The evidence was strong; no one else had even a faint dislike to the hapless lady. The crime had not been committed for booty; her jewelry was lying about, but not even a ring had been touched. There was no possible motive to be assigned save jealousy; there was no one jealous but Hyacinth Vane. The evidence as to the shawl found in the murdered woman's hands proved that Hyacinth Vane must have been with her when she died; therefore she must have killed her.

So argued the prosecution, so thought the jury; and in defense what was there to be said? Most eloquent appeals were made by the clever counsel employed. They spoke of the prisoner's youth and beauty; they tried to show how impossible it was that a girl so young, so fragile, so weak, could have been guilty of so gross a crime. They made the most of one point—the absence of a weapon. But from the first it was evident that the trial was going against her. Perhaps her youth and beauty, instead of pleading for her, were against her. The jury had to steel themselves.

The evidence had told against her; one could read it in the faces of the jurymen, which grew graver and sadder—in the face of the judge, which was sorrowful with a great sorrow—in the weeping eyes of women and the bent brows of stern men.

The time came when the short sunshine of the March day was over, and a dull, yellow light filled the court—when the jury went out to consider their verdict, and the prisoner, white and cold as death, was led from the dock. The jury were absent for more than an hour, and when they returned it was to a scene no one ever forgot. Through the large windows could be seen the darkening sky, and the hoarse murmur of the crowd surrounding the court could be plainly heard. Tier after tier of eager faces was lifted, all eyes were bent in one direction. The gas had been lighted, and threw a curious livid hue on the hundreds of assembled faces. The one object of interest was the tall, slender figure of the young girl. She stood quite erect, her hands clasped, her fair, sweet face white as snow, her blue eyes lowered and drenched with tears, her lips closed like the bud of a white flower—surely the most pitiful figure ever seen on earth.

Women told each other afterward of the brave young lover who would not leave her, who watched every move-

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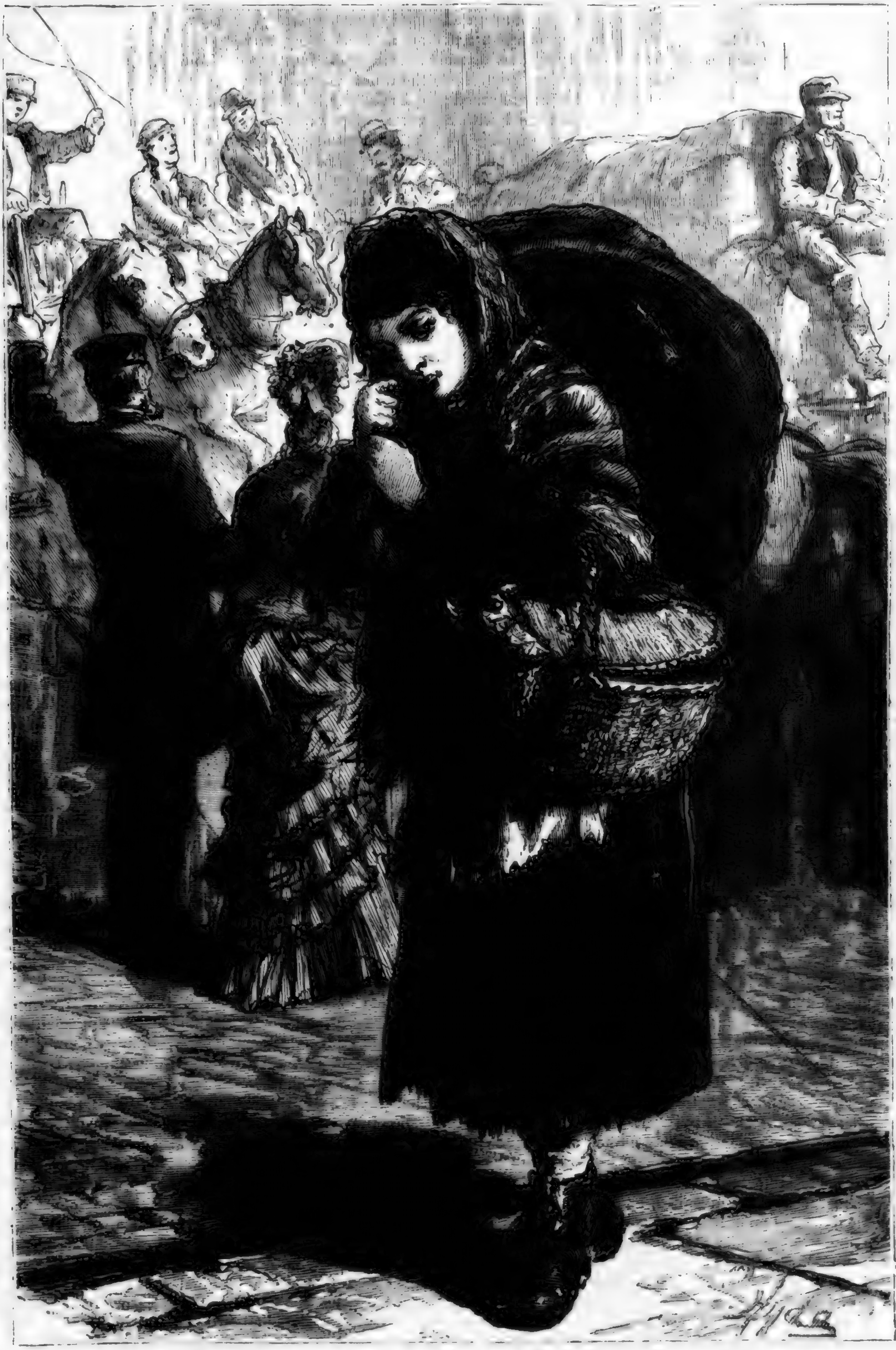

"THERE IS NO HELP FOR ME!"

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ment of the white hands, every expression of the sweet, white face; who listened attentively to every word for and against her; who sent little notes to her counsel, and looked as though he could annihilate every witness whose evidence told ever so slightly against her.

The sweet face grew even whiter when the jury returned; the girl's hands trembled, her blue eyes turned with a wistful, helpless look to the Squire's handsome face.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury—do you find the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

There was a moment's silence; one might have heard a pin drop; in the whole of that crowded court there was not a sound.

"Guilty!" was the word that fell like a death-knell; and the eager expectation gave way to a murmur of dismay.

"Innocent, I say, and I will prove it!" cried the young Squire.

And, looking at his troubled face, the judge refrained from rebuke. He passed sentence of death on her, while women wept and men shuddered. Death for that fair young girl with the angelic face—death for that fair, delicate body—it was too terrible!

It was over at last. The warders carried the prisoner away, as one already senseless or dead. No one interfered when the lover who loved her so well bent down as she was carried past him and kissed the sweet, silent face; no one rebuked him—there was deepest pity for him.

As the audience broke up, different groups discussed the verdict. Slowly enough they gave their opinion—she must be guilty; no one else could have done it. Yet how angelic she looked, and how dearly the Squire loved her!

Slowly the miserable March day ended; and the next day it was known all over the country that Hyacinth Vane had been found guilty and sentenced to death.

A petition was drawn up and numerously signed, praying that, because she was so young, and the evidence against her all circumstantial, the sentence might be commuted; but the Home Secretary, who had not seen the fair face, and the blue eyes drowned in tears, saw no cause for interference, and the law was to take its course.

What those days spent in the dreary solitude of the condemned cell were for the hapless girl, no one ever knew. The only grace that she obtained was permission from the Governor to have pens, ink and paper. She wrote all that she thought and felt. She kept those papers until she died; and she called them

A DREAM OF THE SCAFFOLD.

Some one has been into my cell and tells me that I may have pens and ink, that I may write all I think and feel; and my thoughts go first of all to my home.

There was a large bed of white hyacinths in the dear old garden at home; they were my mother's pride. When any one came to see her in the warm, beautiful Springtime, she would say to them, "Have you seen my hyacinths?" and then show them with such gentle pride. When she lay dying, with the light of the western sun on her face, they laid me in her arms. She could not see me for the mist before her eyes.

"You would like to kiss the baby," those about her said; and the sweet soul smiled, and would not tell them that the light had gone from her eyes.

She felt with her white, dying hand for the little face, and then said, with a smile:

"My dear little baby! Francis, I should like her to be called 'Hyacinth,' after my favorite flowers."

My father promised that it should be so; and I was named Hyacinth Vane.

Yes, I—Hyacinth Vane, condemned to die to-morrow—I was a little baby once, with my golden head nestling on my mother's breast, with my soft, pink cheek warmed by my mother's dying kiss.

I am to die to-morrow. To die! Oh, Heaven, what do the words mean?"

I raise my hands and look at them; they are white and warm. The warm blood courses through them. Is it possible that to-morrow they will be whiter still—cold and motionless? How can I die to-morrow, when to-day I am full of warm life?

The sun rises in the east, and touches the left side of the wall of my cell; at night it touches the right. Now it is between the two. The golden sunlight creeps so slowly along the wall. When it comes round here to-morrow, I shall be dead. Oh, stop, golden sun, while I think what that means! I shall be dead—my eyes will see no more, my ears will be closed, my lips dumb. I shall lie cold and still; but where shall I be—the "I" who thinks, speaks, feels and suffers? A cold, white body will be somewhere within the prison walls, but that will not be I.

I am to die to-morrow. I am nineteen years old—a girl, young and innocent, lying in Ulverston Jail, condemned to death—found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung by the neck until I am dead.

I remember the crowded court, the sea of faces, the hum of voices, the glare of the sun, the stirring of the vast crowd, and the deadly silence that reigned while the judge put on that terrrible cap, and said, "Hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

There was a stir, an excitement. One lady, who had watched the trial intently, suddenly gave an hysterical cry—

"She is so young! Is there no mercy for her?"

I heard murmurs all round me—I saw tears on many faces; but I did not think of myself. It was to me as though another girl stood in the dock, and I was so sorry for her. My mind dwelt on those words, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul!" If those wise and learned men wanted me to save my soul, why do they hurry me out of the world? Why not let me live to do it?

Slowly the golden light is changing on the wall; when it reaches the end of the window, the sun will set—when it sets to-morrow night, I shall be beyond it. I kneel by the side of the little pallet, and I pray that my fair young mother may never know that her white Hyacinth was accused of murder.

Slowly the sun-rays are creeping along before the terrible darkness of night comes—the darkness that for me knows no second dawn.

Let me describe what my cell is like. It is a square, cold, bare room, all white; yet it seems to me that the very walls should be black with sighs. The window is very small, very narrow. When I stand on the bed, I can see just one piece of blue sky. There are a chair and a white deal table. This is the condemned cell at Ulverston Jail. Strange tragedies have passed here; unhappy women have moaned their lives away, frantic wretches have knelt and clutched the hands of the chaplain and the warders. Soulless, saddened, brutal men have stupefied themselves with despair, and have died without a word; cowards have shrieked and raved, good men have prayed, while I——

Strange stories are told of the last night spent by those condemned to die on the morrow. Sometimes a stupor of despair comes over the criminal—a stupor from which nothing can rouse him—and he dies; or, bewildered, a frantic madness seizes him. Men who have to die at eight in the morning have been known, in a paroxysm of this madness, to almost kill the man who watched him.

In this cell, due precaution has been taken; there is a portion of it inclosed within an iron railing, which has no outlet into the cell. If the warder wants to go near the prisoner, he must go out of his own door and re-enter the cell by the door that belongs to it. The railed-off portion looks like an immense iron cage. The warder's bed is inside it.

I have heard of frantic men clutching those bars with shrieks that have made the blood run cold in the veins of those who heard. I shall try to die calmly; but I know that I shall be most terribly afraid.

Faster now and faster the light creeps along the wall. Oh, for one face to smile on me, for one hand to touch me, for one word of comfort!

I climb to the window and watch the blue sky. What mystery lies beyond it?

There is just a breath of the sweet Summer air. I lay my tired head against the cold stone wall, and shut my eyes; then—ah, then I am in the old garden at home, where the roses are growing, and sweet, old-fashioned flowers are full of perfume! The blossoms fall from the lime-trees, the bees are busy with the carnations, the butterflies woo the lilies, the golden sunlight lies over all. A bird with bright eyes and smooth plumage sings on a bough of white pear-blossom. Oh, dear and gracious Heaven! how fair it is, this warm, sunlit, fragrant world!

I watch the swallows on the eaves; I watch the blue and white pigeons circle in the air. My heart grows light and gay with all this loveliness around me; yet there is a feeling as of some impending dread. I hear the wood-pigeons and the shouts of children at play. I can see the gray church-spire, and a voice calls, "Hyacinth, where are you?" "I am here, father," I answer, in my dream; and I see my father walk down the broad path bordered by white lilies. A sudden sense of security and freedom from all danger warms my heart. I throw my arms round him, and then, with a deadly chill, with a terrible horror, with mortal dread, with keenest anguish, I awake.

Ah, dear Heaven, it was but a dream! I am miles away from the garden at home, and I have looked my last on my father's face.

It was only a dream. My head lay on the stone wall, one sunbeam touched my face; yet so vivid had been the dream that the odor of the lilies seemed to be around me.

I cannot cry. My eyes burn, my heart swells, all my tears have been dried long since; but a great sob comes from my lips. Oh, if I could but escape through the narrow window, were it only to fall dead on the ground beneath!

My dream has unnerved me; the song of the bird on the pear-tree is with me still. I hear the low ripple of the little brook over the pebbles; I hear the soft, sweet chime of the church-bells; I know just now that the sunlight lies low on the hills, that the haymakers are leaving work, that the children are wandering through the woods, that the birds are calling to each other, that the cows are returning from the meadow, that the sun is beginning to set amid a great mass of crimson clouds, that the wind is whispering, and the trees stir their great branches in languid answer.

Never again will sun set, or bird sing, or flowers bloom for me. Never again will the reapers, passing me in the green lane, greet me cheerily. All sweet sounds of earth have ceased for me.

If I could but stop that changing light! It is on the right side now, and it is growing fainter. A cold, horrible shudder comes over me; my limbs tremble; an unutterable anguish burns my very soul. I give one long, lingering look at the blue sky. Shall I see it to-morrow, when they take me out, shame-stricken, to die before the eyes of thousands? Shall I notice either the sky or the sunlight then—I, who have loved them all my life?

Then comes another pause. I dream again. This time I am standing in the churchyard at home, with a group of laughing girls around me. The great oak-trees and the stately elms line the path that leads to the porch; great tendrils of ivy reach the ground; birds sing gayly in the heart of the green trees; the bells are ringing merrily. I stand there laughing as gayly as any of them. Near us is a large white marble cross with crimson roses growing over it; on that cross I read my mother's name. Suddenly one of the girls turns to me and says: "I do not see your gravestone here." Another answers: "No; Hyacinth Vane was buried in Ulverston Jail." And they all fall back from me with a terrible cry.

I wake with great drops of anguish on my face. While I have slept, the light has grown dim, and the sun has set.

The light men love so well and call the gloaming has set in; strange shadows lie in the corners of my cell, strange sounds fill my ears; every few moments a curious sensation comes over me—a loss of memory and a confusion of thought. Once I fancy that the face I love best on earth is smiling into mine; I fancy I am kneeling, with my head on my lover's breast, and his dear arms around me. I forgive him, my dear love, whose disloyalty has brought me here. I forgive him, and love him with all my heart, as I always have. But, when my senses return to me, my head lies on no lover's breast; I have fallen upon the stone floor, and have barely strength to rise.

Ah, my love, I shall never more know the clasp of your hands! I said hard words, cruel and bitter, in my jealous rage, but I never meant them. I would have given my life for you, not have taken the life of one you loved.

Hyacinth Vane guilty of murder! It seems absurd, as though one broke a butterfly on a wheel, or racked with torture a feathered songster. My whole heart faints at the sight of pain.

I hated her for her beautiful face, for her proud manner, for her false, sweet words, for her insolence to me: but slay her? Dear Heaven, I had neither the strength, the courage, nor the will to hurt one hair of her head!

I hated her; she had robbed me of more than my life; but slay her? Ah, me, how foolish the wisest of men are! If I had been a judge, and they had brought before me such another girl as myself, it seems to me that I should have looked in the girl's face and said:

"That child a murderess? What nonsense!"

Though my judge looked sorry for me, yet he certainly believed I had done that shameful deed.

I shall stand before another Judge to-morrow, and He will know; there will be no injustice then—no untruth. I shall find Infinite Mercy. My earthly judge has failed—on these hands of mine no stain of blood rests.

And now the last faint light must be dying out of the skies at home. My hours grow fewer. I must pray now, while my senses are left to me. I must beg Heaven to forgive all my sins.

What is my worst sin? I made an idol of my lover. I worshiped him as one should only worship the great Creator. I gave to my lover the love I should have given to Heaven. For that sin I must pray for pardon. Again, the sins of hatred against the beautiful woman who stole him from me, of burning jealousy, of bitter words, of longing for vengeance—for those sins, and no other, I have to suffer to-morrow a shameful death.

I am sorry for her, lying in her grave, her bright beauty hidden for ever from the eyes of men; but I pity myself more. Thousands of curious eyes will look on while I

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die. There will be no one to prove that I was innocent. My father, my friends, the girls I loved, the children I played with, will all believe me guilty; and for fifty years to come they will tell at Dunwold the story of how Hyacinth Vane murdered Gertrude Fraser out of jealousy and revenge. There will be no one to defend me and say I was innocent. The little ones I have nursed will grow up into men and women, and to their children in their turn they will tell how Hyacinth Vane murdered her beautiful rival, and died in Ulverston Jail. There will be no one to tell the truth. I hate to think that Elsie Vane's only child—"the little white Hyacinth," as she was called—shall for all time be branded with the name of murderess.

I kneel down and pray as well as I know how. I remember my sins, and ask pardon for them. And then I ask that I may die bravely; that I may not cry, or shriek, or faint; that I may not cling to the kindly chaplain, whose heart aches for me; that I may not cry out to the seething multitude. I ask—and I never stop to think whether it be right or wrong—with woeful tears, that my mother may come and be near me on the scaffold when I am about to die.

It is quite dark; and a strange sound comes to me. It is like the hum of a multitude—a confused, horrible sound. The jail at Ulverston stands facing one of the wide streets, and clearly enough I recognize the sound of an enormous, surging mass of people.

They are come to see me die!

I fall upon my knees with a passionate cry of terror and pain. Hundreds and hundreds of people will tell each other how they saw Hyacinth Vane hung. I remember having read with wonder and amazement in the newspapers that to see a fellow-creature die men and women will walk for hours, will stand for hours, shouting, singing, jesting, giving no thought to the pain of the doomed one's last moments. Oh Heaven! under the bright, blue, beautiful sky, can such things be?

Then another sound freezes the blood in my veins. What can it be, this muffled hammering? Oh, I know! At night, with the help of torches, they are erecting the scaffold on which I am to die! I hear the sound plainly, and I cry out with passionate terror and pain—loud, bitter cries! I cannot restrain them. This brings my fate home to me. Who will save me? Who will help me? Oh, Heaven—oh, mother—I am so young, and I must die!

I fling myself upon the ground. I am half mad with fear; and the cruel sound of the hammering, the shouting of the crowd—of a vast multitude, seem to grow clearer. How they will rejoice when I stand before them to-morrow to die! For it was a cruel murder, and they all believe me guilty. I could make no defense, except that I had not done it.

My passionate, woeful cries ring through the vaulted passages. Some one must have fetched the governor, Captain Longmore, and the head matron, Mrs. Martyn. I hear the key turn in the lock; my sad, longing eyes gaze out into the corridor, and then the door closes. I am shut up in the condemned cell, and the outer world has gone from me.

It is Mrs. Martyn who raises my head from the cold, stone floor, and, looking into the governor's face, says, quietly:

"It is very sad for her to hear that noise—it is bad enough without that."

The governor's face darkens.

"It is bad enough altogether," he replies; and I wonder in my own mind whether he thinks me innocent or guilty.

I may mention that this tragedy of mine took place thirty years ago, when it was the custom to hang men and women alike before the scoffing gaze of thousands.

My passion of terror has exhausted me. I feel that my face is white and still like that of a dead woman. I cannot unlock my lips to speak; my eyes are closed.

"I will lay her on the bed," says the matron. "She ought to sleep until the bell tolls."

The governor shudders, strong man though he is. I feel him tremble as he raises me in his arms.

"Hanging men is bad enough," he says; "but a woman—a fair, delicate girl like this—I would as soon be hung myself as help in it!"

"Do you really think she did it?" asks the matron, in a whisper.

"The law has pronounced her guilty. Surely the judge and the jury must have had pretty good evidence, or she would not be here. I am bound, as governor of the prison, to believe her guilty, and to see that she is punished; but, if you ask my opinion as a man with a judgment of his own in the matter, I should say that she is innocent—that a white dove is far more likely to slay an eagle than she to murder a girl young as herself. I believe another thing, Mrs. Martyn, and it is that, if she does not have either wine or brandy, she will be dead before to-morrow comes."

The kindly matron says:

"Let her die, Captain Longmore. Only think what it will save her, if she could die here, and now!"

"I dare not," he answers, slowly. "I must do my best to keep her alive. I shall order some wine."

It is brought to him; and they try to pour it down my throat. I endeavor to open my lips, but I am quite powerless.

"She is dying!" cries the matron. "What shall we do?"

They send for the prison doctor, and he comes in haste.

"Dying? Is she, poor child?" he says. "I wish that I dared let her die!"

But he dares not. He does all he can to bring me back from that shadow-land, to keep me alive, that to-morrow thousands may look on in the bright sunlight and see me die.

Slowly, under his skill and care, my eyes open and the blood stirs in my veins. I read the very yearning of pity in the doctor's eyes. The sound of the hammer with its mighty, muffled blows is more clear and distinct. I catch his arm.

"Doctor!" I cry, "send me where I——. Oh, I cannot bear to hear that noise!"

He turns from me with a groan; and the governor says:

"You cannot leave this cell. Try not to hear it, Hyacinth Vane!"

* * * * * * *

Four hours later. The sun has long since set, the birds are surely resting, the flowers all fast asleep; the great, beautiful wings of night are spread over the world; the wind is hushed, the trees are still. The noise of the hammer has ceased, and my heart, which seemed to throb painfully at every stroke, beats more regularly.

The moon must be shining, for across the narrow window falls a ray of light—faint silver light. Ah, me! how often have I watched it lying on the lilies and roses at home! I have seen it on my lover's face, when it has given to it the beauty of a Greek god. I shall never see sweet silver moonlight again.

I can hear the surging, the subdued noise, of the vast crowd. I know that men and women are waiting outside—lying, standing, sitting, through the long hours of the sweet Summer night, just to see me die. A hundred memories sweep over me. Again I go over the tragedy of my love—the love that has been my doom, my fate—that has brought me here to die; and I say to myself—may Heaven forgive me if I am wrong!—that my love was so dear and so sweet, it made me so unutterably happy, that I would rather have had it, even were it to be followed by the punishment of death, than have been without it and have never known it—ten thousand times rather!

I think of every hour I spent with Alan, and my heart grows warm again. Unutterable anguish, the very extreme of sorrow and woe, have followed my love; but it lives in my heart, and will never die. They will kill me to-morrow, but they will never slay my love. The best part of us never dies.

I remember her—the tall, dark, brilliant beauty whose eyes alone would have lured any man to his ruin. There is no stain on my hands; they are white and clean. I hated her, but I would not have hurt a hair of her head. There comes to my mind, as I lie in the darkness and the silence, a horrible story.

We had a fair at Dunwold every year; and when I was about ten years old I was allowed to go to it. The thing that struck me most was not the booths, the stalls, the amusements, the people or the fun, but a man who carried a large board on which were painted the several scenes of a murder. I remember every detail of it, even the sound of his voice as he shouted out the story.

It was of a mother who had murdered her child by throwing it upon a large, blazing kitchen fire. The picture that thrilled me most was a representation of the condemned cell, in which the hapless woman sat staring helpless at one corner, where the murdered child stood surrounded by a bright light. The man chanted the mother's words: "By night and by day the child stood always in a corner of my cell, looking at me with such sad eyes." There was no silent figure reproaching me; for on my soul lay no sin of murder.

The darkness increases; and the matron, who has asked to remain with me for the night, sleeps. I can hear her calm, regular breathing, and it seems to me that my pain is increasing. My restless sighs awake her, for she opens her eyes and says:

"Can you not sleep? Would you like to get up?"

I thank her, and try to lie still, so that she may rest.

* * * * * * *

Oh, the horror of that last night, spent, as it were, under the outstretched hand of death! I cannot tell if I slept; my very senses were steeped in fear and dread; but there came a time when the darkness seemed to enfold me, and I remembered no more.

When I opened my eyes again, a pearly light lay across the window. The sun was rising; it was the last sunrise for me. In my mind I saw it all—the rose-red clouds, the birds actively in quest of food, the flowers with dew on their leaves, the cool, sweet earth; I saw all the beauty and color at home.

A pitying voice asked would I take some tea. My lips were parched, my mouth burned, I longed for a cup of water even, and the cup of tea was most refreshing; yet I could scarcely drink it—the recollection that it was my last almost prevented my swallowing it.

Six o'clock—and at eight I had to die! A strange calmness came over me, a stupor that froze all my senses; I could not even pray—and I had been so anxious to pray! The chaplain came in then, and the others stood apart that he might talk to me. I raised my dazed, miserable eyes to his face, the kind, good face that in my distress and horror had been to me as that of an angel.

"I have but two hours," I said; and then it must have been the sight of the tears in his eyes that brought mine, for I fell weeping at his knees, crying to him that I had to die—to die!

He turned away his head with a sob.

"She is only a child," I heard him say—"only a child." He recovered himself. "Let us spend the two hours in preparing for heaven," he said; and then he told me how much it was to be desired that I should make a full and free confession of my crime, with all its details.

My crime! That had been loving my lover too well, not the murder of my rival. I could only look into his face and cry out:

"I am innocent! Do you not believe that I am innocent? If I had been guilty, I should have told you before. Do you not believe me?"

"The law has found you guilty, my poor child!" he said.

"The law is unjust!" I exclaimed.

He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Hush, my poor child!" he said. "Remember, you are at the threshold of another world; there should be calmness at the gates of death. If you are guilty of the crime for which you are going to die, then accept death as a just punishment of your sin; believe me, child, the scaffold as well as the cross has opened for some the gates of heaven. If you are innocent, give your life cheerfully. You can die a martyr's death."

"Ah, me!" I cried out in my bitterness, "you do not realize how frightened I am to die!"

Until just before the terrible hour struck, he prayed for and with me. He told me what I should have to suffer, how great would be the ordeal of stepping out from the dark gloom of the prison walls into the bright sunlight, where thousands of faces would be turned eagerly toward mine. He told me, when deadly fear seized me, to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

As he talked I grew calmer, and the thought entered my mind, "If men pay such a man as this with gold, what will his reward be in heaven?"

Calmer? I had need to be calm. There was a hush in my cell, a roar from the crowd outside, then a solemn and terrible pause; one voice said, "Poor child!" another, "Lord have mercy on us all!"

"Hush!" said the governor, imperatively.

Ah, I knew—I knew. The cell door opened, and a man came in with rope in his hands.

"It is time," he said, in a low, harsh voice.

He took hold of my arms to pinion them. I cried out to him:

"Pray let them be free! I will be docile, silent, motionless; only let my arms be free!"—those white, rounded arms that had been clasped round my lover's neck. With a passion of despair I kissed the little hands that had gathered the lilies in the garden at home. They were warm now; only a few minutes more and they would be dead.

The man turned aside for half a minute when he saw me kiss my hands; and then my arms were pinioned to my sides.

The dread moment was drawing terribly near. The bell began to toll, and the warders came. Was I a coward, that I cried aloud in my agony for Heaven to help me—that woeful cries and passionate words came from my lips? Was I a coward, that I turned my white, dazed, miserable face to the chaplain, telling him I was so frightened? I was almost dead with fear. I saw strong men turn away with great, tearless sobs, and one woman fell fainting to the ground.

The roar and cries of the crowd were quite audible then, and the solemn tolling of the bell sounded above all. The procession was pitiful enough to make an angel weep. All the stern majesty of the law was arrayed against one poor, white, trembling child, whose hands were bound; grim, stern men—the Governor with his military bearing, the warders with their impassive faces—were leading me to death. We were in the corridor then, and the solemn words of the Burial Service cut my heart in two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life——"

Hush! Hark! What was wrong? Such a cry rose from hundreds of lips! There was a surging and a rush in the vast crowd; there was a strange sound within the prison walls. The warders halted; the chaplain's words died on his lips; the Governor stood still.

"Stop! A reprieve! Stop!"

It was as though a whole nation shouted with a mighty voice, "Stop!" And then men came running up the corridor, one bearing on him the marks of travel. He hastened to the Governor.

"A reprieve!" he said. "I ought to have been here two hours ago, but I was delayed by an accident. I am not too late; thank Heaven," he added, "that I am not too late!"

"A reprieve!" cried one to another; and from the crowd there rose a mighty cheer that seemed to cleave the bright blue sky.

Some one unpinioned my arms. I could not realize, I could not understand what was passing. When my hands were free, I caught the outstretched arm of the chaplain. I raised my face to his; no sound came from my parched, parted lips.

"You are saved!" he said.

And then Heaven in mercy sent a dark mist, a dark cloud, that shut out everything; and so my dream of a scaffold ended.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILE Hyacinth Vane suffered in prison, a long agony began for Alan Branston. He was as sure of her innocence as he was of the truth of Heaven, but he was quite powerless—he could do nothing; and the time was drawing near when the last and most terrible act of the tragedy was to take place.

He left no stone unturned; but what could he do? He went to Dene Hall and sifted all the evidence over and over again. It was of no use; nothing seemed to be of the least avail. He spent whole days in trying to obtain a farewell interview with her, but he could not obtain it.

There were times when his misery almost maddened him; when he blamed himself wildly for his folly; when he cried out that his own weakness had cut short two fair lives; when he would have given his heart's blood to have undone what he had done.

One morning, two days before the day for the execution, there came to him a note, written in a quaint, trembling hand, headed from Mary Street, Leicester Square, and signed "Andrea Fieschi"—a note from a dying man, who begged of him to go without loss of time and see him on a matter of life and death.

Alan was there before three hours had passed, and, on inquiring, was told that the Italian gentleman who occupied the drawing-rooms was supposed to be dying; he had met with an accident some months before, the landlady said, and had never been well afterward.

"Go to him," cried Alan, eagerly, "and tell him that the gentleman to whom he wrote—Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe Grange—is waiting to see him."

In a few minutes he stood by the bedside of the dying man—a handsome man, and evidently a patrician—who looked into his face with dim, wistful eyes.

"You are Alan Branston?" he interrogated.

And the answer was a quick, almost impatient "Yes."

"You loved and wished to marry Hyacinth Vane, now in prison for the—the murder of Gertrude Fraser?"

"Yes," said Alan; and the dim eyes looked more keenly at him.

"You have suffered," remarked the stranger. "I see lines on your face, white threads in your hair. I see signs of anguish and woe that have known no rest and no cessation. I should not tell you my secret now, but that I know I am going to die, and the telling of it cannot hurt me, while it may save her. Send for a magistrate, and what other witnesses you desire; I will tell my story once, and all may hear it."

* * * * * * *

Alan Branston, Mr. Barton, one of the keenest London magistrates, and Alton Chevril, one of the barristers who had done his best in defending Hyacinth, were all assembled in the dying man's room. He looked at them with steady eyes and a calm face; he hesitated one half-minute, while Alan's heart beat so strongly with excitement and suspense that it seemed to him every one must hear it.

"I am perhaps quixotic in what I am doing," said Count Fieschi; "but my doctors say that I shall die before forty-eight hours are over my head, and I may as well save that young girl's life if I can. I have done many bad actions, and a few good ones. I have cheated the law and the scaffold. I may tell you that I murdered Lady Fraser; let me add, also, that if ever a woman on earth justly deserved her fate, she did; that if the time and the opportunity came again, I would repeat the deed. No weak, sickly thought of repentance has urged me to confess all this. I am dying, and that young girl may live."

Mr. Barton caught Alan Branston, as his tall, strong figure swayed to and fro; the wonderful strength that had upheld him so long gave way now that there was a glimmer of hope. Count Fieschi smiled a slow, satirical smile.

"Give him some brandy," he said. "I know what it is. I once loved a woman like that, and she deceived me. Let him listen to me; tell him time is short."

"Time is short," whispered Mr. Barton in Alan's ear; "every moment is worth gold, and we have so much to do."

The words were magical in their effect; Alan stood up again, and again the Count smiled.

"I understand it," he said. "I loved a woman just as much as that once. Who teaches women? Not Heaven, I am sure. There is no art so cruel but that they understand it; there is nothing they cannot do. The woman I loved and slew knew all that the world of coquetry and cruelty holds. She was one of those cursed with a beautiful face, who used the beauty Heaven had given her to work misery and destruction among her fellow-creatures.

"Let me tell my own tale—what she did to me. I tried her in my own mind, condemned her, took the law into my own hands, and slew her. Let me tell you what she did. Three years ago I was good in heart and soul, devoted to my country. I had great hopes, fiery ambition; I longed to imitate the great men of my native land, and devote my life to her service. *Bella Italia*—I had no other love.

"I met the siren who has wrecked my life, admired her, and for a time resisted her. I said to myself, 'No love but that of Italy.' I steeled my heart against the warm glances of her eyes, against the lovely smiles of her red lips, against the touch of her white hands; and, when she saw that a few sweet smiles and looks would not move me, she set to work to ruin me.

"She did not love me—not in the least; but she had a thirst for conquests. Men's hearts were playthings to her; she loved to torture them. She saw that I had resolved to steel my heart against her, and she resolved to win me. She never gave me any rest until she had made me love her!

"Do you know how we Italians love? We love with a fire such as you cold Englishmen never know. She lighted this fire in my heart solely to gratify her own vain love of conquest. She made me love her; and I loved her as madly as any man ever loved a woman. I laid my heart and soul at her feet, and then she was content. I lived in a fool's paradise for a few days; then I asked her to be my wife. She laughed at me; and my hot blood boiled with rage. I said to her:

"'You have aroused the love in my heart—you must be my wife.'

"She laughed again, and the fire burned more fiercely in my blood. I swore that she should be mine. She was frightened, and tried to temporise by a few soft words and looks.

The day came when she spoke of returning to England, still laughing at the notion of being my wife. We had angry words, and I swore that if she did not keep the promise she had made me, I would follow her to the end of the world and kill her.

"Patriotism, country, honor, fidelity—all became less than nothing to me. I bore my pain until I could bear it no longer, and then I followed her to England. I read in a provincial newspaper that she was at Dene Hall. I knew her well—if I had asked after her in the broad daylight, she would have evaded me; so I went to her window by night. I gave her a fair chance for her life. I asked her to marry me, and she refused. We talked for an hour. She was beautiful—I could not kill her; I let her go back into the house again. Then I brooded over my wrongs—brooded until I grew mad.

"'She must die!' Under the stars I swore that she should. I climbed to her window, and entered her room. She lay fast asleep, her hands wrapped in a small blue-and-white shawl. Ah, Heaven! shall I ever forget the sight—the lovely face so placid and still, the red lips parted in sleep?

"I had no mercy—I stabbed her to the heart. She died instantaneously. She never moved, or stirred beyond clinching her hands; and I went as I had come—but I had had my revenge. Open that locked box; here is the key. You will find in it the dagger that I used. It is an old heirloom of the Fieschi family.

"You will say that Heaven was quick to punish me. As I climbed the outer wall of the park, my arm caught on a great rusty nail, and my flesh was torn even to the bone. I took little notice of the wound; but my neglect has ended fatally. It is a just punishment, you will say—perhaps it is.

"Now you have little time to lose. Hasten to the Home Secretary. The girl is quite innocent—he will respite her. Do not trouble about me; I shall soon be dead."

Save that the police were directed to watch, Mr. Barton, Mr. Chevril, and Alan did just as he had advised. They went all three together, and the Home Secretary did all in his power to help them.

When the reprieve was safe in his hands, Alan had even then a hard struggle before him. There were no telegraph wires to Ulverston; he had to engage a special train—and that was delayed by an accident. He was only just in time to save Hyacinth's life.

When she woke from her long swoon, it was to find his arms round her and his kisses warm on her face.

"Oh, my love," she cried, "the agony of the past weary night!"

He looked at her.

"Think no more of it," he said; "this is the golden dawn."

* * * * * * *

Count Fieschi died that night; and before another day had passed his confession was spread all over England. People read it with wondering eyes. How foolish they had been, to think Hyacinth Vane guilty!

* * * * * * *

Hyacinth stood by the green grave where Francis Vane slept with his wife, the girl's heart still throbbing and beating with the atonement that had been made to her. She and Alan were married; and he had brought her to the spot she loved best.

"It seems to me, Alan," she said, "that the whole country has in some measure tried to atone to me—I have had any number of letters of sympathy; but nothing can give him back to me—the dear father whom that awful shock killed."

"We need not wish him back, my darling," returned Alan; "he lives in the light of the Golden Dawn."

Again she laid her fair head against the marble cross.

"It seems so strange, Alan," she said, "to begin life again. I had thought it all ended."

"It will be a life that shall be as bright as Heaven's blessing and human love can make it," he told her; "and it begins for us, my darling, in A GOLDEN DAWN."

THE END.

UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.

"I AM half distracted, Captain Shandy," said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine. Do look into it—it is not in the white."

Honest soul; thou didst look into it with as much innocence of heart as ever child looked into a raree-show box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes, and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun. In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right! There is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle, but one lambent, delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, Uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

THERE is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's surface, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they who read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

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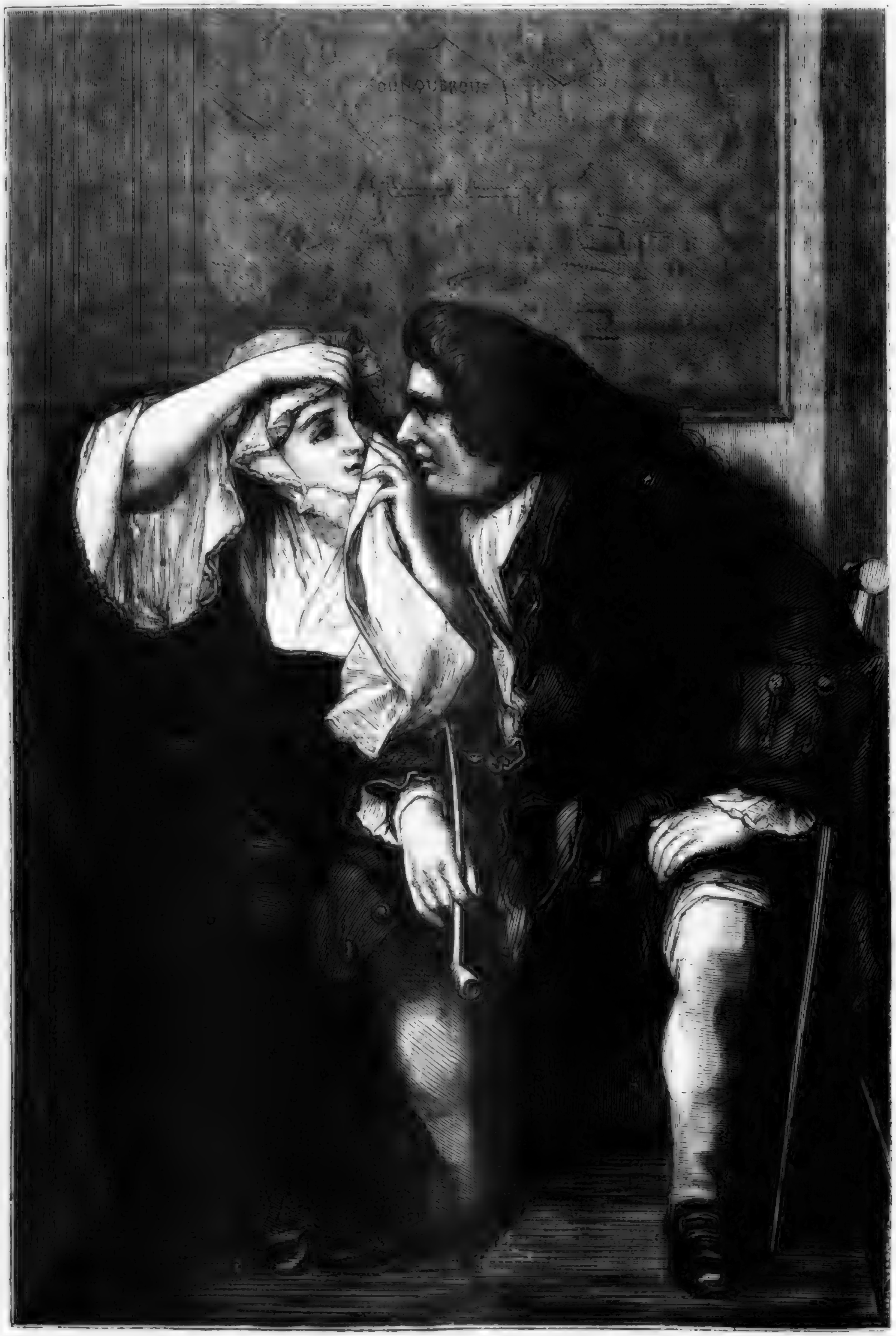
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UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.—SEE PAGE 335.

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A LIFE SACRIFICE.

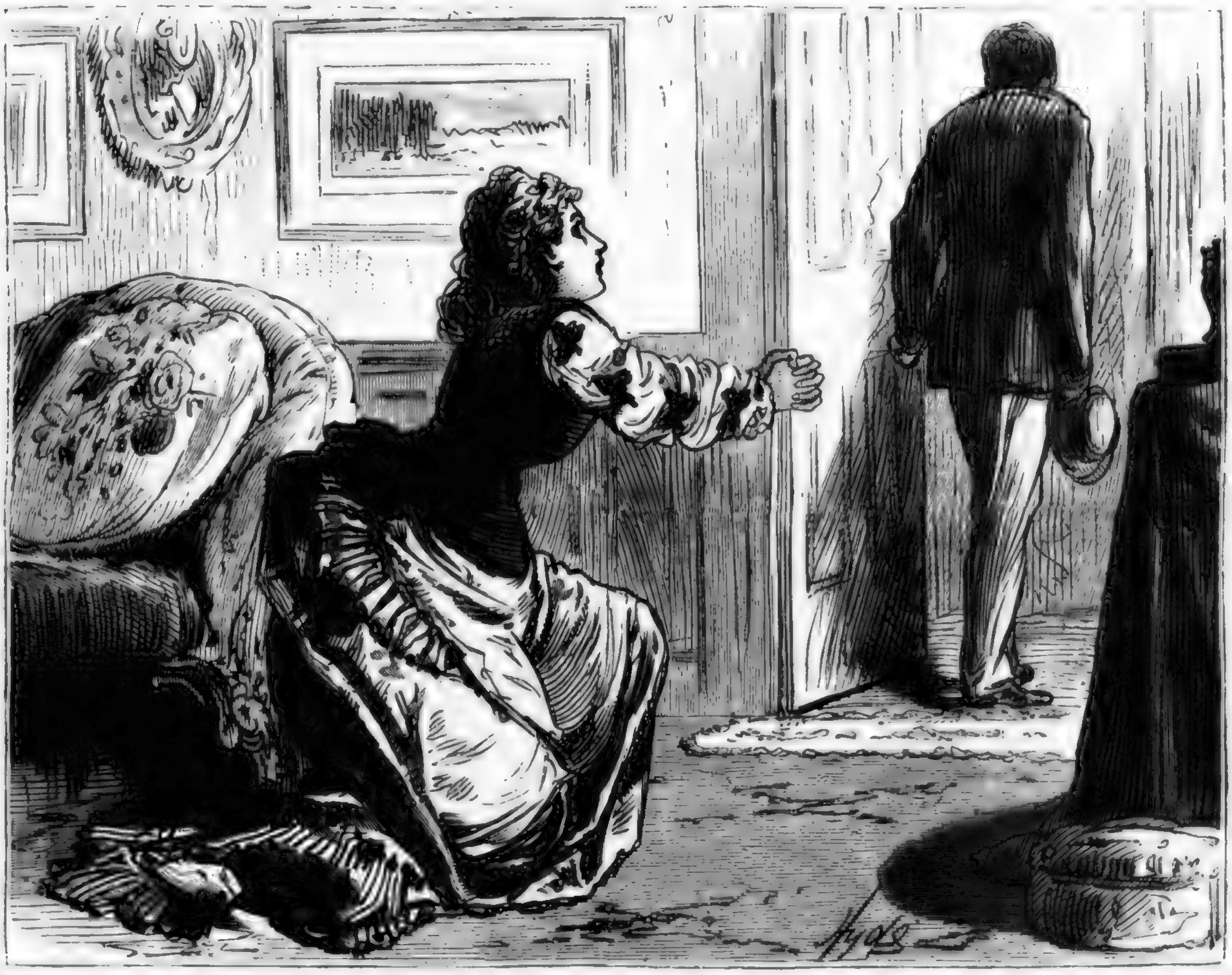
THEODA PENTECOST, at eighteen, was one of the most perfect women it was ever my good fortune to meet. Never mind who I am; the incidents I am about to relate passed under my notice, though it was not until long afterward I knew the motives and meaning of much that puzzled me at the time the actions came under my eyes.

When Theoda was eighteen her father died, leaving her a very moderate fortune, but sufficient to keep her above the necessity for work. She continued in her old home, part of her heritage, and her uncle Amos, a bachelor who had lived for years with his brother, Theoda's father, still retained his room in his niece's house.

Not that she liked him. With a grand, full, womanly nature, she scorned the snake-like twistings of her uncle's mind, manifested in his thin, sallow face, his bead-like black eyes, ever shifting and glittering, his thin lips and cautious speech. She used to say:

"Uncle Amos cannot bid you good-morning without first consulting the sky, to be sure you cannot find one cloud to threaten him with a bad morning."

James Pentecost, the dead brother, was a man of altogether a different stamp—a broad-shouldered, heavy-voiced man, with frank brown eyes and a jovial manner. Widowed after two years' married life, he had given his whole heart, overflowing with love, to Theoda, and the two were inseparable. No governess could win Theoda's obedience so quickly as those who held up some companionship with her father for a reward. No lessons were so perfect as those learned at his knee; and when he died there was actual fear that the girl would lose her reason.



A LIFE SACRIFICE.—"HE TURNED UPON HIS HEEL AND LEFT HER, NEVER SEEING THE WHITE FACE, LIFTED DESPAIRINGLY, THE LITTLE HANDS STRETCHED FORTH IMPLORINGLY, BEFORE THEODA FELL ENTIRELY INSENSIBLE UPON THE FLOOR."

But a year later, when resignation had come to her poor, sore heart, the glorious, bright beauty of Theoda again made her a belle in her own small town, and her active mind took up the long-neglected studies and employments. The old housekeeper, who had been a second mother to her, found her once more bothering about the pantry, as of old, and scolded at the muss she made, while her heart sang to welcome her back. The gardener had again a pretty tyrant over him, and Amos Pentecost smiled grimly when the piano once more answered the touch of her skilled fingers.

"Grief don't kill!" he muttered, "though she did make such a fuss over poor James. Well, I'm glad she has done moping!"

She was not moping, but blushing brightly over a closely written letter one morning, when a servant told her Mr. Pentecost desired to see her in the library. Because that one burst of heart-sunshine was the last she was ever to know, let me describe Theoda Pentecost as she stood up to obey the summons, carefully folding her letter.

The morning sun struck into her room, brightening every object there, and wrapping her in its glorious light. Her dress—a soft, white wrapper, with knots of black ribbon down the front—fitted her tall, noble figure loosely, leaving freedom for every graceful curve. Her head, small and shapely, was set upon a round, white throat with a majestic carriage, and crowned with braids of richest chestnut hair, shining in the sunlight like burnished bronze. Her eyes were large, of the softest brown, with long lashes and well-arched eyebrows of dark-brown, and in their depths could be read the true, noble nature they mirrored faithfully. Every feature was delicately chiseled, and the sweet,

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sensitive mouth was graced with rows of pearly teeth. But above the beauty of form and face, the soft, creamy complexion, the grace of every motion, was the pure womanly soul that gave the gentle, dignified expression to Theoda Pentecost's face.

Her lips and eyes smiled as she put her precious letter away, whispering:

"I will write to-day. He shall not want the help my love may bring him."

Then she went to the library, where the sallow, wiry little man she tolerated for relationship's sake sat awaiting her, nervously toying with a paper-folder as she entered; so nervously, in fact, that he dropped it, and fumbled under the table for it a moment or two before he seemed to know that Theoda was present.

"Jane said you wished to speak to me."

"Yes—yes—take a chair. It will take some time to tell you all I wish to communicate. It is of vast importance to you—vast importance."

Theoda took a chair, thinking, half contemptuously, that her uncle was more fussy than usual.

"You—you are well acquainted with Paul Whyte," Mr. Pentecost said, still fingering the paper-folder and avoiding Theoda's eye.

"Well acquainted with him!" Theoda said, with an accent of strong surprise. "Has he not been the tame-cat of the house for some fifteen years?"

"Now, really, really, Theoda, that is not the way for you to speak of a man who has half a million of money—half a million!"

"He is an idiot, though!"

"That is another of your impetuous speeches. I wish that you would weigh your words before you use them."

"Were I to weigh that speech as carefully as you weigh each one of yours, Uncle Amos, I should but repeat it. It is late in the day for you to express surprise at a fact we have all known for years—that your ward, Paul Whyte, is imbecile!"

"Now, that is the mistake we have all made, and, unfortunately, with grave results. When Paul came of age last week, the court decided that he was competent to manage his property."

"So much less care for you. You are always complaining of the trouble it has cost you since my father died."

"Yes, it was troublesome. But to return to what I called you here to say. You must be aware that Paul loves you."

"I think he has asked me to marry him, once a week at least, since I was ten years old."

"But now he is of age, he comes as a man to renew the offer, Theoda, through me. Remember his wealth!"

"Why should I? It does not make it less a fact that he is simple-minded, a man to pity, to treat with the gentleness we accord to children, not a man to marry, Uncle Amos. I thought you knew me better than to imagine his money would influence me."

The keen black eyes looked furtively as the noble face flushed a little with scornful indignation.

Suddenly the man leaned forward, and catching Theoda's wrists, held them firmly while he said, in a low, concentrated voice:

"You *must* marry him. Not for his money, but to save your father's good name!"

"Who dares assail my father's name?" Theoda cried, vainly trying to release her wrists from the vise-like grip upon them.

"Listen to me, and do not interrupt me again," was the reply, in the same intense but low tone. "Your father was Paul's guardian for years, until he died, and I took his place. We always supposed the trust would be lifelong, as the boy was so feeble in intellect, but some demon possessed him to assert his own independence, and the courts have decreed that he shall not be under control any longer. It was necessary to settle up the affairs of the estate, and"—here Amos Pentecost's voice sank still lower—"we found your father had used nearly fifty thousand dollars fraudulently!"

"It is false! I would not believe it if the whole world told me!" Theoda cried, wrenching herself free.

"It is true! Worse than that, Paul Whyte holds the papers that prove it. He will publish them to the world unless he shield's his *wife's* father by destroying them."

"I will not believe it!" Theoda cried, passionately. "My father was incapable of committing a dishonorable act!"

"Paul Whyte has just left me. These are his terms. Here is the letter he left for me to deliver to his attorney, if you consent to his wish."

With half-blinded eyes, Theoda read the paper her uncle pushed under her eyes. It was written in the straggling, schoolboy hand she recognized as the one upon various love-letters in her possession. It read:

> "MR. WEST: You need not do anything with the papers you showed me implicating my late guardian, James Pentecost, until you hear from me. PAUL WHYTE."

"Well!" Theoda said, in a hard, cold voice, strangely unlike the passion-laden accents of her last speech.

"When you consent to marry Paul, those papers will be destroyed."

"I presume it will make no difference in the monstrous bargain you propose, if I say that my love is all given elsewhere?"

"Reginald Drayton?"

"Yes. I love him, and an hour later would have accepted a proposal of marriage he made me to-day."

"A beggarly artist!"

"A *man*, if he has not his cousin Paul's bank account."

"You will thank me, one day, that I chose for you the possessor of the bank account."

"Never! To shield my father's good name I would lay down my life! But I shall never thank the hand that drives me to the living death you choose for me!"

"But you consent?"

The eagerness in Amos Pentecost's tone was but half-suppressed, but Theoda, looking her own misery in the face, did not notice it, as she answered, in a cold voice:

"I consent. But first I must see Paul Whyte."

The nervous fingers clutched the paper-folder hard, and an ashy pallor swept across the sallow face, but Amos Pentecost's voice did not waver as he said:

"He will be here for his answer in an hour."

How it dragged its weary length along! Theoda would not return to her own room, pacing up and down the long drawing-room. She heard Paul come in, heard him go to the library, and a few moments later saw him enter the drawing-room. He was faultlessly handsome in feature and figure, but the vacant eye and silly mouth masked every beauty. Theoda shuddered as he came quickly toward her, his face beaming with joy.

"Stay one moment," she said, waving him off, as he would have taken her hand. "You know how often I have told you, Paul, that I could not be your wife, could not love you as your wife should."

"But your uncle said——" he began, in blank consternation.

"My uncle said you had papers—papers——" the words actually choked her.

"Yes, yes—I know! If you marry me I will never tell anybody about them. Never! I am of age now, and I am to do as I please with my money. But if you break your promise now, I'll tell everybody about Mr. Pentecost! I will!"

"I will marry you! Never mind all that!" as he would have embraced her.

"But mayn't I kiss my wife?"

"Wait until she is your wife!"

And not waiting for further remonstrance, Theoda left the room.

The morning sun no longer shone upon her windows. A gray, cold mist filled the air, and suited well the set, white face, the despairing eyes that looked into such a blank future. Paul Whyte's wife! The life companion of a man who could barely read and write, who had been through the best schools, had special tutors, had been the object of the most pains-taking care for years, and yet was surely imbecile! How her father had toiled to waken any dormant intellect that might lie in the dulled brain! Her father!

The girl shook as if with a heavy chill. Her father! She had worshiped him above her Creator all her life. She had thought all manliness, all honor, all integrity was comprised in that one word—father! And he was defrauding the ward whose very imbecility should have awakened all honor in his guardianship.

What mattered her life now? Perhaps Reginald, too, was a cheat—a liar. If her father was false, there was no man to be trusted. As well try to find consolation in Paul's wealth as in Reginald's love. Dollars and cents were tangible. Love and honor were dreams.

How the few hours had hardened her! The rosy dreams she had cherished since she knew Reginald loved her, the sweet comfort she had taken from his lips after the first crushing sorrow of her father's death was over—all these were gone for ever. And where all tender sweetness had lurked in her expressive eyes, her sensitive mouth—now hard, stern purpose looked coldly from their depths, and drew rigid lines upon the fair face!

It was well for her resolution that Reginald Drayton called while every nerve was yet strung to its utmost tension. Later, she might not have been able to turn to him such a cold, pitiless face. He was sure that she loved him, reading only too truly a nature far above all coquetry or deceit.

To meet a cold reception wounded him sorely. His face fell as he saw the white, hard one that greeted him, and Theoda shivered as all the glad light faded from it. The dear face she loved, that had none of Paul's beauty of feature, was rugged and strong, brave and true, with the light of genius in the large, dark eyes.

"You received my letter?" he faltered, pausing in his quick advance toward Theoda's chair.

"I did. It will answer all you ask me to tell you I am betrothed to your cousin Paul."

Surely, if she had sinned it would have been a sufficient punishment to meet the utter amazement in Reginald's face. He paid her the compliment of profound astonishment at first. Then, very slowly, as if his mind could scarcely grasp the fact, an expression of deepest contempt succeeded that of surprise upon his face.

"You—you will marry my cousin Paul?"

She bent her head in reply.

If only he would go, taking the simple statement she had made for answer!

"And you amused yourself with me," he said, in a voice whose deep tone could not hide its furious emphasis. "You played at love, while you schemed for gold. I could find it in my heart to kill you, if you were worth an honest man's rage. I believed you noble, pure and true—a woman only a little lower than the angels. Had I guessed what manner of heart you carried under your beautiful face, I would have stricken my right hand off before it penned the words that you have answered. Pray forget that your conquests included one honest man's love—that you had won a love that would have died to serve you. I wish you every happiness you deserve, as my cousin Paul's wife!"

He turned upon his heel and left her, never seeing the white face lifted despairingly, the little hands stretched forth imploringly, before Theoda fell entirely insensible upon the floor.

Her face was so ghastly when next her uncle saw it, that his coward fears took a new form. She might die before the wedding; she might take her own life before she gave it to Paul Whyte.

With a terror no one divined, Amos Pentecost formed his plans. He decided to go to Europe, and impressed it upon Paul that the marriage must be hastened before his departure left Theoda without a protector. And Paul, hoping Theoda would be gentle and kind, as she had been from his boyhood, when once they were married, urged haste as eagerly as Amos Pentecost desired.

Theoda was passive. What mattered it how soon the sacrifice she had determined upon was made? Whether it was a month or a year seemed as nothing, since it was to be. She let her uncle send milliners and dressmakers to her, and would give no orders save general ones.

"Whatever is suitable," she said, and took no note of the extravagant costumes sent her, the incongruous trousseau that resulted. Even her wedding-dress was the result of the dressmaker's taste, with no word of direction or comment.

Amos Pentecost insisted upon a grand wedding, and met with no opposition. So, pale and passive, the bride passed from his nominal care to that of his late ward, and by the next day's steamer the uncle sailed for Europe.

It had been his last act to refurnish Theoda's house for the future Mrs. Whyte, and Paul left his rooms at a fashionable hotel for his future home—the only real home he had ever known. He had not proposed a bridal tour, and Theoda proposed nothing. So when their married life was but twenty-four hours old, the ill-matched couple found themselves in the drawing-room, cleared of the traces of last night's festivities.

"Theoda," the bridegroom pleaded, "you are my wife now, and your uncle is away. Won't you smile as you used to do? Won't you speak to me as you did before you promised to be my wife?"

"Paul," she said, "I want those papers. I want to destroy them—now, here!"

"The papers Mr. West said were forgeries?"

"Yes. Give them to me!"

"I gave them to your uncle this morning. They harmed no one but him, you know."

"Say that again!" Theoda screamed.

"The papers your uncle forged harmed no one but himself."

"My *uncle* forged?"

"Don't screech so, Theoda! Your uncle said you knew all about it."

"My uncle!" she moaned, sinking back, shivering, in her chair. "Oh, the villain! Oh, my heart will break!"

"What is it, Theoda? What troubles you?" Paul asked, his voice tender with love.

"Tell me what you wrote to Mr. West about the papers?" she said. "What name did you write?"

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"None, Theoda. I never wrote to Mr. West about them. I only took them away and kept them until this morning, when I gave them to your uncle. They were so clever, Theoda! Anybody would have sworn I wrote them all, and I never wrote one!"

So the note was another forgery!

And yet, in her wretchedness, there rose in Theoda's heart a comfort that gave her back much of the womanliness she had crushed down in her despair. Her father was innocent. Fool that she had been ever to doubt him! She could worship his memory once more, could think of him with the love of her life. It made her pitiful to the pleading face lifted beside her.

"Paul," she said, gently, "I am not well. I have suffered much in the last few weeks. Be patient with me, and I will try to be all you want."

In answer he softly stroked her hand.

"Poor Theoda!" he said. "Was that what made you so white and strange?"

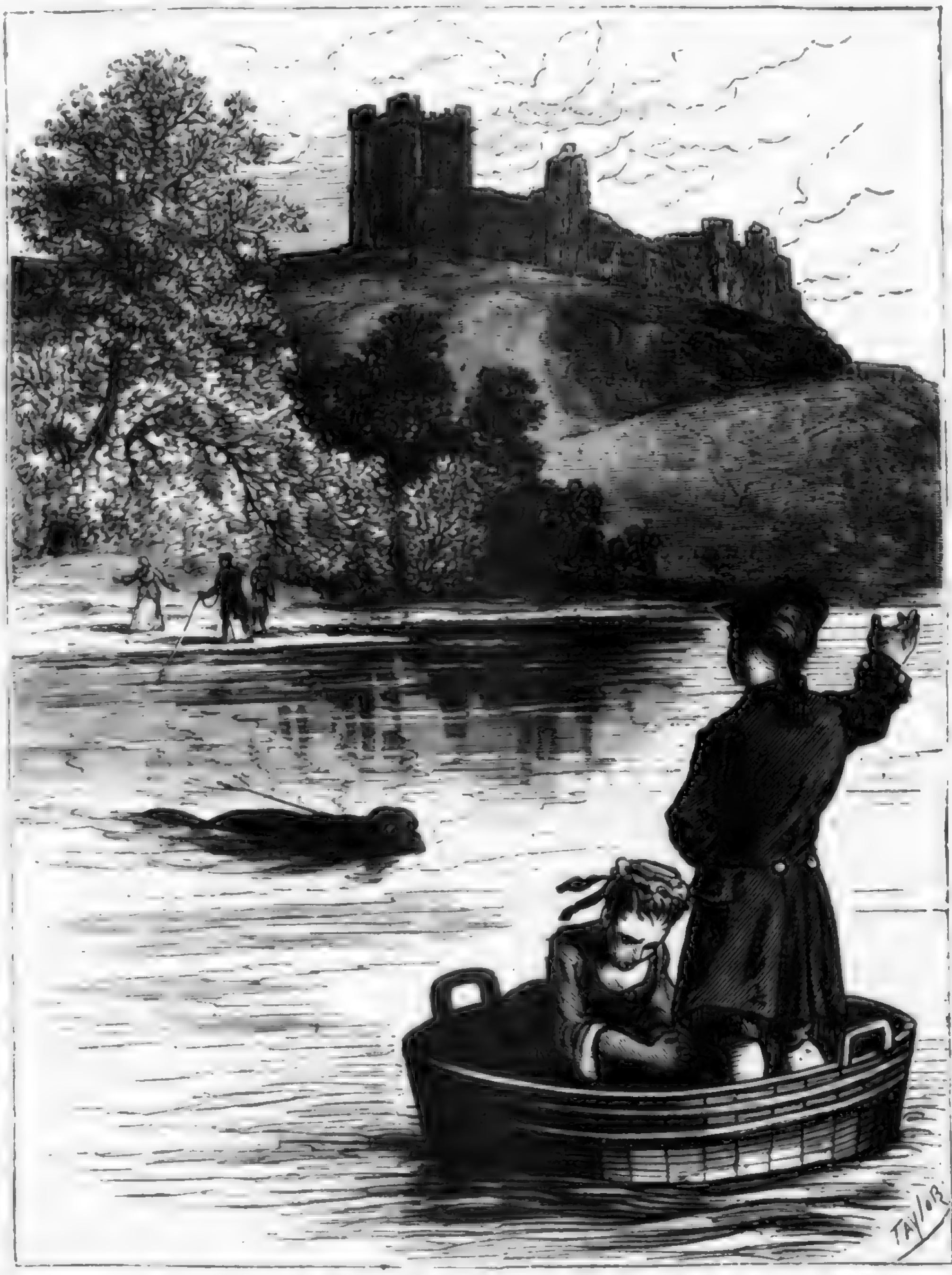
"Yes. I am better already, Paul. Soon I shall be quite well."

It touched her deeply, now that she had opened her heart to softening influences, to see how he pitied her.

He brought her a glass of wine, he shaded the lamp from her eyes, and then he sat a little apart from her, watching her anxiously.

Poor Paul! How he had loved her since they were little children together! How her father had trained her to be gentle to him! telling her, while she was almost too young to solve the mystery, that "God kept part of Paul's soul in Heaven, and his little girl must never be impatient or cross to his afflicted ward."

She remembered in the days long gone how Paul had learned from her when no teacher could reach the weak brain. She had taught him his letters, to read, to write the straggling hand.



A TALE OF A TUB.—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SYDNEY SMITH.—SEE PAGE 343.

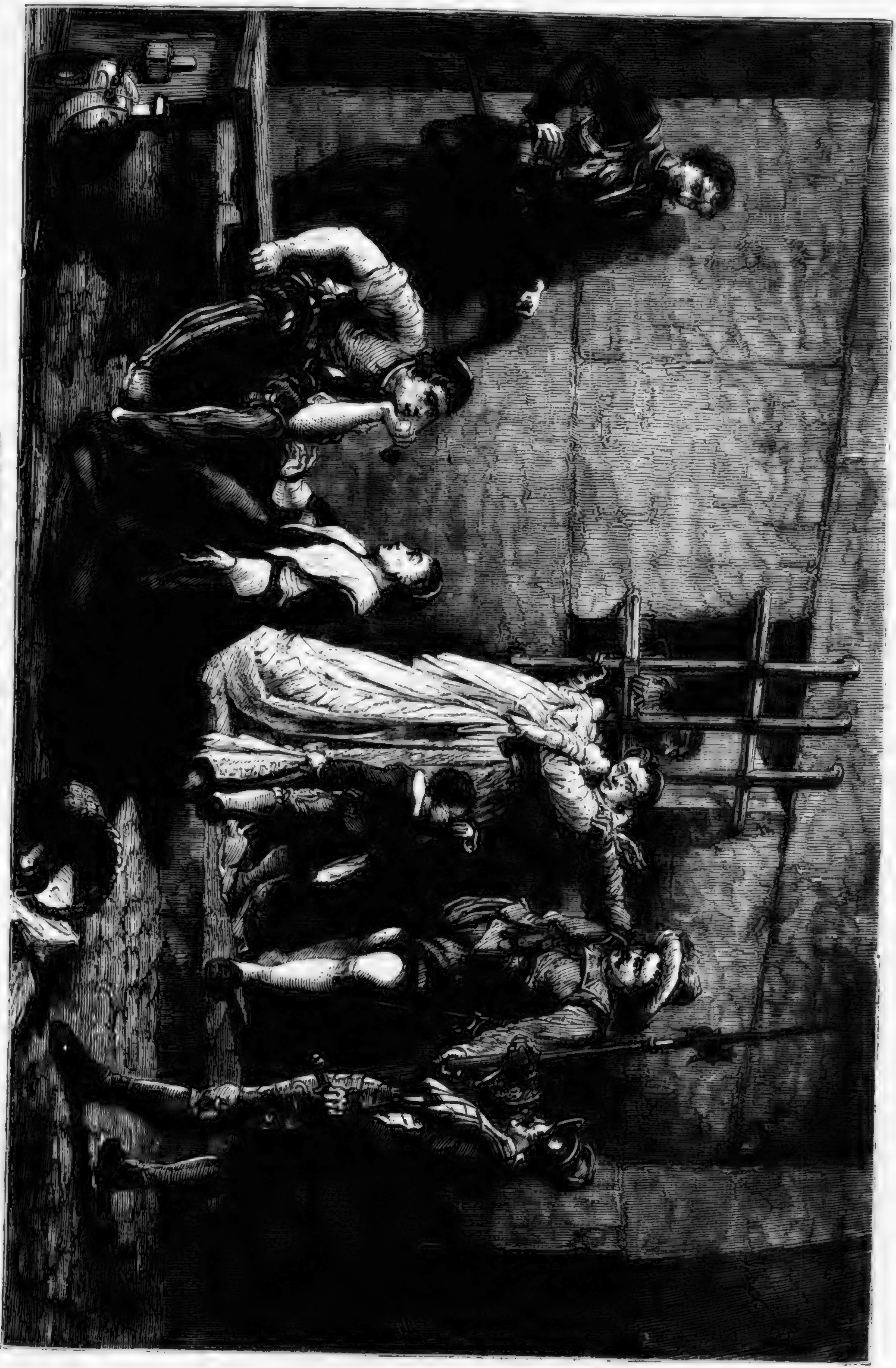
And now! Before her Creator she had promised to be true to the poor fellow, whose only fault to her had been loving her too well. All joy was gone from her life. Her love was a sin now, and must be crushed out. But there was a duty clear before her newly roused conscience, and she lifted it to her heart.

Just as a tender mother would guide and strengthen a child Heaven had afflicted, Theoda guided Paul; and beside her he was a gentle, docile pupil. His mental affliction had never led him into vicious desires, and even as a child he had always been willing to follow any loving guidance. So in the strange marriage that blighted Theoda's life, she found some comfort in striving to lift her husband above the imbecility that was his curse.

She read with him, and it gladdened her to find her pupil slowly learning to understand her teachings; she talked with him, ever tenderly, and knew that her words rested in his memory when all other impressions faded. She gave herself up utterly to this new wifely duty, and found her reward in a success beyond her hopes.

And yet her life was one long martyrdom. Caring little for society, she went into company, to opera or concert, because it pleased Paul to see her admired. Fond of intellectual pursuits, she neglected the food her own mind craved, to take up the weaker subjects she could teach Paul. A musician of no mean order, she passed over the studies, the difficulties she had delighted to conquer, to play simple airs for Paul, to sing the songs he loved.

Her bitterest trial was when her husband insisted upon her sitting to his cousin Reginald for her portrait. She dared not give him the true reason for her refusal, for Paul's jealousy was unreasoning, and extended even to a bird or cat she petted. Her only hope was that Reginald



THE HUGUENOT PRISONER.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY V. MERLIG.

would refuse the commission. But that hope failed when one evening Paul entered the drawing-room where she was seated, with his cousin.

"I had to fairly pull Regie in, Theo," he said, with his harsh, silly laugh, "but here he is."

The grave bow that Reginald accorded her was devoid of the scorn she dreaded.

"I am glad he is here," continued Paul; "now we can get the picture. Regie, will you paint Theo's picture for me—all in white, like an angel?"

The wife shrank a little, remembering her last interview with the grave man facing her. Then, conquering herself, she looked up with brave, true eyes.

"Paul is very desirous to have the portrait, Reginald, and I desire to please him. Will you paint it?"

"If you desire it," he answered, gravely.

"That is right," said Paul. "I have to see Mr. West, Theo, at nine o'clock. Keep Regie till I come back. I will not be long."

So these two were alone for the first time since that parting when Reginald's farewell had been almost a curse. There was a moment of deep silence. Then Reginald said, very gently and gravely:

"Theoda, when I saw you last I did you a bitter injustice. What your motives were in marrying my cousin I can only conjecture; but your life proves I wronged you when I accused you of heartless or of mercenary conduct. Paul has told me enough to show me you sacrificed yourself to save your uncle from disgrace."

Theoda hid her face. Even to Reginald she would not own the whole truth.

"I know how your life is spent in striving to throw some light upon poor Paul's dulled mind, and I honor you now as never before, seeing how you have taken duty where love left your heart vacant. Theoda, can we bury our past and be true friends? Will you let me help you, taking my old place with Paul, being your own brother and his?"

"Thank you," she said, cordially, though her face was still very pale. "You have lifted a load of sorrow from my heart, Reginald."

Then, fearing more personal topics, they talked of Paul, true friends both to the poor fellow, though one was his lawful heir and rival, the other the wife whose hand had been won by a base fraud.

They were still conversing when he returned, radiant with pleasure that Regie was once more beside him, a guest in his house. He talked of the picture, of the way Theoda must arrange her hair, of the attitude he preferred, the dress she must wear. He made his cousin set the hours for the sittings, and would have all preliminaries settled before he took his leave. And when Reginald was gone, he talked half the night of the promised picture.

This was Theoda's greatest trial. She loved her hours of solitude, and she had seldom one. Paul grudged every moment she spent away from him, and in his happiness he talked incessantly. Any subject that pleased him must form the theme of almost ceaseless babble, seldom rising above the chatter of a child, but calling constantly upon his wife's attention. These were hours when it seemed to Theoda that she would go mad if the continuous, monotonous voice could not be silenced. But when gentle interest failed, and she could only endure in silence, she prayed for patience, and it was granted her. She had taken up her burden voluntarily, though bitterly deceived, and she would not murmur, even when its weight seemed crushing her.

In a few days the picture was commenced, Reginald throwing all his heart into the task. Theoda came punctually to his studio, always with Paul, and there was some relief in her task when Reginald talked to his cousin, and she could sit silent. Often the low voices lost all meaning to her, and she sat dreamily looking before her, conscious only of a deep sense of repose.

Even after the portrait was completed, Reginald came often to take Paul away for a drive or a walk. It was characteristic of the two that they avoided all intercourse, save when Paul was present. If he was out when Reginald called, the visit was postponed; if he had engagements, Reginald left the house with him.

He knew, and Theoda knew also, that they could only keep down dangerous memories by making Paul the ever-present bar between them. Not that they thought even of the possibility of the old love springing up again, but the pain of the separation was keenest when they were face to face, and it was easier to bear when Paul called upon one or the other for attention.

And Paul, whose weak brain left the whole strength of his nature to concentrate upon his affections, had ever given his heart's whole love to Theoda and Reginald, his one friend and dear cousin from boyhood. The trio, once more united, shared every pleasure; and when the Summer suns grew hot, all three went to Paul's country-seat together for a few months of fresher air.

The first suggestion Reginald made was to procure a boat; for at the foot of the lawn a river rippled by, and the artist was a good oarsman. The tiny pleasure-boat he bought was softly cushioned and repainted, and upon the bow was the name *Theoda*. Every evening the three spent an hour or two upon the water: Reginald rowing, Theoda steering, while Paul watched the water and often sang in a thin tenor voice. He was utterly happy in those Summer days.

His lawyer, Mr. West, lifted all real business care from him, though he nominally governed his own estate. Theoda made her whole life subservient to his pleasure, and Reginald shared her self-imposed duties. Many hours he spared her now, by taking Paul for long country strolls, sending him to seek wildflowers for Theoda, while he sketched busily, or letting him lie beside him upon the soft grass, and talk ever of Theoda.

The Summer was waning, and Autumn winds were already stirring, when one evening before sunset the cousins and Theoda started for a row, the last one they purposed taking before returning to town. The wind was fresh, the air chilly; but Paul had pleaded for one more sail, just one, and, as usual, his wishes were law for the others. They floated idly with the current, chatting, dreaming, singing, till Reginald, rousing himself from a long reverie, suddenly discovered that they had been carried far beyond the point where he had intended to turn. To add to his dismay, heavy clouds were gathering across the skies, and the wind was steadily increasing in force.

Not wishing to alarm his companions, he turned the boat silently, and motioned Theoda to take the helm. Then, with long, vigorous strokes, he bent to his task of hastening homeward before the storm broke. But even in the first few minutes the wind proved his enemy, and he found his labor was to be no light one. Half-way home the storm burst, the rain fell with sudden fury, and Paul, starting up in a paroxysm of unreasoning terror, capsized the boat. In a moment they were all struggling in the water. Reginald was the first to rise, and, shaking the water from his eyes, saw Theoda clinging to the boat, which floated upside down. He reached her in a moment.

"Put your hands on my shoulders," he said; "I can easily carry you ashore."

In her terror she would have obeyed, but the agony of pleading in his eyes roused her to the deeper significance of their position. In both hearts the same thought rose. Only that feeble life, sinking now, lay between them and happiness.

"Save Paul! He cannot swim! I can hold here till you return!"

As she spoke, Paul, already unconscious, rose beside them. Reginald grasped him, and struck out for the shore, fortunately not far distant. It was a dead weight he held, but he reached the bank safely, and found there a group of men, who had seen the accident.

"Take care of him," Reginald gasped, and, waiting for no answer, plunged again into the water, and struck out for the boat. It floated still with the current, but the numbed, chilled hands he had last seen grasping it were gone. Only the boat itself mocked him, as he looked for the precious life he had come to save. He plunged in again and again, diving till he was utterly exhausted, vainly. Not until all strength was gone did he reach the bank, so feeble that he fainted as soon as he was ashore.

Not until noon of the next day was the fair, cold form found by those searching for it. The sweet face was placid and beautiful as if in sleep, and no mark showed that her death was not a quiet sinking into eternal slumber.

Before Paul saw her, she was robed in spotless white, with flowers about her face and in her hands. But the truth came home to the bereaved man with a force that struck away all light from the feeble mind for ever. With a cry he dropped beside his dead, insensible, to awaken to a life of blank idiocy.

The law gives to Reginald the control of Paul's property, and he voluntarily assumes the whole care of his cousin. One hour in every day these two spend beside a tall marble shaft, marked "Theoda"; and Paul waits there, whispering softly:

"She will come soon for me, will she not, Regie? Theoda will come for Paul soon?"

And Reginald, looking at the wasting figure and the sunken eyes, answers, with sad truthfulness:

"Yes, Paul, she will come soon."

A TALE OF A TUB.

An Incident in the Boyhood of Sydney Smith.

We believe it was Sydney Smith who said that in time of danger absence of body was better than presence of mind, and most people will be inclined to agree with the genial divine. The following anecdote of his boyhood will show, however, that the future wit evinced the possession of the latter quality at an early age.

At the time of which we write his father occupied, with his family, the habitable part of a ruinous old castle near Woodford, in Essex, and at a short distance from the castle was a sheet of water, large enough, in English eyes, to be dignified with the title of lake.

Young Sydney, although unable to swim, was passionately fond of boating, but his aquatic aspirations were sadly restricted by the fact that he had no boat, and his father being decidedly opposed to his venturing upon the water at all, was not likely to provide one for him.

In this dilemma, Sydney's inventive genius soon found a way of overcoming the difficulty. Taking his little sister into his confidence, he surreptitiously possessed himself of a large tub from the castle laundry, and, persuading her to accompany him, launched it upon the lake. Provided with a small piece of board as a paddle, the adventurous young navigator managed to paddle his unwieldy craft into the very middle of the lake.

He was greatly elated by his success, and waved his paddle triumphantly aloft with the air of a conqueror. Alas! it slipped from his hand, fell into the water, and floated off beyond his reach, leaving him without any means of propulsion, at the mercy of the winds and waves.

There was nothing for it but to cultivate patience, and wait for succor; so, like a new Diogenes, he remained seated in his tub, trying to calm the fears of his sister, who was now badly frightened and crying bitterly.

It was not long before the perilous position of the two children was noticed from the house, and soon the father and mother, with all the household at their heels, ran down to the bank in great alarm.

Indeed, the situation was one of real peril. The crank, topheavy craft in which they were embarked seemed ready to capsize every instant, and the agonized father could think of no means of rescuing his darlings that did not involve so much loss of time as to invite a catastrophe.

A favorite dog had followed the others to the shore, and, as if understanding that something was amiss, several times plunged into the water, and after swimming out a little way, returned, apparently conscious of his inability to help.

Young Sydney, however, who had remained cool and collected, despite the lamentations of his mother and the others, suddenly exclaimed:

"Get a rope, father—get a rope, and tie it to Jack's collar—perhaps I can call him to me!"

His father, filled with admiration for the courage and self-possession of the boy, quickly procured a rope, and, tying one end to Jack's collar, pointed to the tub, while Sydney, at the same time, called and whistled to the dog.

The intelligent animal at once sprang into the water and swam out toward the tub, while Mr. Smith paid out the rope from the shore, and Sydney encouraged the dog with shouts of "Here, Jack! Here, Jack! Good dog—good fellow!" and the like.

It was a long swim, and the anxious watchers scarcely hoped that the dog could accomplish it; but he stuck to his task bravely, and at length reached the tub, and was seized by the collar by his delighted young master. Untying the rope from the dog's neck, Sydney fastened it to the tub, and was speedily drawn to the shore, where the children were instantly clasped in the arms of their overjoyed parents.

CHASED BY TARTAR CAVALRY.

During the last China war I had the good fortune to be attached to the British Naval Brigade which accompanied the army throughout the campaign. Thus it was that I eventually found myself in the mythical old city of Pekin.

Although the Allied armies had marched without sustaining a single defeat up to the very walls, and, after a show of resistance, now held their imperial city in military occupation, yet the force of our arms had failed to strike terror into the hearts of the Chinese individually. The Chinamen were abject enough in the immediate presence of a superior force; but let them get the upper hand by treachery or otherwise, and it would go hardly with you.

In this way it happened that many of the English soldiers strolled into the city in twos and threes, and were never seen again. They were, without doubt, tortured to death. In the Government returns, the word "missing" was written after their names; that was all that was done, and saved so much trouble.

With the French it was very different. They did not

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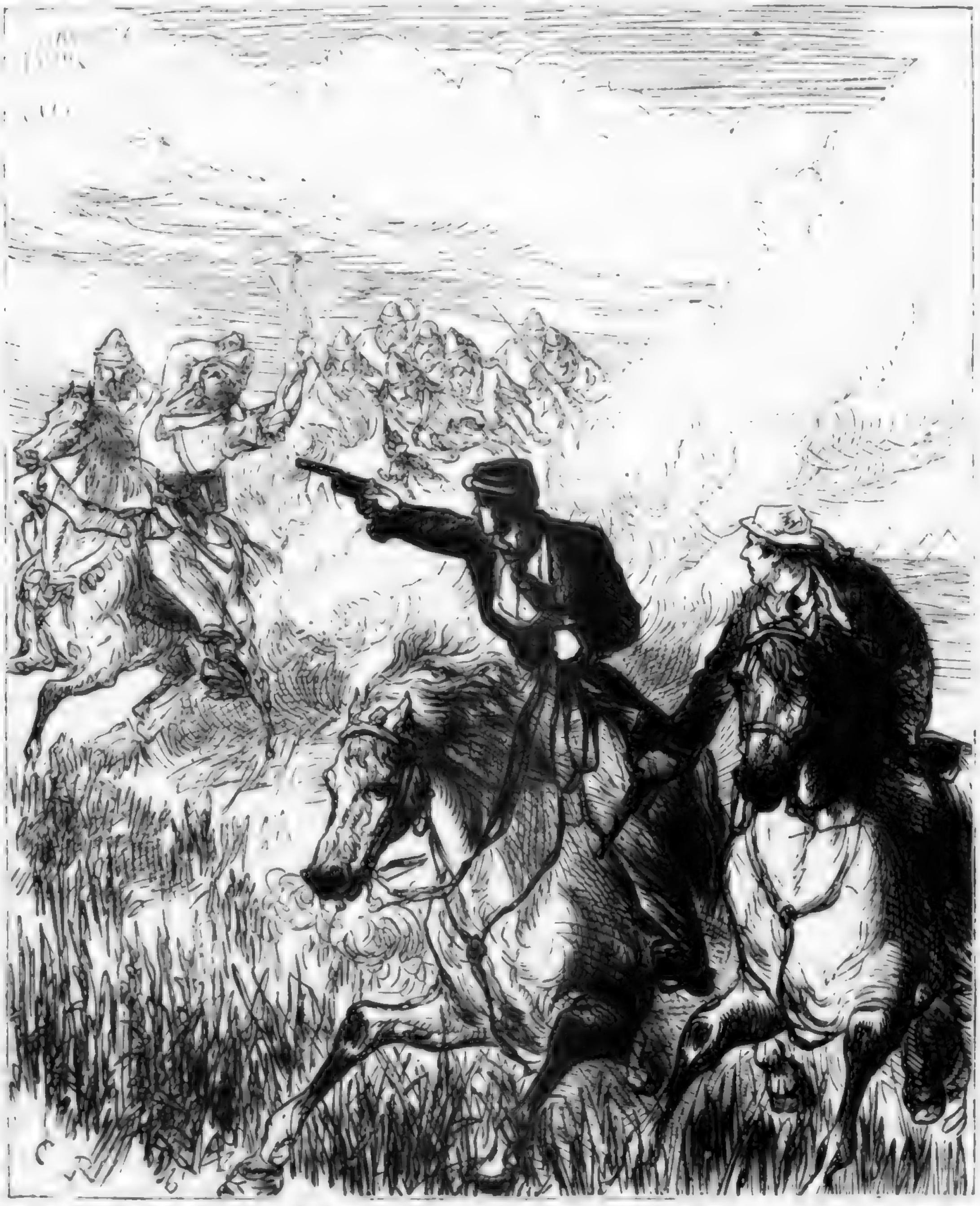
content themselves with simply reporting their men as missing; they sought out and discovered those who were implicated in the murder, and the Chinamen generally had to pay about six lives for one. If the outrage could not be satisfactorily traced to any of the people, the whole street in which it was perpetrated would be razed to the ground. It must be a blundering Chinaman who would molest a Frenchman, the Nemesis followed so quickly.

As regards the English, these things went on with such impunity that as many as six of the Rifles went together into Pekin, with their arms and all their accoutrements, and never returned. They were reported missing, and there was an end of the affair.



CHASED BY TARTAR CAVALRY.—"A FLASH, A SHARP, RINGING REPORT, AND ONE OF MY PURSUERS ROLLED OVER WITH A BITTER SCREAM."

These things were not pleasant, especially to those who had seen the effects of the slow bone-crushings and the myriad other tortures that had been inflicted on those unfortunate men who had been captured on the march, and whose lacerated bodies were sent back in retaliation upon the English.

Bad as was this state of affairs in Pekin, it was worse on the plain between it and Tungchow. Tungchow, being the nearest city to Pekin in direct water communication with the fleet, was the headquarters of the commissariat department. It is a walled city of considerable size, and is situated on the Houenho, a tributary of the Pei-ho. Pekin is twenty-five miles distant in a northwesterly direction. Between the two cities there is an imperial road, paved throughout with enormous slabs of stone. But this road led to one of the south gates of the city, and the camp of the Allies was at the northeast gate; besides, it was believed to be undermined. The army, therefore, found its way across the plain without following any road in particular. With the exception of a few hills, just visible on a fine day far away on the horizon, the country is as flat as a billiard-table. The Pagoda of Tungchow is soon lost sight of, and after there is no landmark until Pekin, entirely hidden by its high, gray walls, is reached. Here and there, like oases in the desert, are clumps of trees, with a few houses amongst them. They are all alike, and serve rather to increase the monotony of the scene than otherwise. But these peaceful-looking farmhouses have proved fatal to many stragglers.

THE SHADOW DANCE.—SEE PAGE 347.

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Some soldiers on the line of march discovered a sword-scabbard half buried in the ground on the outskirts of one of those villages. It belonged to a man whose regiment had marched to the front some time before. In digging up the ground, not only the rest of his accoutrements were found, but his whitened skeleton as well, clean, without a scrap of flesh on the bones. Some Chinamen of the village being seized, one of them, more frightened than the rest, confessed that the man who had lagged behind the "foreign braves" (mark the politeness now) had been kidnapped, and boiled to death in a caldron, which he proceeded to point out. Such, it was too evident, was the revolting fact. These dastardly murderers were brought to a kind of trial, and, the evidence not being quite as conclusive as would be requisite to convict one of the man's own comrades of a similar crime, they were acquitted. In England this course would be considered magnanimous, but the Chinese attributed it solely to cowardice.

A few days before the incident that I am about to relate occurred, a slow, lumbering train of baggage-wagons, with a strong escort, left Pekin for Tungchow at noon. At two o'clock a soldier, well armed and mounted, was sent to order back a portion of the baggage. It was presumed that they could not have gone very far by that time, and so he went alone. He was cut off before he could overtake them, and was never seen again. Another was added to the list of missing, and there was no more trouble about that.

It should be borne in mind that these murders, of which the number was not small, were committed after the Treaty of Peace had been signed, and were, nevertheless, persistently winked at by the English authorities.

Dispatches were put into my hands by the commander-in-chief to be immediately delivered to the head of the commissariat department at Tungchow. The usual escort of mounted Sikhs, without which no one dreamed of crossing the plain, was ordered to accompany me. But the commanding officer, a most unpleasant man of the red-tape order, made so much fuss and bother about sending his men away, that I concluded a very warm argument by telling him that he and his Sikhs might go anywhere they pleased, for I would have none of them, but would go alone.

This rash resolution was much condemned by every one. Friends and strangers were unanimous in declaring that I should never reach Tungchow "Why?" "There was that intrenched Tartar camp in ambush outside the city, and no one knew exactly where, so that you couldn't tell how to avoid it. Then there was the certainty of losing your way, and the probability of getting murdered by the village cutthroats, like Smith of the Second Queen's, poor Johnson of the First Royals, Green of the Third Buffs, etc., etc. You surely haven't forgotten that fellow who was sent after the baggage-train the other day, and never turned up again? Why, you must be quite mad!" And so on in this strain for half an hour.

When my old messmate, Lieutenant Jack Devereux, heard of it, he came up and took me by the hand, saying:

"Well, old boy, if you're determined to go, I'll go with you, for you've always stuck to me like a brick, and now I'll do as much for you."

In vain I tried to dissuade him, and used all the arguments that had been urged against my going; but he was just as obstinate as I was.

At two o'clock, then, on indifferent military-train horses, we started. The first half-hour was pleasant enough; after that we lost sight of Pekin, and there was nothing but the great, hot plain before us. A small division of the army had left for Tungchow that same morning at daylight; their footprints and other traces of their march were still visible. We gradually got careless about the track, and finally lost it altogether.

The way seemed tolerably easy, and we began to congratulate ourselves on the clever manner in which we were shaping our course. Just then we came to a white marble monument of peculiar form. It represented a monstrous tortoise carrying an inscribed slab vertically on his back. Such as these are erected to the memory of the kings of one of the old dynasties. It occurred to us that we had passed one of these half an hour before; on closer inspection it proved to be the very same one. Without knowing it, we had lost our way and made a complete circle.

This was particularly annoying, especially when the danger of being overtaken by the darkness on this wide plain of the enemy's was considered. Besides, my horse was beginning to show signs of flagging, and stumbled continually.

We halted, and started again, "taking a fresh departure," as naval men say; this time having the sun for our guide, and looking out for the footprints.

To our great satisfaction, we came upon the track again—or, rather, upon *a* track. The possibility that these could be any other than the footprints of an English army—for instance, those of Tartars, leading to their camp—never suggested itself. With light hearts, we unsuspectingly followed up this track, until, right ahead, there appeared a long, low wall, with here and there the top of a tent showing above it. One significant look, full of meaning, sufficed to show us that we had accidentally discovered the much-dreaded Tartar camp.

Without a word we wheeled round and galloped back as fast as the poor, jaded old steeds would carry us. Any hope that we had not been observed was instantly dispelled by seeing nine or ten Tartar horsemen, well mounted, rush out in hot pursuit. Thus had we fallen into the very pitfall that was our worst danger.

Our miserable horses seemed, by some curious instinct, to be aware of the danger. They tore along at a speed that agreeably surprised us. Hedges, trees, fields flew by; over the rice-plantations, crashing through the millet-stalks—away, away, over everything. This was a race for life, and the speed was frightful. This furious pace could not last. Gradually the Tartars gained ground. On they came, in a cloud of dust, the foremost one alone visible through it. Away, away, over the arid plain, the thick, hot air resonant with the eager shouts and savage yells of our pursuers.

But all the fierce goading of our horses, we too well knew, was useless; in the long run we must be captured, and then——. Heavens! the thought was horrible. There was nothing left for us but to sell our lives as dearly as we could, and, if it were possible, to reserve the last precious bullet in our revolvers for ourselves. Once in the hands of the Tartars, the old proverb becomes reversed, for whilst there is life there is no hope, except—yes, only one—that of a quick and easy death, a hope seldom fulfilled.

Nearer and yet nearer, they gained on us rapidly. Now an arrow whizzed past, followed by a crossbow-bolt; then another, and another, in quick succession. Still closer and closer they pressed on us. When within safe distance of the foremost one, I drew my revolver, turned round in the saddle, and fired. From over-anxiety I missed the mark. Jack, who fired shortly afterward, also missed his man, but killed the horse, which was nearly as well. His next shot missed; mine also—not, however, through bad aiming, but because at the instant that I pulled the trigger an arrow grazed my right arm, tearing through the coat and the fleshy part; but, happily, it did not stick.

Nerved with rage, although smarting with intense pain, my arm was steady for the next shot. With a long and careful aim, the man well covered, I fired. A flash, a sharp, ringing report, and one of my pursuers rolled over with a bitter scream, and lay weltering in his life's blood.

Faster and more fiercely came on the rest of the savage horde. One received a bullet from Jack's revolver that scattered his brains on the sand, and prevented his ever chasing again. The next shot, however, was not so successful. I had two bullets left, and Jack three; the number that followed us was reduced to seven. If all our shots were sure to tell, there would just be a chance of our escaping. A report from Jack's pistol, and a hasty glance at our pursuers, told me that he had again fired without result.

Our horses were flagging tremendously, and it was evident that the critical moment was at hand. As we still sped onward, the arrows whizzed past. I cocked my pistol, and reined in a little to let the foremost man come within certain distance—I could afford to waste no more shots. He rapidly came up. I got an excellent aim, and fired. With a shriek and a yell of agony, he dropped, and his horse galloped past me. At the same instant my horse fell down dead, struck by an arrow or bolt. I was aware of a sudden shock, my head was jammed into my shoulders, and I rolled over and over in the dust.

Half blinded, and choked with sand, I scrambled to my feet just in time to put a bullet through the body of a Tartar, who in another moment would have ridden or cut me down. As he fell, his horse luckily stumbled and fell also. I rushed to him, and, stifling his objections with the butt-end of my revolver, dragged him clear of his horse. In less time than I can write it I had the horse on his legs, and was scouring across the plain on his back.

In the meantime, Jack, perceiving my downfall, wheeled round, and, with consummate coolness, lodged one bullet most cleverly in the skull of the nearest Tartar, and dismounted another with his last. We rode on together, and were exceedingly glad to see the rest of our pursuers turn back to attend to their wounded. Our first care was to reload our revolvers. This done, we halted for a moment whilst Jack bound up my arm, which was intensely painful and bleeding profusely.

Having shaken hands, and congratulated each other on our escape, our former difficulty as to the right way recurred; we could only, as before, steer by the sun, and trust to "that sweet little cherub that sits up aloft." Thus we jogged along as fast as Jack's poor horse would go. I had benefited immensely by the forcible exchange that I had made, having now a beautiful Tartar steed, with any quantity of life and vigor in him.

The loss of blood consequent on the wound was beginning to tell on me, and I was getting faint and weary, when over the tops of some distant trees I descried the Pagoda of Tungchow glistening in the rays of the setting sun. Never had the Lizard lights, after ever so long a commission, been so welcome to us as that old pagoda. How we blessed the builder of it! It was about five miles distant on our right. Therefore it was evident that during our long chase we must have been going very nearly in the right direction. However, had we not seen the pagoda we should have passed the city to the northward, and in that case it is not easy to say when we should have found it.

We now rode straight for the city, and arrived just as it had become quite dark; and it will be long before I forget that terrible day, and the chase of the Tartar Cavalry.

THE SHADOW DANCE.

There are few more familiar objects seen amidst the fields than the little, lively rabbits. How rapidly they speed across the sward! their long hind-legs propelling them onward in prodigious leaps, apparently with little or no effort on the part of the animal. Ever and anon they check their course suddenly, and, sitting upright, with ears erect, listen intently for any hostile sound, scanning at the same time, with a not uncomical scrutiny, everything within the range of their limited vision. Playful in disposition, many are the eccentric movements performed by them when on moonlight nights they assemble together and gambol over the smooth turf. Unprovided by Nature with any means of defense against their enemies, which are many and powerful, the rabbits are obliged to rely solely upon their speed to enable them to escape all pursuers.

These little animals are very sociable, and fond of living together, and their warrens, as assemblages of their habitations are called, frequently contain hundreds of individuals. Their galleries extend sometimes for great distances, and little tunnels ramify in all directions, with many an opening to the surface, thus affording the inmates numerous avenues of escape. These apertures do not always give direct access to the nests, but they serve rather as entrance-halls, from which, at intervals, other lanes lead to secluded spots, in which the young are reared.

Rabbits are chiefly nocturnal in their habits, although it is not unusual for them to seek their food by day. But at the going down of the sun they commence to be lively, and at the opening of each small burrow an active little fellow will suddenly appear, and, sitting upon his haunches, will attentively examine the field before him. Apparently satisfied that all is right, he starts forward on his first race for the evening, and, with the short white tail erect over his back, bounds over the grass in leaps so similar to those of the stately buck as to cause him to be frequently called a small deer. Soon tired of his solitary excursion, as the moon rises in the heavens and floods the landscape with her silver light, our lively friend joins others of his companions, and their fun soon grows fast and furious. With many a lofty leap, they bound over their fellows' backs, and rapidly chase each other around the fields. At times the males will stop suddenly in their race, and impatiently strike the earth with their hind-legs several times, and then bound away again more swiftly than before. Their active forms are pictured in many fantastic shapes upon the surrounding banks and rocks, while their shadows, as if caricaturing the supple creatures, follow them everywhere, and imitate their motions upon the sward. And so this dance of shadows is continued for hours, until their appetites, sharpened by the cool night and by their exertions, cause them to think upon the evening meal, and in little groups they scatter over the field and commence to crop the tender grass. Even when thus occupied, they cannot altogether repress their inclination for a romp, and ever and again some sprightly little fellow will suddenly start forward, and, after executing a few exceedingly intricate and rapid evolutions, will settle gravely down once more and continue his repast.

Rabbits have many enemies, and are preyed upon both by the birds of the air and by the beasts of the field. Eagles and owls seize and carry them off to their nests by day and night, and many fall victims to the various cunning four-footed creatures that prowl about the fields in search of some dainty morsel for a meal. One of their most dreaded foes is the fox, which is ever on the alert to seize them as they gambol about in fancied security. His

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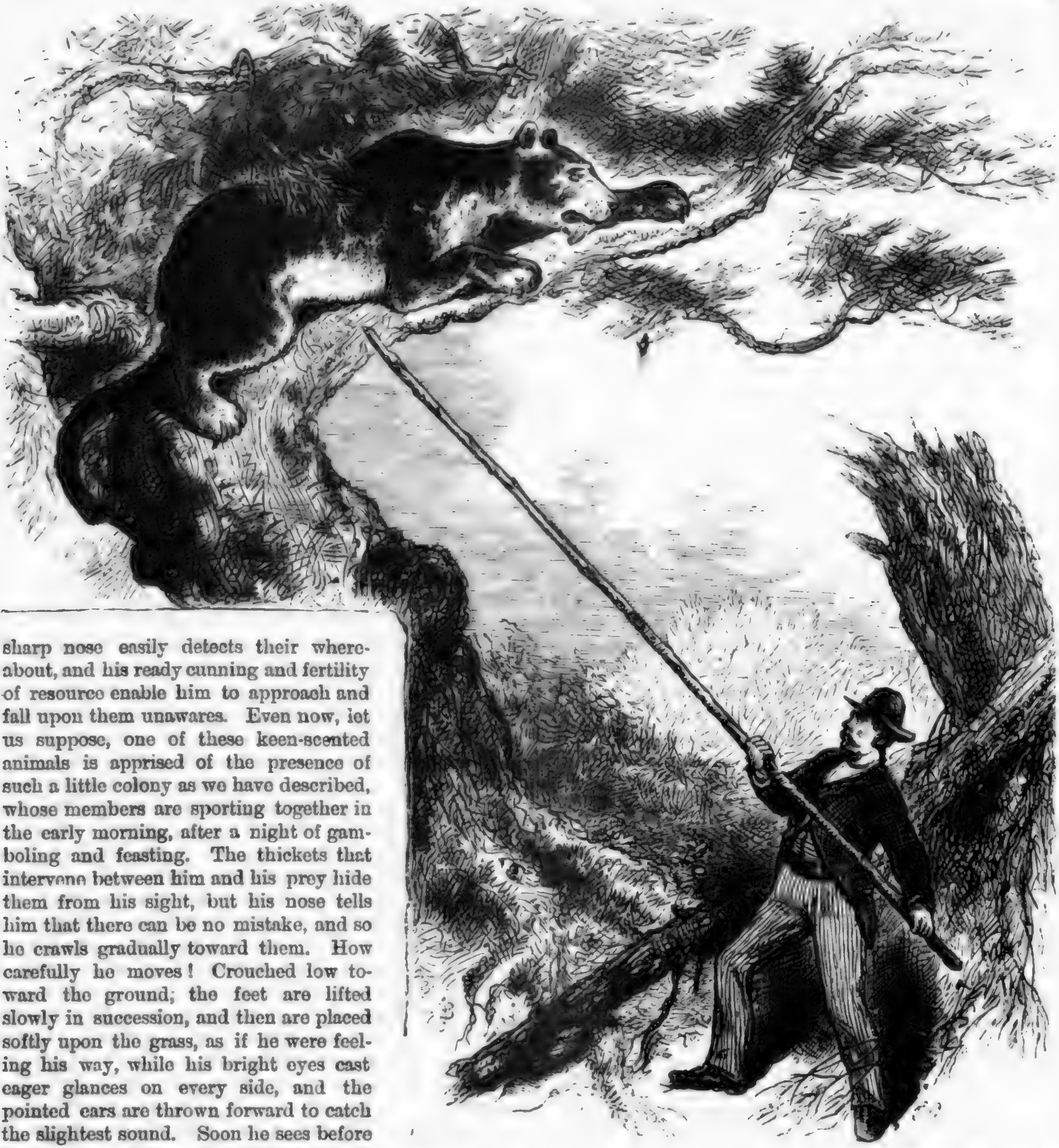


ALL NIGHT WITH A PANTHER. — "I PROCURED A LONG POLE, UNFASTENED THE CURVING CLAWS, AND THE GREAT BROWN CARCASS CAME TUMBLING TO MY FEET."

sharp nose easily detects their whereabout, and his ready cunning and fertility of resource enable him to approach and fall upon them unawares. Even now, let us suppose, one of these keen-scented animals is apprised of the presence of such a little colony as we have described, whose members are sporting together in the early morning, after a night of gamboling and feasting. The thickets that intervene between him and his prey hide them from his sight, but his nose tells him that there can be no mistake, and so he crawls gradually toward them. How carefully he moves! Crouched low toward the ground, the feet are lifted slowly in succession, and then are placed softly upon the grass, as if he were feeling his way, while his bright eyes cast eager glances on every side, and the pointed ears are thrown forward to catch the slightest sound. Soon he sees before him, portrayed upon the side of a rock that glistens in the bright light of early morning, the dancing shadows of two of the graceful creatures that are playing together just beyond him. All kinds of movements are depicted upon that novel mirror by the lively animals, and the face of the stone seems itself in motion as the shadowy forms pass rapidly about its surface. But Reynard is altogether too knowing to take the shadow for the substance, and, disregarding the show that is passing before him, he endeavors to peer around the friendly bush that hides the rabbits from his view, and to ascertain their true position. Soon he will see their nimble figures, as they draw closer to his vicinity; then the spring will suddenly be made, and the shrill scream of the startled victim will tell the story of the fox's success; and as the members of the frightened colony disappear in their burrows, the shadows too will flee away, and naught will remain save one dark form rapidly disappearing in the distance, as the fox bears away his lifeless prey.

ALL NIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

It was useless to search longer for the lost trail. Each step might be bearing me further astray; daylight was almost gone and I must prepare to spend the night in the forest. The prospect was not a delightful one, for an all-day's-hunt with an empty game-pouch had sharpened my appetite wonderfully, and I longed for the flesh-pots of camp. But repining was of no avail; each moment the sombre shadows spoke of the fast-fading light, each moment the woods grew more gloomy, and I must lose no time in securing some shelter, let my hunger be what it might. Had I followed the trail more carefully during the afternoon, waiting and fasting would not have been needed now; but such was my fate, and "*Que voulez-vous?*" as the little Frenchman on the Big Muddy used to say, "Ze milk be spilt!"

I was hunting on the Blue River in Southwestern Colorado, among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. Early in the day I had driven a herd of deer from Surprise Valley, and, intent upon securing some venison, had followed the animals for hours until the slanting sunbeams warned me of the approaching night, and, anxious to regain my friends before the darkness fairly set in, I had made too great haste and lost my own trail.

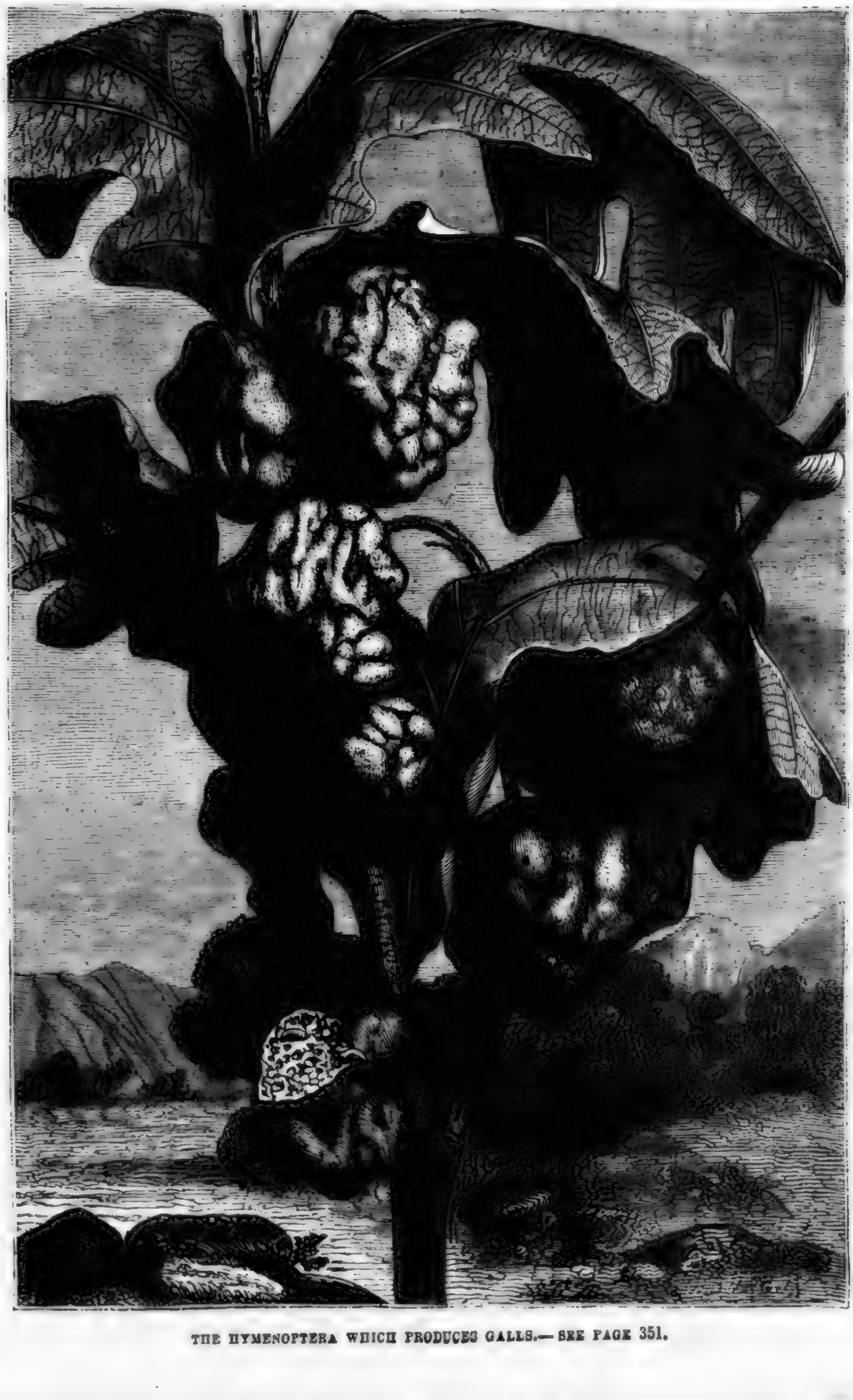
For an hour or more I wandered up and down among the cañons, uncertain of my bearings, until the gathering darkness rendered further searching useless, and I acknowledged myself fated to pass the night alone.

Having bemoaned my unlucky lot and cursed my own stupidity to my heart's content, I sought some snug corner in which to rest my weary limbs. The temperature was not cold, nor would it be, for, although late in the year, the day had been one of unusual calm and even sultry heat, and, during the afternoon, great banks of dun-colored and yellow clouds had arisen along the southern horizon, threatening storm, but their masses seemed only to increase the heaviness of the atmosphere and render any exertion enervating. However, rain might come, and from that I needed a shelter. For a time I stumbled about seeking some low, thick bush or tree whose outspreading branches would afford me the covering I desired, but only the yellow pine flourished in that region, and the crackle of its dry needles beneath my feet answered to the ceaseless rattle of its green needles far overhead in seeming derision at my fruitless efforts.

I had about decided to cast myself down anywhere and find sleep, for I was very tired, when suddenly, just before me, I heard a sharp, grating sound, and with a cry of horror sprang back trembling and cold with fright, for I knew the warning, and cared not to meet the deadly rattlesnake upon his own ground and in the darkness.

As I retreated, the reptile slowly writhed away, and my attentive ear caught the sound of his departing movements; but one such encounter was enough, and turning, I strode hastily from the spot, determined to occupy a second-story lodging in the first convenient tree that I could find.

Fortune favored me, for I had not taken a dozen steps when I saw dimly before me an umbrageous cedar, its gnarled and twisted branches offering the very resting-place I desired.



THE HYMENOPTERA WHICH PRODUCES GALLS.—SEE PAGE 351.

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Slinging the rifle across my back, I quickly scrambled aloft. The tree was not a large one, and, at a height of some fifteen feet, I discovered a convenient fork, and at once began to arrange myself for the night.

Not caring to tumble from my perch when asleep, I loosened the strap from the gun for the purpose of lashing my body to the limb. As I did so, the sound of a soft, quick tread fell upon my ear, and, with startled pulse, I leaned forward to listen. It, whatever it might be, was coming toward me; I grasped my rifle nervously. Nearer, nearer, until, through the twilight, my straining eyes discovered a long, dark form skulking close to the ground and approaching the cedar.

What was it?

Scarcely had the question formed itself in my brain when the answer came—a weird, blood-chilling yell ringing out through the sultry night-air with an ominous thrill, echoing and re-echoing from the neighboring cliffs: and dying away among the tangled thickets in the distant cañons.

It was a mountain-lion, and the beast had discovered me!

Quick as thought my weapon sprang to my shoulder, and aiming as well as might be in the gloom toward the blue, flaming eyes, I waited. Slowly, and with cat-like motion, my enemy gathered his feet together. I could hear the leaves rustle as he moved; almost could I see the lithesome swaying of the long, snake-like tail. His eyes burned even more brightly.

In an instant he would spring, when, with a half-muttered prayer, I fired.

There came the blinding flash, the sharp report, and then an unearthly yell—half howl, half moan, and a scrambling to and fro, accompanied by low, snarling cries. I had hit the animal, and he was wounded.

Was the shot a fatal one? Determining at all events to decide the matter, I hurriedly pushed a second cartridge into its place, and began with searching eyes to seek my antagonist in the darkness. The night was each moment growing thicker, and the air seemed more oppressive. Overhead the sky gleamed with a dull, phosphorescent light, however, and occasionally a blood-red lance flashed for an instant across the southern horizon. I could still hear the half-suppressed moans of the wounded lion, but was unable to define his position with sufficient certainty to fire at him.

As I peered anxiously into the gloom, I was suddenly and horribly aroused by the sound of strong claws tearing at the bark of the very tree in which I lay concealed, and, turning my eyes downward, for a second time they encountered the blazing balls of the panther not ten feet away.

My shot had wounded without disabling him, and, wild with pain and anger, with tremendous efforts and low snarls of rage, he was climbing the slanting trunk of the cedar.

There was no time for thought; it was life or death—sure death for one of us. I caught the gun in my left hand, swung its muzzle into the animal's hideous face, and pressed the trigger; but at that very instant my hold upon the tree gave way. I slipped a little, and with the natural instinct which impels one to save himself at any cost, I dropped the rifle, caught wildly at the treacherous branch, touched it, seized it, struggled a moment, and regained my footing—regained it to listen with a shudder to a sharp, metallic ringing, growing fainter and fainter, until, rising from unmeasured depths beneath, the last sullen plunge died upon my ear, to hear once again sound forth the lion's demoniacal cry, to see his horrid eyes gleaming toward me, and to know that the cedar tree stood upon the brink of some terrible abyss, into which my rifle had fallen, while my dreaded enemy still lived!

Had I not cause to shudder? I was lost.

For a time my reason tottered on her throne, and fiends came and tempted me, mocked me, crying, "Death! death!" in my affrighted ears—sought to loosen my grasp upon the limb and hurl me, too, into the black gulf below; but it was for a little time only.

Soon I grew calmer, and hope revived again. It might be that the panther could not reach me, wounded as he was, and my heavy knife would yet perform good service if used aright, and drawing it, I climbed still further aloft, until the tree began to yield and bend beneath me. Then I waited.

The beast below was slowly struggling upward, and the tearing of his cruel claws told of his steady approach. Nearer and yet nearer he dragged his ugly form, until, by the frequent flashes flaming from the lowering sky, I could see his gleaming teeth, until his hot breath struck upon my trembling hands, until a single branch alone remained between us. His cries had ceased, and only an occasional sniff now broke the oppressive silence, or a low, cat-like growling. His prey was cornered, and he knew it.

Two feet more, and the dreaded claws could reach me; and I clutched my knife-hilt with a desperation born of despair, and, crouching, nerved my whole strength for one sweeping blow.

With arm drawn back and muscles tense as steel, I waited, counting the seconds, straining my wild eyes through the darkness to mark the vital spot, when suddenly I felt myself enveloped in a stifling cloud. For an instant the heavens burned red, then yellow, and with a roar like that of an angry ocean, the wind came down upon us. The storm had burst at last, and a whirlwind was sweeping the forest.

For an hour I lived in pandemonium. Such passages in one's life cannot be described, for they are neither seen nor heard, but *felt*. A thousand times was my frail support bent far out over the horrid gulf below—a thousand times great trees, torn from their mother earth, were hurled fiercely through the air, or cast with terrible thunderings into the yawning pit beside me, and yet I lived. The woods echoed with cries and howlings, the air was filled with screams and croakings, the treetops lashed each other, while the wild wind surged on, and the *débris* fell as snow-flakes in a storm.

From the narrow cañon came up continually the sullen sound of death, the shrieks of panthers, crushed and mangled, the bleating of wounded deer, the snarling of dying wolves, while dismal moans and groanings lent a minor chord to all the horrid chorus. In very truth the darksome ravine was like a hungry grave that fearful night.

Half-stunned, torn and bleeding, I yet clung to the cedar, whose tough and twisted roots had thus far resisted the fury of the elements. As the moments flew, the wild wrath of the wind seemed slowly to fail, and when, perhaps, two hours had passed, the danger for the time was over, and the gale had ceased.

More than once during the hurricane had I glanced downward, only to see the eyes of my dreaded antagonist still blazing through the night, and to know that he as well as I had found safe refuge from the demons of the air. Often had I wondered, too, that the beast did not cry out or fall from the tree with fear, for I knew that usually the denizens of the forest were filled with terror in such a storm; but still he crouched before me, and, with

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a sinking heart, I confessed to myself that revenge had driven out fear, and that he only awaited a safer moment to drag me down and slay me.

Again, with knife in hand, I watched my enemy—quick-eyed, alert; determined to die bravely, if die I must—watched anxiously, fearfully, weariedly; watched waiting, but only the animal's eyes gleamed up at me, and he made no move. Waited watching, while the moments grew to hours, shivering, weak, and faint; but the beast stirred not. Watched through all the long, long night, until the gray dawn came, and waited until the sun began to climb the golden east; then, emboldened with the approach of day, and worn to desperation by my vigil, I determined to lie a prisoner no longer, but to attack the lion.

With stealthy movement and slow, with eye and hand and knife ever ready, I carefully let myself down inch by inch from my perch, drew near and nearer to the ugly form, marked all the dull-hued stripings of his hide, the fang-like claws, the claw-like fangs, chose out the very spot where I would strike, and had raised the glittering knife, when a sudden thought came to me like a gleam of light, and reaching forth my hand, I laid it on the shoulder of my kingly enemy. His form was stiff and cold—the animal had been dead for hours!

The reaction overcame me, and, weak and helpless, I slid from the tree to the ground. Then, gathering strength again after a few moments of rest, I procured a long pole, unfastened the curving claws, and the great brown carcass came tumbling to my feet.

Then I learned the reason of his death. During the storm some flying branch had stricken him, breaking his back even as one snaps a pipe-stem with the fingers, killing the great cat instantly; while his strong claws, driven into the bark of the tree, had held his body in its place during all the hours that had passed—an object of terror to me throughout the night.

I regained the lost trail after an hour's search, and, with the lion-skin at my back, and a shattered rifle on my shoulder, presented myself at camp before noon, a little tired and ravenously hungry, but uninjured in body or in mind.

Such another vigil, however, I care not to endure, and in all my hunting-days thereafter I gave not the half only, but the whole of the narrow pathway to the panther of the mountains when we met—the striped lion of the Colorado.

THE HYMENOPTERA WHICH PRODUCE GALLS.

GALL FLIES (*Cynipsidæ*).

THE *Hymenoptera* which produce galls, or excrescences upon plants, form a group by themselves. They are small insects, very distinguishable, and they stimulate a great number of different kinds of plants to develop those unusual growths of their tissues which are called gall-nuts, galls, oak-apples, etc. Everybody has seen these curious and odd-looking excrescences, but very few have noticed the beings that have grown within them—and which, when they have attained their perfect form, escape and fly. A winged insect, not much more than a tenth or a twelfth of an inch long, is not readily observed, especially when amongst the host of little flies that continually move around us.

The small *Hymenoptera* belong to one family—that of the *Cynipsidæ*—which contains the genus *Cynips*, and others very much like it. The *Cynipsidæ* have an oblong and very convex body, the abdomen of which is attached to the thorax by a very thin pedicle. The saw ovipositor is very curiously made; it is very long and slender, and is twisted up in a spiral form within the abdomen of the female when it is not required. But when the insect has made up its mind to lay an egg, having chosen the proper spot, the muscles of the abdomen suddenly unfold this spiral, and the ovipositor is straightened, and thrust instantaneously into the plant.

The *Cynipsidæ* are found everywhere in Spring and Summer. When about to lay, the females take great trouble to seek a good place on a proper plant; they make a puncture with their long ovipositors in a twig or leaf, and deposit either one or a considerable number of eggs. When the puncture is made, the insect spreads a secretion over the wound which is of a very irritating character, and it is believed to excite the nutrition of the vegetable tissue to develop irregular masses of its cellular structures.

There are multitudes of plants attacked, and generally the shape of the gall differs in each, and is produced by a different insect. Hartig, Westwood, Giraud and others, have described some very unusual forms. The oak trees afford a refuge for, and nourish, many kinds of gall-flies, which do not spare the trunks, the leaves, the twigs or the roots. Oak-apples, or the rounded masses attached to oaks in the Summer, some small and others large, readily attract the attention; they are galls that have been produced by a *Cynips*. They might be taken to be the fruit of the oak, and they are, to the eye, miniature apples—oak apples. The largest are always at the base of the leaves, and within them there is a cavity tenanted by one larva; it remains there in a dull and stupid condition during the Winter, and is transformed into a pupa in the Spring. The adult insect is developed within the cellule, and is obliged to cut its way out into the world with its mandibles. This *Cynips* is of a bright-brown color, and is called *Cynips quercûs baccarum.*

The small oak-apples that usually are found in plenty on the lower surface of the leaves are formed by another species—*Cynips quercûs folii.*

The branches of the oak in the Spring time are often covered with nodules, some of which are very large and irregular in shape. Their surface is smooth, their color light-green, passing into red in some spots, and there are usually several on a twig, close to each other. They are constructed on a different plan to those of the gall-leaf insects, for they contain twelve or fifteen cellules, or more, each of which contains a larva. These kinds of *Cynips* fly in the middle of the Summer, and there are probably two generations in each year. They are called *Cynips terminalis*, on account of the peculiar ornamentation of the female. The sexes differ much in their shape and color; the male has large, transparent wings, and its body is of a uniform bright fawn color, whilst the female has no wings whatever, and is brownish, the end of the abdomen being of a shiny black tint.

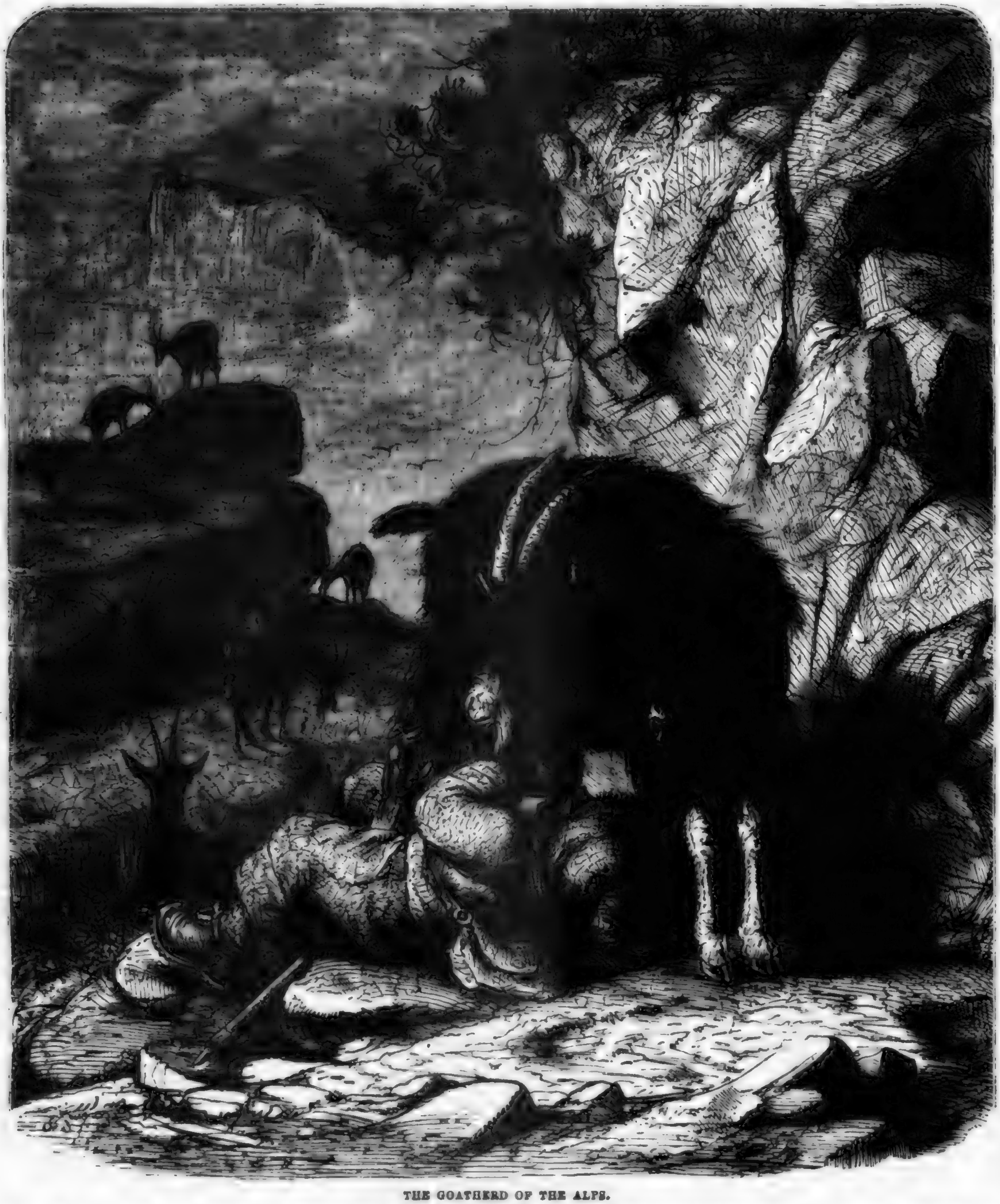
The large engraving shows the galls of the insect. They are cellular, and are aggregated in masses upon the twigs.

A very common species of *Cynips*—*Cynips aptera*—produces great galls upon the roots of the oak, and it is a most remarkable thing that neither the males nor the females should have wings.

The gall-nuts of commerce, which are used as dyes, and to make ink and tinctures, and whence gallic acid is derived, are produced by the punctures of *Cynips gallæ tinctoriæ.* These insects affect an Eastern species of oak, *Quercus infectoria*, and their galls are remarkably hard, round and tuberculated. They only contain one larva. The cellule is moderately capacious, but the walls are very thick; nevertheless, the little *Cynips* perforates them without much difficulty, in order to come to the light of day.

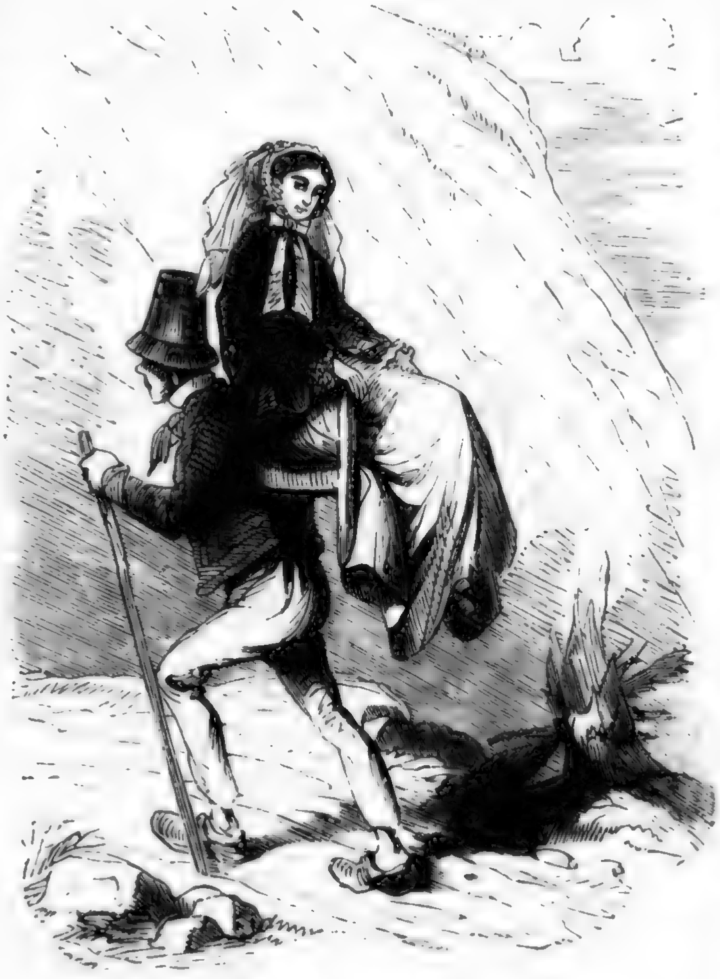
THE ALPINE CLIMBING.

Its Pains and Perils.

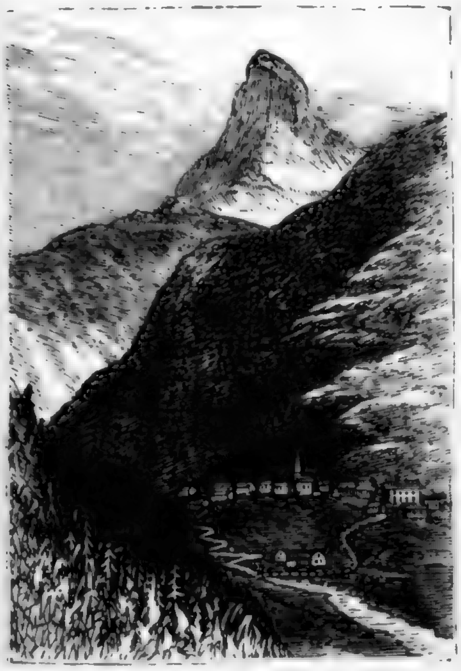


THE GOATHERD OF THE ALPS.

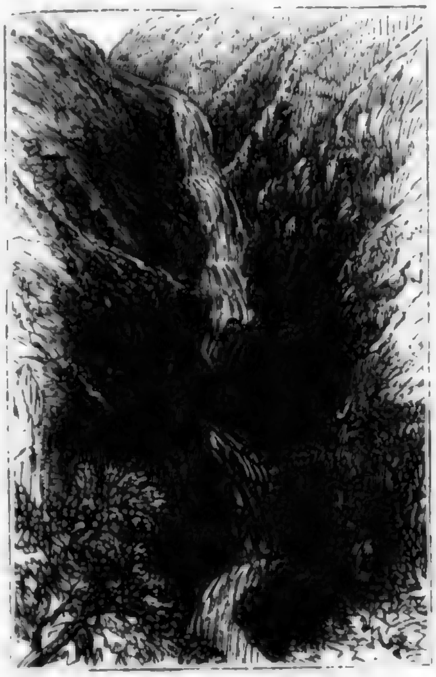
I have done the Alps. True, I have not ascended Mont Blanc, or risked my crane-like neck on the Jungfrau, but I went up as high as the Grand Mulets, with Jules Balmot as my leading guide, and slept, no, i' faith, shivered, all night in that dismal refrigerator up in the clouds. My head, not my heart, failed me on the following morning, and it was as much as I could do to "sliddher" down to Chamouni later in the day. I have done the Rigi, and have beheld the sun rise, wrapped up in a blanket, and have won twenty francs in a race back to bed, beating an English Q. C. and a French chef d'Escadron. I have done all the passes and valleys of the Bernese Oberland; I have climbed the accessible glaciers of Aletsch, Chamouni and Zermatt; I have footed the Simplon, St. Gothard, Splügen, Bernardino, Albula and Bernino Passes. I have also "muled" the Col de la Seigne, Tête Noire and Col de Balme, leading to Chamouni; the Grimsol and Gries, branching off at the head of the valley of the Rhone; the great Scheideck and Wengern Alp, in the Bernese Oberland, the Gemmi, at the Monte Moro. I have also traversed the Strablek from the Grimsol, Tschongil from Lauterbrunnen, St. Théodule from Zermatt, Col de Collon from Sion to Aosta, and Col du Géant over the shoulder of Mont Blanc. I have been swindled by innkeepers, guides, muleteers, shepherds, shepherdesses and merry Swiss boys. I have sung a Ranz de Vache, and bawled myself hoarse on mountain-tops. I have received bad money, and passed it with a grin. I have flirted with pretty maidens under the drooping eaves of châlets, and consumed beer with their brothers and lovers up in the clouds. I have lain on my back beneath the belly of a goat—*vide* our illustration—and swilled milk, after the fashion of an Alpine goatherd. I have tried the "*curs*," from sulphur to grapes. I have, in a word, done the Alps thoroughly; and, although not a member of the Alpine Club, have passed many a Summer night in lovely Swiss valleys, listening to the hairbreadth escapes of its members over glacier and crevasse. It was a lovely morning in June, and my heart was as light as a schoolboy's during the first week of the holidays, as I took my through ticket to Bâle at Charing Cross Railway Station for my first Swiss tour—London to Mayence, by Dover, Ostend and Rhine Railway, 25½ hours; Mayence to Bâle by rail, 9 hours. My luggage consisted of the needful only—namely, a knapsack, containing two silk-flannel shirts, with flannel collars to button on; two pairs of thick and soft woolen socks, Irish handmade real Balbriggan; three pocket-handkerchiefs; a pair of slippers (patent leather) for *table d'hôte*, and a "swell" pair of socks for ditto; brushes, scissors, button-hook, buttons, soap; a hand-book; neutral-tint spectacles, with side glasses, for glacier-passes; gaiters, for snow; a pocket-compass; a small bottle of glycerine; a leather drinking-cup, and knife; a tin box of shoemaker's white grease; a pair of shooting-boots, with low, broad heels, projecting welt, and hob-nails clinched.



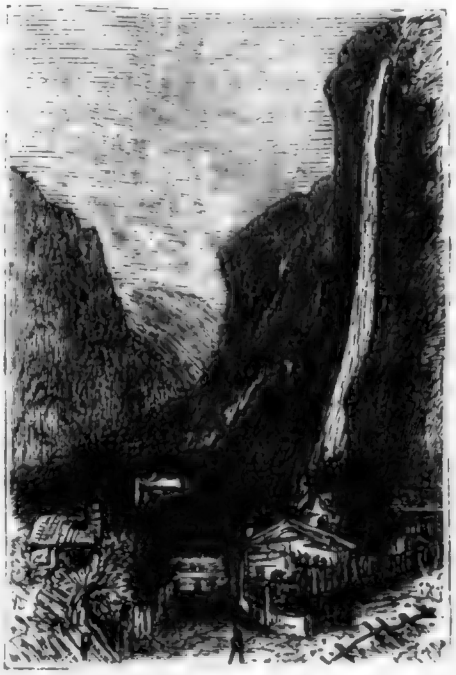
A PORTER AND HIS CHARGE.



THE MATTERHORN, OR MONTE CERVINO.



REICHENBACH FALLS.



THE STAUBBACH OR DUST FALL.

My clothes were of woolen tweed of medium thickness, with the pockets buttoning up. I must not forget a rope for high ascents, and last, though not least, an alpenstock. What an indispensable companion was this stout ash staff! I bought mine in London; and as many people are possibly unaware of the valuable aid an alpenstock renders to mountain-climbers, I shall briefly say that it is a stout pole, 5½ or 6 feet long—it should be your own height, reaching to the top of the head—with an iron spike at the end. The pedestrian who knows how to use it appreciates its value as a staff and a leaping-pole, but chiefly as a support in *descending* the mountains; it then becomes, as it were, a third leg. It enables one to transfer a part of the weight of the body from the legs to the arms, which is a great relief in descending long and steep hills. By the aid of it,

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travelers in the high Alps are enabled to slide down steep slopes of snow with great ease, after some practice; checking the velocity of their course, when it becomes too great, by leaning back and driving the point deeper. In crossing glaciers, either an ice-ax or an alpenstock is indispensable, to feel the strength of the ice and ascertain whether it be free from crevasses and able to bear the weight. The alpenstock is usually of fir, but the *trustworthy* ones are of ash, and sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a man seated on the middle, while the ends rest on two supports. Beware of chamois-horn tips—they are mockeries, delusions and snares, as I found to my cost; as, one day, when leaping a crevasse, the horn gave way, and down I went, head over heels, into—luckily for me—a bed of the softest and dryest snow.

The real dangers of the high Alps may, under ordinary circumstances, be reduced to four, namely: 1st, the yielding of snow-bridges that cover crevasses; 2nd, the risk of slipping upon slopes of ice; 3rd, the fall of ice or rocks from above; and 4th, the slipping beneath the feet of a traveler of a steep snow-field, which may bury him, or carry him over a precipice. Madame de Stael has said: "Le motion du danger plait à l'homme." I believe it thoroughly; and nowhere will one behold so many men rushing into danger for the sake of its excitement as in the Alps.

The rope is a very important factor in Alpine traveling; in fact, it is *the* safety-valve. In the higher region of the glaciers, crevasses, even of considerable width, are often completely bridged over by a covering of snow, so that no indication of their existence is seen on the surface. The bridges often yield under the weight of a man's footsteps; in such a case an active man, whose attention is on the alert, may sometimes extricate himself at once, but it more commonly happens that he falls into the chasm, in which case, if alone, his chance of life is faint indeed. But if several travelers are tied together with a stout rope, as it is in the highest degree impossible that a majority of them should fall at the same moment into the same crevasse, no appreciable danger from this cause need be incurred. Even two travelers tied together may, with proper attention, avoid risk, but greater security is attained when they are three or more in number. It is mainly because he could be protected from the danger, that a man who goes alone over the *névé* of a glacier incurs a risk which must be called unjustifiable.

The rope, to be of service, must be kept tight, and its proper management requires teaching soon learned; when slack, it is easily snapped. Its proper use is to check and prevent a fall, rather than to pull a man out of a crevasse. When a party consists of four, however, or more, the interval should be 12 feet between every two; when of three, 18 or 20 feet; when of two alone, 30 or 40 feet. The reason of this is obvious; it is easier to pull a man twelve feet than forty, and the long interval gives the person pulled a better chance of stopping himself. Ice-axes, for cutting steps, are used, as also the *piolet*, or pick.

In spite of every precaution, a man may slip on an ice-slope where, if unchecked, a fall would lead to certain destruction. Against this danger, the rope is usually an effectual preservative. Cases, however, occur where the footing is so precarious that a party cannot be tied together, as, if one were to slip, he would inevitably drag all his companions along with him to destruction. It is for those concerned to consider whether, in such circumstances, the object in view is such as to justify the inevitable peril of the ascent.

The danger arising from ice and fragments of rock falling across the track may, to a great extent, be avoided by a judicious choice of route. Experienced mountaineers learn to recognize the positions where ice detached from a higher level descends over a precipice or steep slope of rock. They either avoid such spots altogether, or are careful to pass them early in the morning, before the sun has loosened the impending masses, or late in the day, after his rays have been withdrawn.

The ordinary risks of Alpine adventurers are seemingly increased during bad weather, and new dangers may then lie in wait for the bold mountaineers. Masses of rock are detached from their previously firm resting-places, and come thundering down across the track. Falling snow obscures the view and effaces the footprints, so that it soon becomes equally difficult to advance and to retreat. Worst of all, when snow accompanied by violent gusts of wind, the *tourmente*, or snow whirlwind, as penetrating, by-the-way, as the Mexican dust, bewilders the traveler, half-blinded by the fine, dust-like snow, and benumbs his limbs by its biting breath.

A reasonable man will avoid bad weather in the high Alps whenever it can be foreseen, or resort to an immediate retreat when unexpectedly attacked by it. Few Summer travelers have an idea of the possible terrors of the Alps.

For persons of ordinary activity and nerve, a guide apiece is quite sufficient; but perfectly unpracticed travelers, wishing to attempt a difficult excursion, should take two guides for each traveler. They should trust to their advice about the weather, be careful to see before starting that they are supplied with a sufficiency of good, sound rope, and, when the time comes for using it, *insist* that it shall be fastened round the waist of each member of the party, so that both his arms shall be free for use in case of an emergency. It was neglecting this precaution that cost three Englishmen their lives on the Col du Géant in 1860.

With respect to mountain climbing, there are those who consider this delightful and invigorating recreation scarcely justifiable, on the ground that it is dangerous. The danger is doubtless real, but by care is reduced to a minimum, while the advantages are certain and lasting. Some few occasionally cry *cui bono*, and still ask what is the use of going up a mountain? What more do you see at top than you would at the bottom?

Putting out of question the glorious exercise and excitement of climbing a mountain, it would be well worth any trouble to see such views as those which can be seen on the highest peaks. The vast, cloudy panorama stretched below your feet from an Alpine summit, makes an impression on your mind which can be described neither on canvas nor in writing. It gives an exhilarating sense of unrivaled sublimity which could no more be given in a painting than one of the scenes in "Paradise Lost." It is the constant presence before your eyes of such impressive though indescribable scenery, which gives to Alpine exercise such absorbing interest.

A man can no more feel the true mountain spirit without having been into the very heart, and up to the very tops of the mountains, than he can know what the sea is like by standing on the shore. It is just as easy to evoke the idea of a mountain top out of the depths of your moral consciousness as that of a camel. The small patch of glistening white, which, you are told, is a snow slope, looks very pretty out of the valley to any one; but it will look very different to a man who has only studied it through an opera-glass, and to one who has had to cut his way up it, step by step, for hours together. The little knob, which your guide-book says is the top of some unpronounceable 'Horn,' will gain wonderfully in majesty when you have once stood upon it, and felt as if you were alone in the midst of the heavens, with its kingdoms of earth at your feet; and if you meditate till doomsday on the beautiful lights and shades, the graceful sweeps of the mountain ridges, you will not be a bit nearer to the sensation of standing on a knife-like ridge, with the toe of your boot on Italy, and the heel over Switzerland.

The advice given to me by a friend, a member of the Alpine Club, ere I set forth on my climb, was nearly in the following words:

"If you are not already in training, be content to make very short journeys at first; and *never* allow your feet to blister.

"Immediately on your arrival, after a day's walk, wash extensively with soap and hot water, and change your linen. If you are at all fatigued, lie down after washing and dressing, and try to sleep a few minutes before dinner.

"After a moderate walk, ordinary diet with wine will do you no harm; but if fatigued by unusual excitement, go on tea—and I'll promise you a sounder sleep than if you dined and wined. A good 'pick-me-up,' or restorative, is egg-flip; and a tumbler of lemonade, hand-made, if sipped, not gulped, will always allay feverishness.

"If your feet are tender, use glycerine, and for a frostbite, snow. If snow is not to be had, bathe the part afflicted with hot water, then cover it with cotton wool. Use aromatic vinegar for languor and drowsiness."

Switzerland owes the sublimity and diversified beauty of its scenery to the presence of the Alps—the loftiest mountains in Europe, the dorsal ridge or backbone, as it were, of the Continent. These run through the land, and occupy, with their main trunk and minor spans and offsets, nearly its whole surface. They attain the greatest height along the south and east frontier line of Switzerland; and, as they extend north, subsiding and gradually opening out to allow a passage to the Rhine and Rhone and their tributaries, they are met by the minor chain of the Jura, which forms the northwest boundary of Switzerland.

It is from the apex of this advanced ground of the Alps, or from one of the intermediate outlying hills, that the traveler, on entering the country, obtains his first view of the great central chain. From the brow of the hill, and the further extremity of a landscape, composed of undulating country, woods, hills, villages, lakes, and silvery winding rivers; and, sufficient of itself to rivet the attention—he will discern what, if he has not before enjoyed the glorious spectacle of a snowy mountain, he will probably take for a border of fleecy cloud floating along the horizon. The eye, unaccustomed to objects of such magnitude, fails at first to carry to the mind the notion that these clearly defined white masses are mountains sixty or seventy miles off. Distance and the intervening atmosphere have little effect in diminishing the intense white of the snow—it glitters pure and silvery, as if it had just fallen close at hand.

I shall never forget my first impressions as the semi-circular "array of Alpine peaks" presented themselves all at once to my eye, extending for more than 120 miles, and comprising between 200 and 300 distinct summits covered with snow, or bristling, bare rocks, their interstices filled with glaciers. I could not refrain from quoting Byron:

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around the summits, as to show
How earth may soar to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

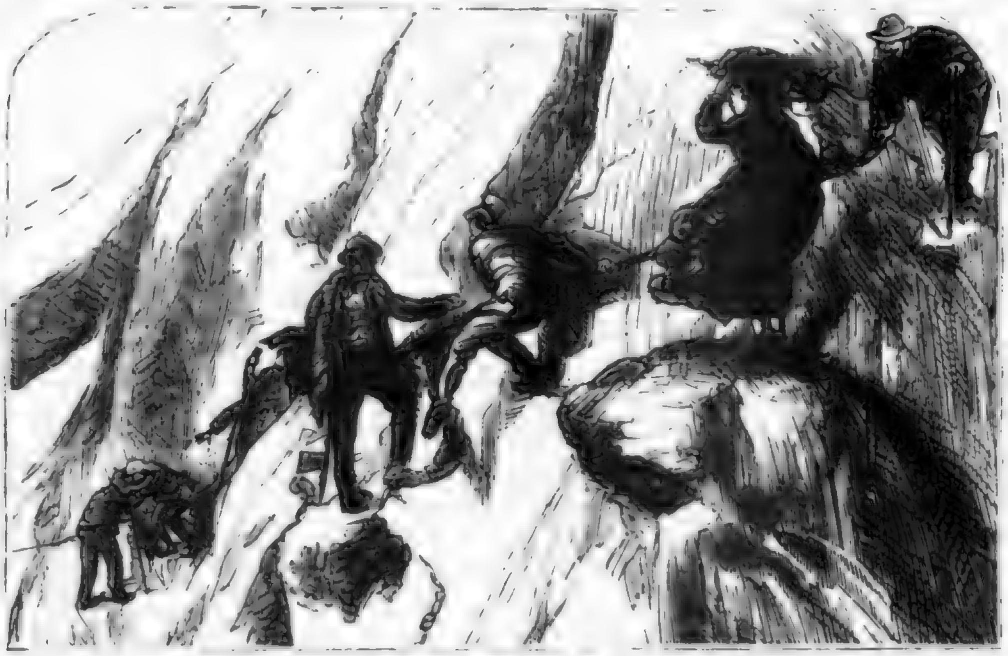
In the course of one day's journey the Alpine traveler passes from the climate of Summer to Winter, through Spring. The alternation in productions keeps pace with that of the temperature. I left behind me stubble-fields from whence the corn had been removed and bound, and ascended to find fields yellow and waving in the ear; a few miles further, the crop was green; yet higher, and the corn refused to grow. Before quitting the region of corn I entered into a dark, apparently interminable forest of pine and larch, clothing the mountain-sides in sober vestment. Above this the haymakers were collecting the short grass, the only produce which the ground will yield. Yet it must not be supposed that all was barrenness, even at this elevation. It seemed as though Nature were determined to make one last effort on the very confines of the region of vegetation. From beneath the snow-bed, and on the very verge of the glacier, the profusion of flowers, their great variety and surpassing beauty, surprised and enchanted me. Never, save in the *tierra templada* of Mexico, did I behold such floral color-glory. Gentians, violets, anemones and blue-bells, intermixed with bushes of the red rhododendron, the loveliest production of the Alps, scattered in profusion over a dazzling verdure, presented all the appearance of a Persian carpet laid out to the sun. The insect world was not less abundant and varied. Thousands of winged creatures hovered over the flowers, enjoying their brief existence—for the Summer, at these elevations, lasts but three or four weeks, and a premature Winter too soon cuts off this all too brief season of animal and vegetable activity.

Above the region of Spring, with its gush of waters, its tender herbage and vivid greensward, its hum of insects, and its natural flower-beds glittering with rain-drops, I encountered the Winter of Lapland or Siberia.

Vines disappear at 2,000 feet; oak-trees and wheat at 3,000 feet; birches and barley at 4,000 feet; pines and firs at 6,000 feet. Above 9,000 feet flowering plants are very rare, but up to 11,000 feet they are found in sunny crevices. Above 11,000 feet a few blackened lichens alone preserve the semblance of vegetable life. At the summit of a high pass, and amongst the glaciers, the rarefied air is icy cold, and exercise and quick motion are necessary to keep up the circulation of the blood. The agreeable murmur of falling water, which has hitherto occupied one incessantly, here ceases; all is solitude and silence, interrupted only by the shrill whistle of the marmot, or the hoarse cawing of an ill-omened raven. The ptarmigan starts up from among the broken rocks on the verge of the snow-field, and the lammergeir, the condor of the Alps, disturbed in his repast on the carcase of a sheep or a cow, may sometimes be seen soaring upward in a succession of corkscrew sweeps till he gains the ridge of the Alps, and then disappears.

Such are the remarkable gradations which I encountered in the course of a few hours on a single pass in the Alps; but the most striking change of all was that from the region of snow and ice on the top of the mountain to the sunny clime and gorgeous vegetation of Italy, that awaited me at the southern foot of the Alps.

The great highways passable for carriages in the Alps are surprising monuments of human skill and enterprise, surmounting what would appear at first sight to be intended by Nature as insurmountable. These proud temples of art thread the valleys, cross the *débris* of rivers on long causeways, skirt the edge of the precipice with walls of rock tottering over them, and torrents thundering below. Where the steep and hard surface of the cliff has not left an inch of space for a goat to climb along, they are conducted upon high terraces of solid masonry, or through a notch blasted in the wall of the rock. Tunnels pierce



A VERY POOR PATHWAY.

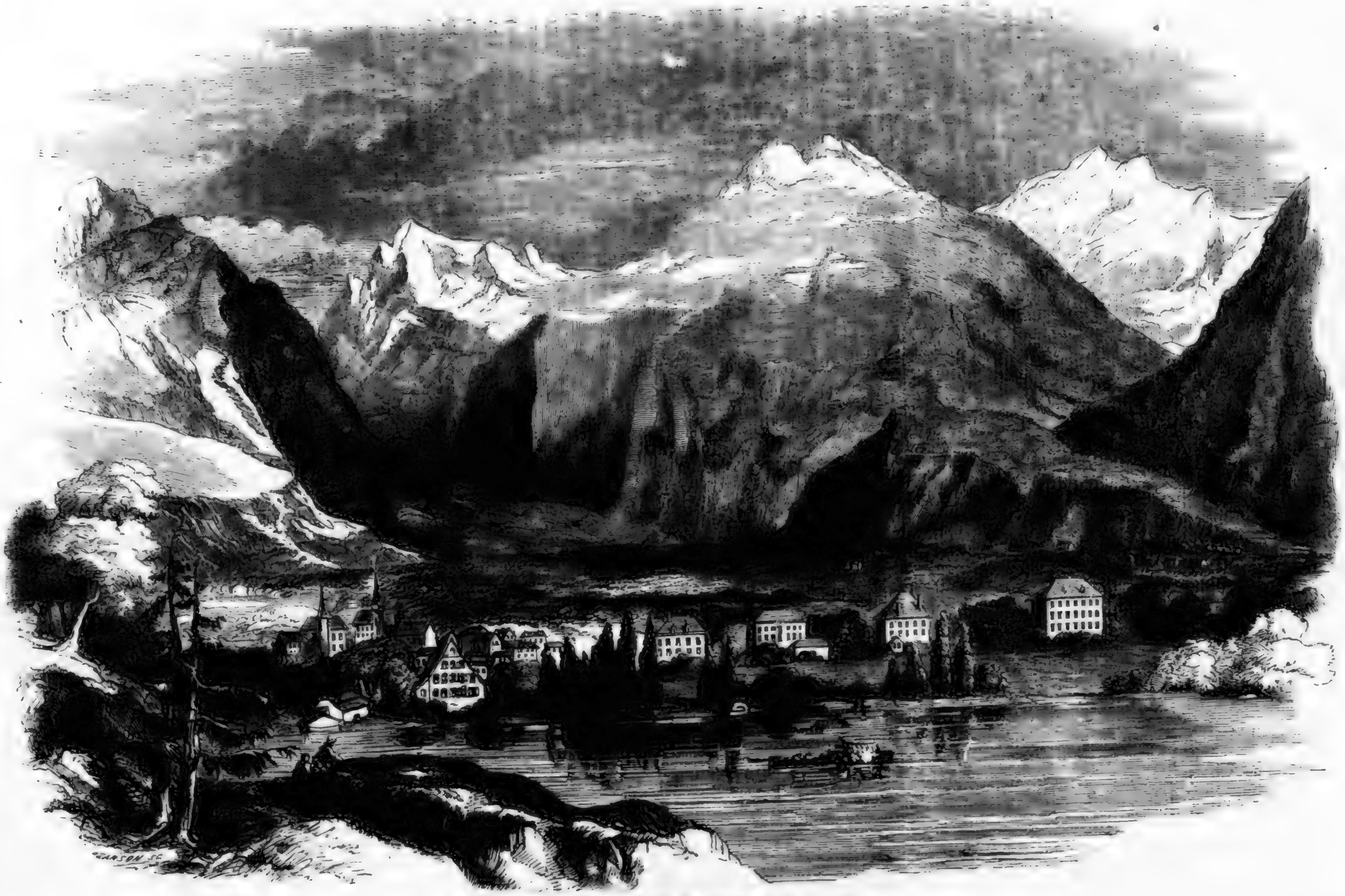
solid frowning barriers, and galleries run by steep and dizzy precipices. Often the road reaches a spot down which the Winter avalanches take their habitual course, sweeping everything before them, and which, even in Summer, drips with the lingering fragments of snow. To meet the onslaught of the avalanche, subterranean galleries are driven through the rocks, or the road is sheltered by massive arcades of masonry, sometimes nearly a mile in length; over these the avalanche glides harmlessly, and is buried in the depths below. Every opportunity is seized of gaining, by easy ascents, a higher level for the road; and at length comes the main ascent, the central ridge, to be surmounted only by hard climbing. This is overcome by a succession of zigzag terraces called *tourniquets*, or *giravolti*, connected together by wide curves, to allow carriages to turn easily and rapidly. So skillful is the construction, with such easy bends and so gradual a slope, that in many Alpine roads the drivers, with horses accustomed to the roads, trot down at a rapid pace. Sometimes as many as fifty of these zigzags succeed one another without interruption; and the traveler, as he passes backward and forward, hovering over the valley, is as though suspended to a pendulum, and swinging to and fro. The road itself presents a most singular appearance, twisted about like an uncoiled rope, or a ribbon unwound.

WATER-NYMPHS UNDER THE GIESSBACH.

The traveling-carriage descends, sometimes rapidly and without interruption, for hours. A drag of tempered iron is quickly worn down in that time to the thickness of the blade of a knife, so great is the friction, and it is usual to substitute for the iron drag a wooden sabot, formed of the section of a fir-tree, with a groove cut in the centre to admit the wheel.

The Winter snow usually falls upon the Alpine passes more than 5,000 feet high, about the second week in October, and continues till the second week in June. Along the lines of the great carriage roads, strong houses are erected at intervals,

THE PRIVATE BATHS—PATIENTS ENFORCING THE RULE OF "HATS OFF."



GENERAL VIEW OF INTERLACHEN.

called *Maisons de Refuge, Casi de Ricorero,* occupied by persons called *Cantonniers,* who are employed in mending the road and keeping it from snow, and who are also paid to assist travelers in danger during snow-storms.

As near as possible to the summit of the pass, a *hospice* is generally erected, usually occupied by a band of hospitable monks, as in the case of the Great and Little St. Bernard, the Simplon, Mont Cenis, etc. The direction of the road across the ridge is marked by a line of tall poles, which project above the snow, and, from being painted black, are easily recognized. Bells are rung in tempestuous weather, when the *tourmente* is raging, and the mist and falling snow hide the landmarks. The morning after a fall of snow, laborers and peasants are assembled from all sides to shovel it off the road; when it is not very deep it is cleared away by a snow-plow drawn by six or eight oxen.

The glaciers are amongst the most remarkable objects in nature, and to them Alpine scenery owes much of its strangeness and sublimity. A glacier may be described as a stream of ice descending into the valleys of high mountain chains, fed by the snow which occupies their tops and fills the hollows and clefts between their peaks and ridges. What it loses by melting at its lower ends is supplied by the descent of new masses from the upper regions. The snow which falls upon the summits and plateaux of the high Alps, is at first a dry and loose powder. The action of the sun gradually cements this into a granular mass, and the minute particles are aggregated together in irregular, roundish grains. In this state, the entire mass appears white and opaque, but the separate grains are transparent. In the course of successive years, as one layer accumulates on another, pressure begins to act on the lower portions of the mass. The separate grains being brought into contact, adhere together, until the whole becomes a seemingly solid mass of ice.

The accumulation of snow partly transformed into ice, in the upper regions, may be many hundreds of feet in thickness, and the pressure on the undermost part is therefore immensely great. The glacier ice yields to this pressure, and is gradually forced downward on the slopes of the mountain into the upper valleys which afford the easiest channels for its descent. The upper granular and unconsolidated part is called, in German, *firu,* in French, *néré,* the term *glacier* being applied to the lower levels of more solid ice, which stretch down into the valleys. The *firu,* or *néré,* is a region of complete desolation; no animal intrudes upon it save the chamois, and only the scantiest lichens appear on the rocks around it.

The number of glaciers among the Swiss Alps is estimated at 600, and the extent of surface occupied by them at 1,000 square miles. They vary from a few square acres to miles in extent, covering, in some instances, whole districts. It is such offsets of the glacier as these that are presented to the view of the traveler from the villages of Chamounix, Zermatt and Grindenwald. These are, however, but the skirts and fringes of that vast, everlasting display of ice which clothes all the upper regions of the Alps. These fields or tracts of uncompleted glaciers have been called "seas of ice," *mers de glace.* And there are three such among the Swiss and Savoyard Alps which merit special attention: that around Mont Blanc, that around Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, and that of the Bernese Oberland and the Finsteraarhorn.

The greatest thickness of the glaciers has been commonly estimated at 800 feet. Agassiz states that there are holes in the Aar glacier 780 feet deep. Notwithstranding their great extent and solidity, the glaciers are undergoing a perpetual process of destruction and renovation.

The *crevasses* are fissures which traverse the upper portion of the glacier before it becomes entirely fractured and disruptured. These rents and fissures are the chief source of danger to those who cross the glaciers. Their number and similarity of shape utterly bewilder. In the upper region they are concealed by a treacherous covering of snow, and many a bold chamois-hunter has found his last resting-place in their depths. A shepherd, in driving his flock to a high pasturage in the air, fell into one of them. He fell in the vicinity of a current which flowed under the glacier, and, by following up its bed under the ice, succeeded in regaining the surface, with but a broken arm.

A singular circumstance occurs when a large, single mass of rock falls upon the glacier. The shade and protection from the sun's rays afforded by the stone prevent the ice on which it rests from melting; and while the surface around is gradually lowered, it remains supported on a pedestal or table, like a mushroon on a stalk, often attaining a height of several feet.

The occurrence of red snow is common among the Alps, and is produced by minute insects and their eggs, or by a species of plant called *Palmella nivalis,* which imparts a pale carmine tint to the snow.

There are two kinds of avalanches—the *Slaublawnem,* or dust avalanche, and the *Grundlawnem,* which is the result of a rapid thaw. The former are made up of loose or dust snow, heaped up by the wind in early Winter. Such a mass, when it reaches the edge of a cliff, or declivity, tumbles from point to point, increasing in quality as well as in proportions every moment, and travels with fearful rapidity, often rushing ten miles down the doomed valley. Slide avalanches (*Schlipfe*) slip from inclined surfaces.

Travelers visiting the Alps between June and October are little exposed to danger from avalanches except immediately after a snow-storm; and, when compelled to start at such times, they should pay implicit obedience to the advice of the guide.

Avalanches present a mournful history of catastrophes. In 1720 an avalanche killed in Obergelsten 84 men and 400 head of cattle, and destroyed 120 houses. The same year 40 perished at Brieg, and 23 in the great St. Denis. In 1749 the Valley of Ruiras was carried away. One hundred men were overwhelmed, only forty of whom were dug out alive. In 1827 the village of Biel was utterly crushed by a tremendous avalanche—also that of Randa.

The *goitre* is horribly prevalent in the valleys of the Alps. I have seen women obliged to crawl on all-fours from the weight of this terrible neck-swelling. Scarcely a woman in the Valais is free from it, and it is said that those who have no swelling are laughed at, and called "goose-necked." At Domo d'Ossola I remarked it was more prevalent among the men.

Mont Blanc is 15,781 feet high, the Jungfrau, 13,671, the Rigi, 5,905.

In the mountains everything is carried on the backs of men and women; even children are seen with a little wooden frame on their shoulders; as they grow older the size of the frame increases; and the weights which men carry are surprising—70 or 80 pounds for four or five hours in the mountains. A man will carry 45 pounds from Meirigen to Guttana—3 hours up a mountain path—for 3 francs; or up the Rigi, for 4½ francs.

Those unable to ride or walk, as was the case with a lady of our party, may be carried over the mountains in *chaises-a-porteurs*—nothing more than an arm-chair borne upon poles. Each bearer expects six francs a day, and from what Mrs. —— said to me, this mode of travel is anything but agreeable.

The dwellers 'neath the Alps are very fond of the mineral bath, of which many of well-acquired reputation exist. The arrangements are generally very rough; and there is an empiric course, or *cur*, prescribed for each, from which benefit is supposed to be derived. To behold representatives of all nationalities up to their chins in the sulphur-smelling water, is a strange sight. The utmost good-humor and jollity prevail, and the brightest and merriest practical joke played, is when a bather splashes a non-bather who may be looking on—then the roof rings again with *hochs! vivas! bravos!*

There are other *curs* in which faith is placed. In Canton Oppen Zell the patient is put on a diet of the milk after cheese has been made. This is called *cure au petit lait.* Near Vevay the grape *cur* is popular. The white sorts are only used, and of these from six to seven pounds are not infrequently consumed by the invalid in one day. The grapes are eaten in the morning and forenoon, the other diet being chiefly animal; neither vegetables, milk, coffee, nor wine are allowed. The grapes are supposed to improve the quality of the blood, and to act on the liver and mucous membranes.

It might be imagined that the appetite would be palled by so large a quantity of fruit; but, on the contrary, it is said to be keenly excited. The *cur* is followed for two or three weeks, under medical surveillance.

Interlachen, of which an illustration is given, is the headquarters of dillettante tourists who go abroad because other people do so, and because London and Paris are dull in the Autumn. Here the cockney is in his glory, and 'Arry may be seen in full bloom. It is the chosen resort of those strangers who desire to carry with them into the sanctuary of Nature, as much as possible, the habits of fashionable watering-place society. Incapable of deriving deep and continuous enjoyment from the sublime objects around them, a large portion of the visitors of the gentler sex find constant occupation in the display of city finery; while the less fortunate male idlers are too often reduced to a condition of utter vacuity.

Interlachen takes its name from lying between the two lakes of Brientz and Thun. If it lacks the solemn grandeur of the Lake of Lucerne, or the exquisite beauty of that of Como, it yet possesses a combination of the two, which, in the judgment of many tourists, makes it not unworthy to rank with them. The banks are dotted with thriving villages and picturesque châlets; the great masses of the Niesen and Stockhorn occupy the foreground, and noble views are obtained of the snow-covered summits of the Monch and Eigher in the distance. Legends innumerable linger about the shores of the lake. Tradition connects the Castle of Spietz, on a projecting tongue of land at the foot of the Niesen, with the terrible Attila and his Huns. St. Beatus, the first missionary in this district, is reported to have dispensed with the services of boat and boatmen, by simply spreading his cloak on the lake when he desired a sail. A huge dragon, which had devastated the country for some years, and which no one dared to attack, occupied a cave on the mountain-side, overhanging the lake. St. Beatus desired to relieve the neighborhood of this pest, and at the same time coveted the dragon's den for himself. By simply giving the monster notice to quit, he achieved both objects. The dragon took his departure when bidden, and the saint entered upon the vacant cave.

Few if any plains in Switzerland are more picturesque or delightfully situated than Interlachen. The views extend across the blue waters of the lake, across the narrow strip of orchard and garden on its shores, up to the oak forests, up to the pine forests, up the bare mountain sides, up to the belt of snow, and to the glistening peaks in mid-air, up to the deep azure above.

The Giessbach Falls are much visited, and amply repay the excursion from Interlachen. A carriage road skirts the north shore, between Interlachen and Brientz. It takes twenty-five minutes to run from Brientz to the outlet of the Giessbach, where tourists begin to ascend the very steep though excellent road that leads, in twenty minutes, to the Falls. They are quite a series, leaping step by step from the top of the mountain; and though inferior in height to the Reichenbach, surpass it in beauty as they brush their way through a rich forest of fir.

The Giessbach is one of the prettiest of waterfalls; there is nothing wild about it, and the immediate contact of green, turfy knolls and trees has the effect of a park scene. You can easily pass behind the third Fall by a gallery constructed beneath the shelving rock; and the effect of the landscape, seen through this curtain of water, is singular. The illustration represents a party of ladies timidly performing this, to them, most daring feat.

The Alps are the happy hunting-grounds of the strong-limbed, the deep-chested, the men who *are* men. These mountains fill them with that awe which is mental reverence, while they inspire none of that fear which is mere physical dread. With how many images of nobleness and loveliness are they associated in the memory of the man who loves to climb them. How well he knows snow-slopes, with snow hard or soft—hard in the coldness of early morning, soft in the branding heat of the afternoon sun. Well also does he know the glacier, with its seracs, with its crevasses, open or concealed; with its humps and hollows; with its murmur of sub-latent runnels of impetuous water. Well does he know the perilous hatchet-edge of the long, sharp *arête;* and best of all does he know the supreme summit, always rising above awful precipices, and never reached without a strange thrill of triumph.

He remembers the delicate witchery of many a line of light and shade; the thick, pale air, opaquely blanched by the wild storm-whirl of madly dancing snow-flakes; the silvery mist, creeping like a thin vail of subtlest film over the brown hue and bulk of the massive rocks. He knows the Alps in sunshine and in tempest; he knows them intimately in all their phases of vastness, of terror, of grandeur, and of awe. A thousand memories of the secret, sacred, silent solitudes of the giant hills, of days on which strong labor overcame difficulties, and clear will surmounted dangers, until he stood in glory and in joy upon the loftiest crest of the proudest peak, are stirred in the mountaineer when he comes into any contact with the Alps.

A SPY IN THE CAMP.

By Karl Drury.

When Viola Adair's father died, his will contained one clause which many people considered extremely singular.

He desired his daughter, then eleven years old, to become, on completing her twenty-first year, the wife of Elbert Duane, then aged fourteen.

Various conflicting reasons were given for this curious stipulation. Some persons affirmed that in early life old Mr. Adair had been a hopeless adorer of Elbert Duane's mother. Others stated, with roundest positiveness of assertion, that this was completely untrue, and that the clause in the will sprang entirely from a strong friendship once existing between the dead fathers of Elbert and Viola. With the other gossipy reports we will not concern ourselves.

Viola Adair lived in a great country homestead that had been in the family a huge number of years, and principally occupied herself, at the age of twenty, in speculating upon

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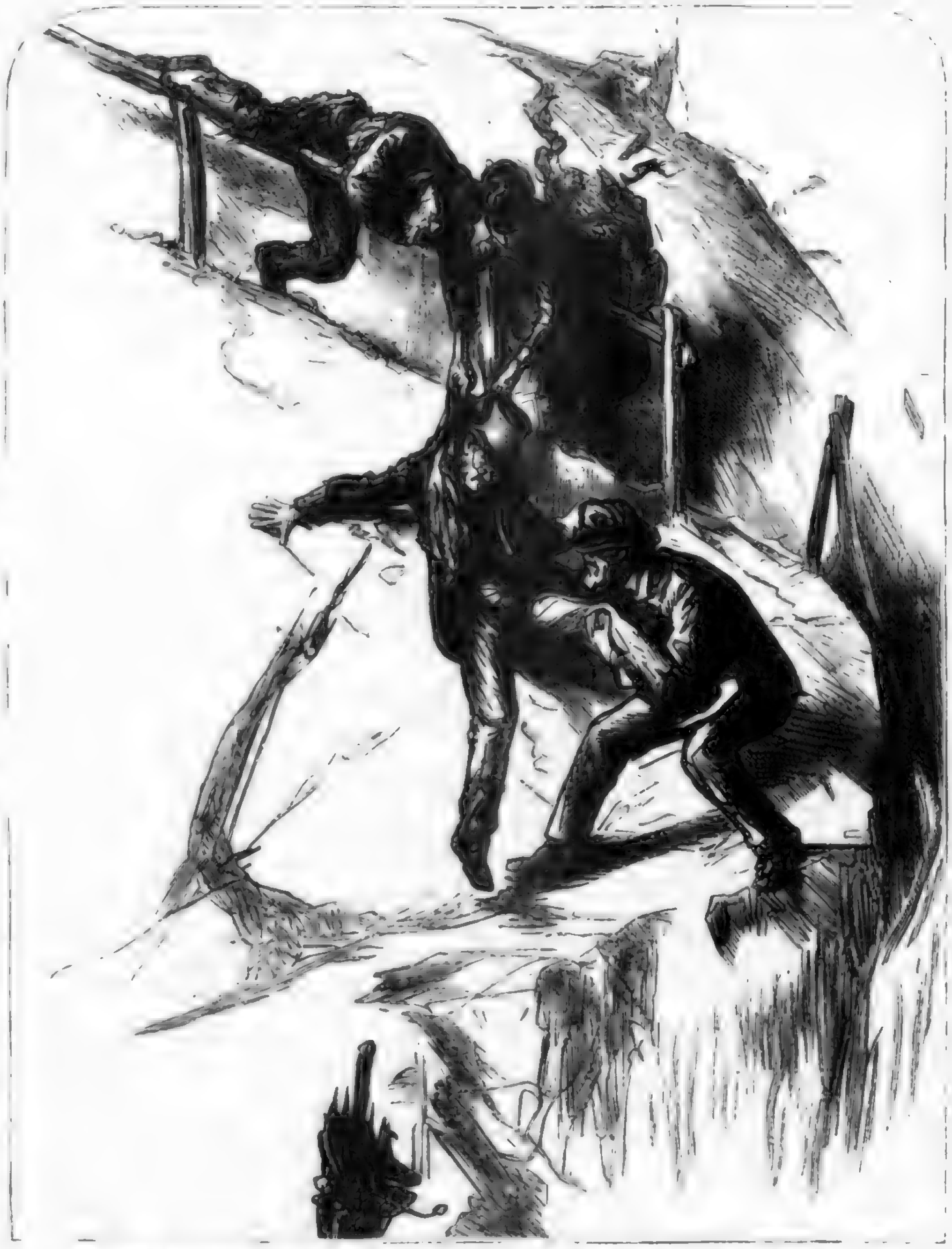
what a fine time she would have in the future.

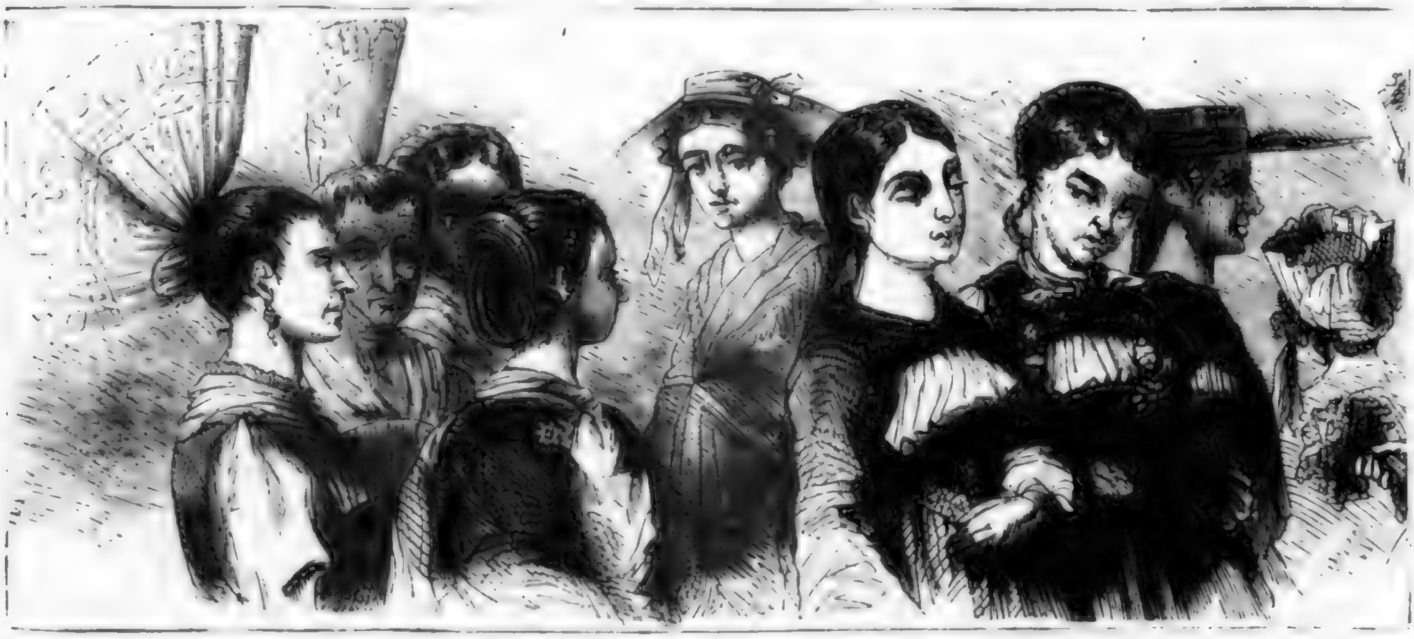
Elbert Duane was always the subject of such dreamings. She had never seen him, he having lived since babyhood among foreign English relatives, and consequently the possibility that he might be the most charming of young demigods was changed by Viola into the decided probability that he *was* thus divinely favored. Viola's great-aunt, Mrs. Marksley, lived also at the homestead, but being eighty, if a day, and so deaf that it would not have disturbed her repose a particle had she slept over one of our most popular New York shooting-galleries, this estimable lady, as may readily be imagined, did not contribute any special diversion to her niece's daily life.

Viola's only real companion was a certain Miss Butterby, a lady now about forty years old, who had been engaged as Miss Adair's governess surely twelve years ago, and who still retained her position, though it was every day growing more and more of a sinecure.

It would be hard to imagine a more charming elderly spinster than Miss Butterby. She was literally "fat, fair and forty." Her plump face seemed never tired of dim-



THE ALPINE CLIMBING.—CUTTING OFF A FEARFUL CORNER.—SEE PAGE 352.



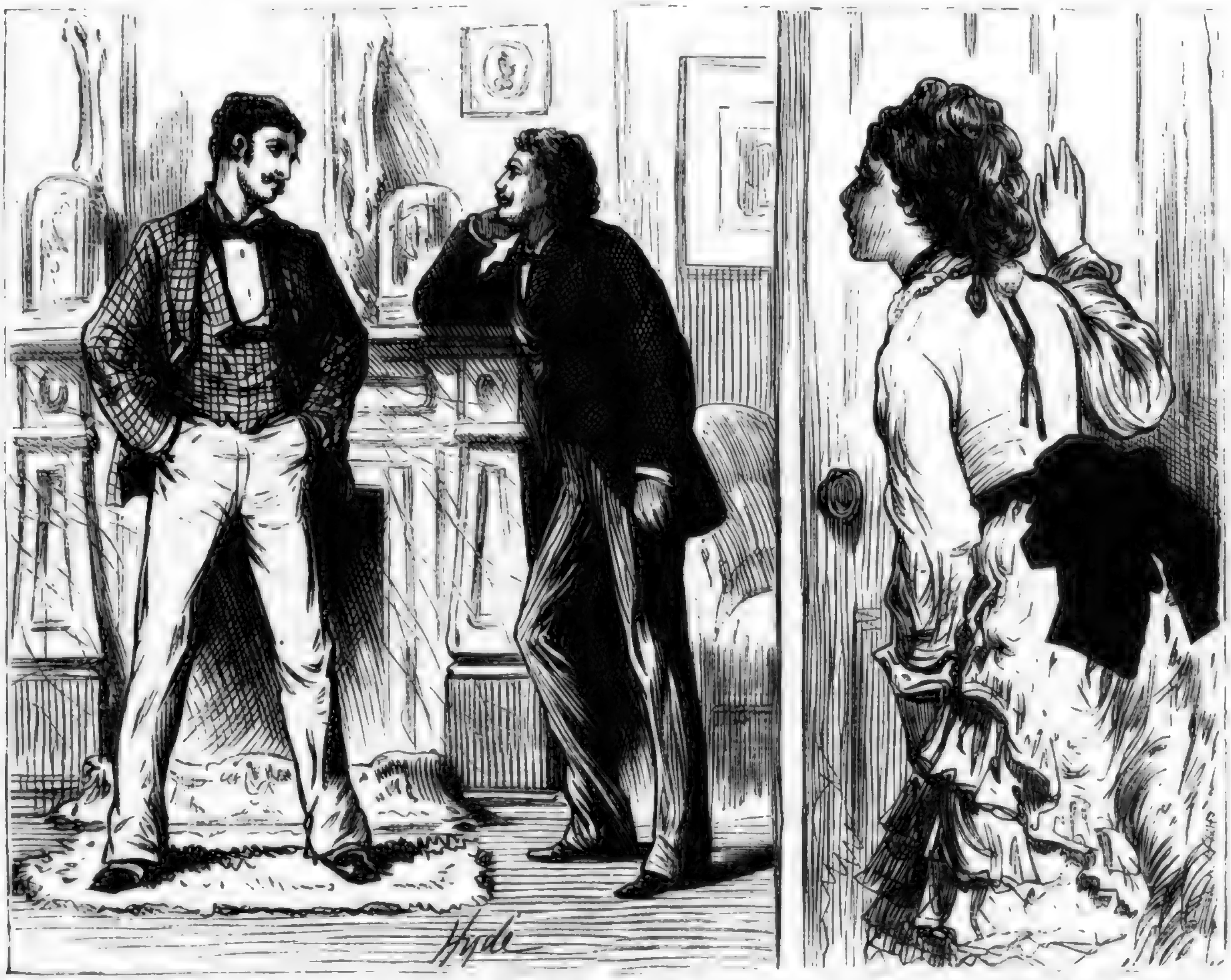
FEMALE COSTUMES OF THE CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

pling itself with the heartiest and happiest mirthfulness. Viola adored her, and repeatedly declared that existence would be a blank without her "dear old Butterby."

One day, about three months or so before the completion of Viola's twenty-first year, Miss Butterby came running into the room where she was seated, with an expression of fright and anxiety by no means natural to the governess's usually merry face.

"Oh, my dear Viola!" exclaimed Miss Butterby, "such a dreadful thing has just happened down at the gate! A gentleman has been thrown from his horse and half killed!"

Viola's sapphire-colored eyes opened to their widest as she jumped up from her seat, almost shouting:



A SPY IN THE CAMP.—"THE DOOR WAS PARTIALLY AJAR, AND THE PARLOR HAD TWO INMATES, NEITHER OF WHOM HAD OBSERVED HER SOFT APPROACH, ALTHOUGH ANY MOMENT MIGHT REVEAL TO THEM HER PRESENCE."

"Good heavens, Butterby, dear, do you mean it? What have you done? I hope you called James and John right off. Did you *see* him thrown?"

"No; but just as I got to the gate, I heard a groan, and there he was, lying on his side with his eyes nearly closed, and the fiend of a horse that had thrown him was grazing several yards off as quietly as a lamb."

"Well?" questioned Viola, deeply interested. "Go on. What else happened?"

"I at once rushed up to the poor creature, and asked if he were much hurt and what had hurt him. He pointed toward the horse, and murmured, 'Thrown.' I felt like firing the largest-sized stone conceivable at the beast, Viola, for daring to treat such a beautiful young gentleman in such an infamous way."

"*Was* he beautiful?" inquired Viola, more interested than ever.

"Oh, splendid! But just wait till you see him. He's in the sitting-room now. I got James and John to help him in, and then I sent James immediately on horseback after Dr. Fitch."

"And is he much hurt, Butterby?"

"I don't know. It's his leg, you see, and he groans a good deal, and rubs it now and then, and all that. I—I didn't ask any perilous questions, Viola, dear. He might have asked me, you know, in the fine carelessness of suffering, to roll up his pantaloons and make surgical investigations."

"Who is with him now?"

"Mary Anne watched him, whilst I ran up to tell you. By-the-by, his eyes were shut when I left him, but he didn't appear to be in a swoon at all."

It took Viola nearly ten minutes before she considered herself "presentable" enough to go down-stairs. Of course, if her services had been in the least needed, no coquetry would have deterred her from at once appearing at the sufferer's side; but she well knew Miss Butterby's thorough efficiency.

She entered the sitting-room at last, looking a perfect picture, with an apple-colored ribbon at her throat, and her reddish-auburn hair curling over her forehead and temples in the most artistically *négligée* fashion; for some country girls would be miserable unless they could consult the latest modes, and I am sorry to say that our Viola possessed this

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somewhat frivolous trait. The sufferer was still lying on the lounge, with closed eyes, but he opened them the moment that Miss Butterby said:

"Ah, here you are, Viola!"

And then our susceptible young heroine felt the voice of her inward spirit immediately murmur, "Butterby was right. He is a seraph—an Adonis—a prodigy of good looks!"

He was nothing of the sort. He had brown eyes, of much brilliancy, and a brown, silky mustache, and an extremely creditable complexion. But to the eyes of Miss Butterby and her pupil his general physical suggestion of gentlemanliness, polish and grace, made up for all minor facial deficiencies.

Viola now spoke, rather embarrassedly.

"I am so sorry it—happened, sir," she began; and just then James entered the room, saying:

"Dr. Fitch is here."

Dr. Fitch was a young man (not older, perhaps, than the sufferer himself), who had recently completed a course of European travel, and had settled as practitioner in an adjacent town. Mrs. Marksley, Viola's great-aunt, had taken him up not long ago, and declared that he had done her rheumatism more good in a week than old Dr. Cobweb had done it in five years.

Dr. Fitch took the patient's hand in a very kindly way, and, after holding it for a few moments, politely requested the ladies to retire, being evidently desirous of closely examining the injured limb.

Viola and her ex-governess waited with no little anxiety for the decision. It came in about ten minutes. There was a severe contusion of a certain bone with name unpronounceable, which would prevent Mr. Delmayne (such was the gentleman's name) from walking at all for at least a fortnight. After the doctor had gone, Viola sat down by Mr. Delmayne.

"I hope you'll make yourself quite at home here," she began. "You've got to be here a week, you know."

"Thanks," he said, with what Viola thought a very sweet smile.

And then he told her that he'd no friends nor relations in this part of the country, but was making a horseback journey from L—— (a distance of many miles off) into New York, being passionately fond of horseback.

And then Viola told him a great deal about herself—a great deal more than he told her on a similar topic, and a great deal more than there was any necessity for telling.

James and John carried him up-stairs that evening, and he groaned considerably while they were doing so. Poor Viola found herself crying great tears whilst she listened to this unstoic proceeding on Mr. Delmayne's part, and Miss Butterby stood near her pupil, the picture of plump distress.

On the following morning, the ladies sent word by James (who acted as their guest's valet at present) that they would be delighted to see him as soon as he was ready to receive their visit.

Delmayne was presently quite prepared for them, and the ladies entered his apartment.

"Viola and I are *so* sorry that we must leave you alone to-day," Miss Butterby announced; "but the fact is, to-day takes place our grand church fair over in D——, and we've each got a table, you know——"

"Why, of course—I understand, perfectly," said Mr. Delmayne, as Miss Butterby paused a moment. But he spoke with a certain mournful politeness that was by no means lost upon Viola.

When they got to the fair that morning, after quite a long drive in the hot July sun, Viola decisively expressed to Miss Butterby the sentiment that she wished she hadn't come.

"Just think of that poor sufferer home there all alone!" she added, with much pathos of tone. "I've a good mind——"

But she did not finish her sentence. Miss Butterby, however, mentally finished it for her, and about an hour afterward she whispered to Viola:

"Cornelia Briggs is dying to take this table of yours. Why don't you let her, and——"

"And what?" asked Viola, looking very meaningly at the speaker.

"Go home to the poor sufferer," finished the sympathetic Butterby. "He will be so pleasantly surprised! He doesn't expect us till five o'clock. If you don't think it's proper to sit alone by the poor fellow, why, you can persuade your aunt to leave her bedroom, which she so rarely leaves, and keep you company. As for me, I can go home in the Briggses wagon."

Of course Viola accepted this proposition, and surrendered her table to the beatified Cornelia Briggs. The ride back to the homestead was several degrees hotter than the ride therefrom had been. But Viola didn't mind the heat much, though she had complained considerably whilst being driven to D——. Circumstances so materially alter cases sometimes.

On reaching the homestead, she found its lower hall quite as quiet as she had anticipated. Something caused her to enter the large, seldom-used parlor before going upstairs to the "poor sufferer." Or, rather, it would be best to say that something caused her to have such a desire only, for, when she reached the threshold, Viola paused.

The door was partially ajar, and the parlor had two inmates, neither of whom had observed her soft approach, although any moment might reveal to them her presence.

Viola lifted her hand to her eyes, and, for a brief space, actually rubbed them, to persuade herself that she was not dreaming.

Right in front of the mantel, with his hands underneath his coat-tails, and his legs well stretched apart, and a lighted cigar in his mouth, stood Mr. Delmayne!

The "poor sufferer" had been suddenly and miraculously freed from his torments. Viola felt as if pure astonishment were gradually ossifying her, whilst she stood and watched him.

"James," he now remarked to the other occupant of the room, who was standing near, and who had again and again been enjoined by Viola and Miss Butterby "never to lose sight" of the invalid during their absence—"James, my man, I think I'll go up-stairs. It's sort of—of dangerous down here, don't you know? Any of the servants might pop in here at any moment. I'm glad I've let you into my secret, James, because if I hadn't somebody near me who knew the whole thing I shouldn't be able to carry it through."

At this moment Viola dashed into the parlor.

"You abominable fraud!" she began, in the most successfully melodramatic of screams. "How dare you enter a respectable family in this shameful way? Who are you? *What* are you? To think that I've actually been wasting *pity* on you, and came home from the fair in this broiling sun to—to *nurse* you! Oh, it's enough to turn a lady's mind with rage! Please leave the house directly! I don't believe your name is Delmayne at all! I dare say it's Smith or Jones! Ugh! you wretch, you!"

The pseudo-invalid was standing very penitently now before his fair annihilator, having more or less recovered from his first shock of amazement at Viola's unexpected *entrée*.

"My name isn't Delmayne," he said, with meekness, "nor yet Smith, nor yet Jones. It is—but perhaps you'd rather not know?"

"I don't care one way or the other!" cried Viola. "Why should I care? Go away from this house! You're a vile impostor!"

"I'm so sorry you think so," was the gentle response; "because I'm—I'm Elbert Duane!"

Those simple words were to poor Viola like the bursting of a bombshell, whilst she stood before this man in a condition of astonishment even greater than that which had resulted from the first discovery of his imposture.

He hurried up to her side, and began speaking rapid words:

"Forgive me; but, after all, is there so *very* much to forgive? Whilst Dr. Fitch was abroad last year, I met him, and, as he thought of settling so near you, we arranged this little plan together. It wasn't mere vulgar curiosity that led me to do it, I assure you. It was because I wanted to see a little of my future wife before she became mine, and, provided I loved her, try to win her reciprocal love without any thought of prudence and policy directing the attachment. I may have been quite wrong in deliberately deceiving you; but—Viola, don't you understand what I meant?"

"No, I do *not*!" exclaimed Viola, suddenly bursting into tears. "I still think you a—a wretch, and I—I intend breaking poor pa's will; you just see if I don't!"

But she did no such thing. She forgave Elbert, married him in the following year, and is to-day one of the happiest little wives living.

INGENUITY OF FRAUD.

We find the following story in Francis's "History of the Bank of England":

In 1870, a gentleman of eminence in the mercantile world was grieved by the contents of a letter which he received from a correspondent at Hamburg, the post-mark of which it bore. From the statement it contained, it appeared that a person most minutely described had defrauded the writer, under extraordinary circumstances, of £3,000. The letter continued to say information had been obtained that the defrauder—the dress and person of whom it described—was occasionally to be seen on the Dutch walk.

The object of the writer was to induce his correspondent to invite the party to dinner, and by any moral force which could be used, compel him to return the money; adding, that if he should be found amenable to reason, and evince any signs of repentance, he might be dismissed with a friendly caution and £500, as he was a near relative of the writer. As the gentleman whose name it bore was a profitable correspondent, the London merchant kept a keen watch on the Dutch walk, and was at last successful in meeting and being introduced to the cheat.

The invitation to dine was accepted; and the host, having previously given notice to his family to quit the table, soon after dinner acquainted his visitor with the knowledge of the fraud. Alarm and horror were depicted in the countenance of the young man, who, with tones apparently tremulous with emotion, begged that his disgrace might not be made public. To this the merchant consented, provided the £3,000 was returned. The visitor sighed deeply; but said that to return all was impossible, as he had unfortunately spent part of the amount. The remainder, however, he proposed to yield instantly, and the notes were handed to the merchant, who, after dilating on the goodness of the man he had robbed, concluded his moral lesson by handing him a check for £500 as a proof of his beneficence.

The following morning the gentleman went to the banker to deposit the money he had received, when, to his great surprise, he was told that the notes were counterfeit. His next inquiries were concerning the check, but that had been cashed shortly after the opening of the bank. He immediately sent an express to his Hamburg correspondent, who replied that the letter was a forgery, and that no fraud had been committed upon him. The whole affair had been plotted by a gang, some of whom were on the Continent and some in England.

BRAVERY OF PEPIN LE BREF.

Courage may be defined "that impatient ardor of disposition which contemns danger and its consequences." It is a virile virtue, less commendable and methodical than bravery, but more impetuous, and more eager in the pursuit of peril. There is generally more courage evinced in supporting the ills of life than in courting self-destruction.

This axiom is confirmed by the reply of an individual, which has lately been cited by an Italian writer. The person alluded to, after having given a particular friend the most minute account of numerous misfortunes which he had experienced, concluded by demanding:

"And now, my friend, what would you have done, had you been in my place, on such and such occasions?"

"I!" replied the friend. "I would indubitably have put an end to my existence."

"I did more," coolly returned the narrator; "I endured the heavy burden of life."

Pepin, King of France, was so diminutive in stature that he obtained the surname of "*Le Bref*," or the Short, and several of the courtiers made him in consequence the subject of very illiberal jests. Pepin was informed of this, and resolved to establish his claims to respect by some memorable incident. It was not long before an opportunity offered. He presented the public with an entertainment, in the course of which a bull of prodigious size encountered a still more formidable lion. The latter had already overthrown his adversary, when Pepin, turning to his courtiers, thus addressed them:

"Which of you has courage sufficient either to separate or to kill those furious animals?"

The proposition alone made them shudder, and no person ventured to reply.

"Perhaps so diminutive a being as myself can effect what I propose," observed the King, sarcastically.

Saying which, he drew forth his sabre, jumped into the arena, stabbed the lion to the heart, and, without taking breath, cut off the bull's head at a single blow.

The whole court was thunderstruck at the display of such prodigious strength and unexampled boldness.

A Tender Conscience.—Mr. Wilson, the Scottish vocalist, was taking lessons from Mr. Finlay Dunn, who had just returned from Italy, much impressed with the deep sentiment of the Italian school. Mr. Dunn regretted that his pupil's fine voice was marred by want of expression and feeling; so, one day, he said to him: "Now, Mr. Wilson, just try and fancy that I'm your lady-love—the idol of your soul, and then sing to me as you would sing to her." Poor Mr. Wilson hesitated and blushed, in doubt how far, in his case, such a personification was altogether justifiable; at last he hesitatingly remonstrated with: "Ay, but, Mr. Dunn, ye forget I'm a married man!"

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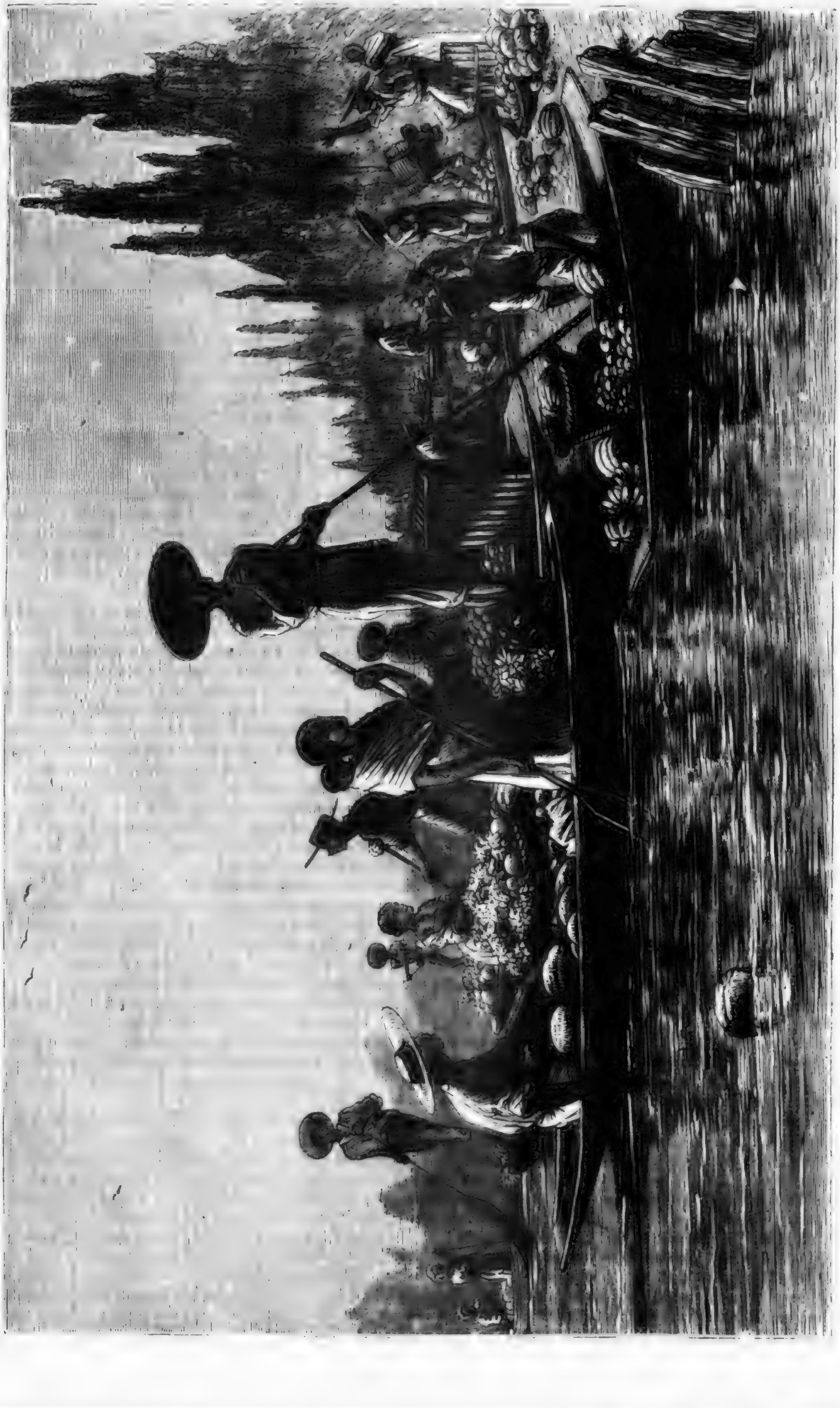

A GLIMPSE AT THE INNER LIFE OF MEXICO.—FRUIT-BOATS ON THE CHALCO CANAL.

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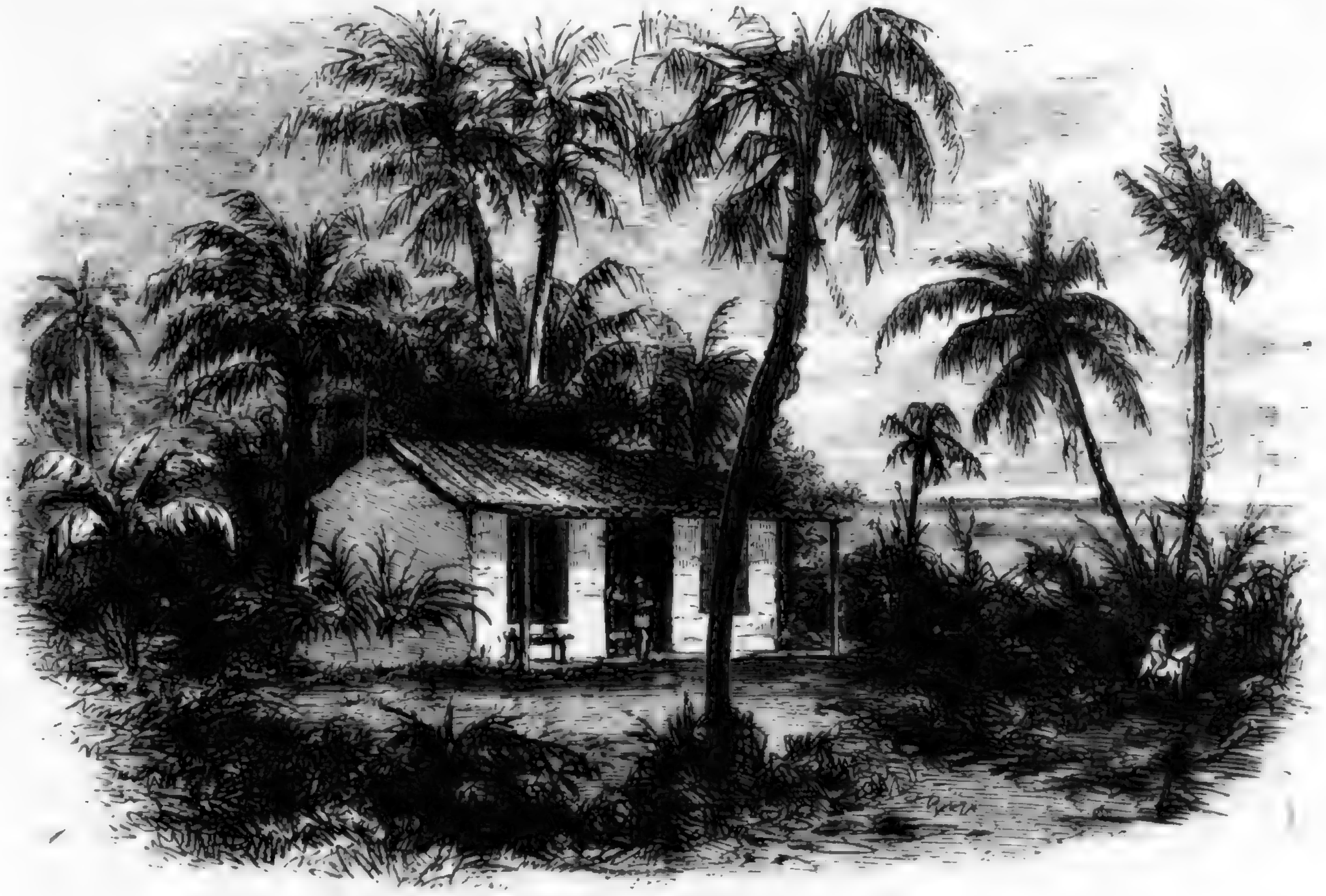


A HACIENDA IN MEXICO.

A GLIMPSE AT THE INNER LIFE OF MEXICO.

The *tortilla* is a description of corn pancake universally used in Mexico, and by the poorer classes as a substitute for bread. It meets you at every turn—in cellars, in palaces, at corners of streets, in fortresses, among the *maguey* fields, at the craters of extinct volcanoes. It means meat, drink and clothing. Give a Mexican a *tortilla*, and he is safe for twenty-four hours, if not longer. He—as the Irish say of the potato—"humors it"; rolling it up with the delicacy that a member of the "Mouton" Club in Paris rolls a cigarette. He "cuddles" it, takes short, sharp bites at it, or allows himself the sybaritic luxury of gazing at it ere he devours it. A *tortilla*, washed down by a quart or two of *pulque*, and your peasant Mexican enjoys that bland and beatific condition which the *gourmet* sighs for after his carefully studied repast. "After me the deluge," the *tortilla* might safely parody.

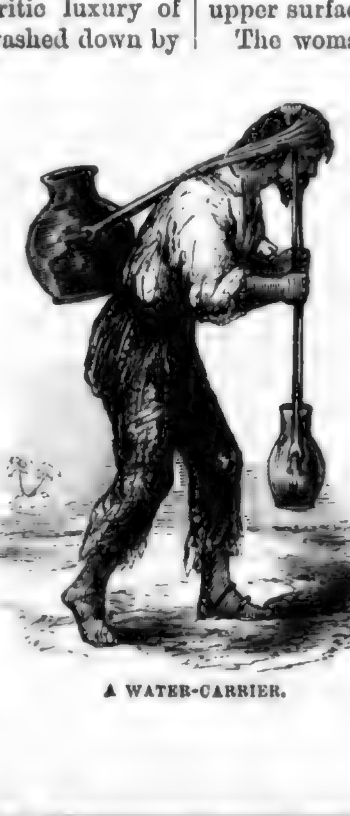
The manufacture of the *tortilla* reaches the dignity of a science; and many a time have I stopped at the entrance to a Mexican dwelling in the shabbier districts, to gaze at the operation, usually carried on by a coffee-brown old hag, very scantily attired in the purest of white, her blue-black hair contrasting with her snowy drapery, *nuda genu*, and her amber-beaded necklace. The apartment is low-ceilinged, the walls of a brick-red, the floor earthen. Bright red baked-clay pitchers, of shapes such as would set Cesnola a-thinking, hang round the place. There is seemingly no furniture but the apparatus for the making of the *tortilla*, and the coke fire.

This is how they make the *tortilla:* The corn, ripe and dry, is boiled in a large pot, into which lime and salt have been previously cast, the proportion being regulated by the quantity of corn, the lime being equal to one-half of the salt. After having been boiled to a soft and spongy condition, the corn is taken out of the pot and carefully washed in cold water, the outer skin or husk being scrupulously removed; and in this condition the corn is called *nistamal.* It is then placed, say four or five handfuls at a time, upon the *metate*, a piece of porous (generally volcanic) stone, made or cut into a tripod shape, having the upper surface quite smooth.

The woman (because this household drudgery is cast upon women, be they servants or, as is the case in the very poor classes, the wife, sister or mother) takes the *mano del metate*, a kind of cylindrical stone, made of the same material as the *metate*, and in a kneeling position begins to grind the *nistamal*, or boiled corn, until it is reduced to a soft, doughy state.

This kind of dough, or paste, is called *masa*, and it is made up in small portions or balls which, by pressure between both hands, acquire a round shape, flattened at the poles and quite thin. This is placed upon the *comal*, a piece of flat earthenware, which is deposited on a fire, and then two or three turns cook the tortilla.

I have eaten it at the Hacienda San Antonio, using it as an edible spoon in sopping up *frijoles*, the brown beans



A WATER-CARRIER.

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in which the Mexicans take so much delight; and after an experience of good things for, I will not say how many years, I recommend it to Delmonico, of Gotham, or Philippe, of Paris, as a gastronomic sensation.

The *aguadores*, or water carriers, are a special feature of Mexico. Their business consists in carrying water after a very primitive fashion—scoff not, ye lucky ones, with Croton laid on at high pressure to your roof-tops, and in any quantity—from the various fountains scattered here and there throughout the city, to the thirsty and thrifty householders.

The *aguador* is cased in a leather garment, like the vestment of a Catholic clergyman, or the tabard of a medieval herald. Each carries a huge water-jar, called *chochocol*, on his back, suspended by a strap from his forehead, and a smaller jar, *cantara*, hanging in front, attached to a string round his neck. He wears loose, flapping white linen drawers, and *guaraches*, or sandals. He plods on patiently under his burden, crying in a shrill, plaintive voice, "*Agua!*" (water), and he will ascend to the topmost stairways of the highest houses to dispose of a cent's worth.

The Plaza Santo Domingo, in the City of Mexico, is the favorite haunt of the *aguadores*, and I have counted as many as twenty of these itinerant water-venders round the fountain at one time; their red earthen vessels glistening in the sheen and dazzle of the vertical sunlight.

The Chalco Canal is one of the most picturesque waterways in the wide world, and yields anchorage to the celebrated *Chinampas*, or floating-gardens, from whence the gorgeous flowers and delicious vegetables are borne in quaintly shaped boats to the City of Mexico. Leaving the city by the Puenta del Molino, you enter the Paseo de la Viga—the chief promenade before the Paseo de la Buscarili became *de rigueur*. It is a slatternly road, with a rim of old trees, and now used as a garden for the people. Parallel with it runs the ancient canal cut by the Aztecs long before the Conquest, and which, by intersecting a corner of the city, connects Lake Tescoco with Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco.

This part of the surroundings of Mexico is perhaps that which has changed least since the days of Montezuma; and, at a short distance from the town, the visitor finds himself utterly bewildered by the absolute change, and transported into the midst of sights and sounds which have nothing in common with the half-European life of the capital; but which, in their open simplicity and strangeness, resuscitate with the breath of reality the "dry bones" of pre-Spanish history.

The canal swarms with multifarious craft, all propelled by poles, by Indians scantily attired in white, who stand at the bows. The frail pinnaces, often weighted with two or three sitters, seem fated to capsize any minute; but, with a "wobble," they again dart along, being steered as skillfully as was ever a Venetian *gondola* 'neath the shadow of the Bridge of Sighs.

Portly señoras and slim señoritas, some of them attired in the charming *mantilla*, but, alas! the majority in imitation of a fashion that reigned in the Bois de Boulogne when Napoleon was Cæsar—garish in color, but defective in make-up. The Mexican dandy—all high hat, high heels, high shirt-collar, short coat, and dangling watch-chain—hands the ladies into the flat-bottomed boat; and, while the *caballeros* illumine fresh cigarrettes (when *does* a Mexican cease smoking?) and while the ladies laugh and chatter and fan themselves, the Indian thrusts his pole into the mud-bank, and, "swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow," the canoe darts along.

On the right are the purple-misted mountains of the jusco; on the left, the snow-capped Popocatapetl and Ixtacihuatl, cut clear as steel against the keen, full-blue sky. Past villas, and their gardens, *pulquerrias*, or saloons, beneath bridges so low that *caballero* and *senora* are compelled to double up, while the latter emit timid but delighted shrieks; past the *paseo*, where stands a recently erected monument to Guatimozin, the last of the Aztec sovereigns—the canoe reaches the Grita de la Viga, or city boundary line, where the toll-house tax, or *octroi*, is collected on all in-coming article of domestic consumption.

The collection of the customs naturally impedes the traffic, and the canal, which is only about twenty feet wide its entire length, is here literally choked with punts and canoes and rafts, laden with mounds of glowing and exquisitely perfumed flowers heaped on the bare floor of the boat to a height of three feet—or, with vegetables, from the golden carrot to the tender, green lettuce; from the *bajata*, with its curious globes, to the *tlatal*, fairy woven as a piece of Honiton lace.

Indians with baggy white drawers rolled up to the knee, *zarapes* round their shoulders, and straw *sombreros* on their heads, await their turn, paying the dues amid a lively interchange of conversation; and whenever one of their comrades appears upon the scene, they salute in the formal manner of the Spanish Court when Columbus spoiled the egg, by doffing their *sombreros*, and lowering them almost to their feet.

After poling through the crowd of eager, excited, jabbering supporters of the lazy Custom House employés, the *chinampas* come into sight. These floating gardens use the embankment of almost the entire canal, and are owned and cultivated by the Indian population, some of the proprietors being accounted enormously rich. The garden is about thirty yards long, five feet wide, and rises about two feet out of the water. Formerly they floated, but now, although anything but *terra firma*, they seem, as O'Connell said of the Irish peasant, "rooted to the soil." They are separated by minor canals, about three feet in width, in which the owners and their assistants paddle the live-long day, either engaged in gathering the products of the garden, or in watering it. The whole is done after a very primitive fashion, to wit: by scooping up the water with a wooden hand-scoop, and splashing it all over the *chinampa*.

These *chinampas* are spread far and wide on both sides of the canal, and in various other places near Mexico where the locality is favorable. The space in which they are situated is so evenly divided between water and land, that, without a knowledge of their history, it would be difficult to say whether the gardens had been hung on the water, or the canals and ditches burrowed out of the land. The produce is easily brought to town by the punts moored alongside of the gardens—especially as the canal threads many of the streets in the easternmost quarter with almost a Venetian regularity. In one of them, called del Puente de Roldan, near the point where the canal turns off toward the Grita de San Lorenzo, the boats come to a standstill, for here is the real port of the canal, and the most interesting of all the curious markets of Mexico.

In the morning, the buyers congregate on the quay that borders the water, and a most lively and noisy scene ensues between venders and purchasers—clamorous bargaining alternates with chaff and complaint, and all the bustle and stir attendant on unloading the boats and transferring the produce—vegetables, flowers, and poultry—to the pack-mules and to the backs of men and women.

Standing on the broken bridge, a sight meets the eye that, for quaintness, color and wondrous effect of light and shade, surpasses the "best bit" of the City of the Doges.

Above, a keen, full blue sky and a vertical sunlight; on the left the black walls of stone that dip into the canal, turbid with garbage and "a rank compound of villainous smells"; the water carpeted over with flowers fit to form a couch for Titania, while in the boats, in their picturesque blues and whites and scarlets, the coffee-colored, blue-black haired Indians pose in attitudes of indolent and unaffected grace. Out in front is the market-place, approached by steps, a blaze of dayshine, and occupied by umbrellas of varied hues, by mules and donkeys, and venders of *dulces*, with their strangely-shaped baskets; by fruit-dealers, displaying wares kaleidoscopic in manifold tints; by sellers of glazed earthenware, by *tortilla* and *pam-baso* makers, and by hundreds of hawkers, each offering something strange and uncommon to the foreign visitor's eye.

It is at the little village of San Anita, on the Chalco Canal, or on the flat boats moored to its banks, that one sees the Mexican native dances executed to perfection—the *fandango* taking the first rank. The native dances do not seem to have altered even by so much as a single step since the Conquest—not even from the remotest times of the Aztecs. Wherever I met with dancing—whether on the *pirouges* of La Viga, or in the churches and convents of Chalma, or, again, in the *fondas* of the *tierra caliente*, the movement has retained its dreary, monotonous step, although it assumes different characters, according to the place of performance.

On the Chalco Canal the Mexicans celebrate the closing of the Lenten time, and, again, crown themselves with roses in honor of the "Month of Mary." During those festivals, in churches and convents, the dances are of a religious kind; but the dances which take place twice a year at the end of each harvest, sometimes result in quarrels that subsequently prove fatal.

I witnessed a *fandango* danced on the Chalco Canal. The music was composed of a single instrument—an old, jingling guitar, played by a still older Indian, who never played any other tune since his youth, and, if we give credit to the Mexican proverb:

> "Cuando el Indio encanece,
> Jamas el Español no parece,"

"When Indians have grown old, Spaniards have quitted the world,"

no man could determine this Indian's age—he seemed as if the King of Terrors had forgotten his existence. He sat at the end of the boat perched like a raven, his skinny legs and dust-stained feet hanging over the water. He had scarcely commenced to thrum his antiquated instrument, than a tall, handsome young fellow started up, and, advancing to a very beautiful girl, with blue-black hair, into which she had coquettishly fastened a rich red rose, with eyes dark as night, and with lashes that swept down her cheeks—he bowed low, took her by the hand, and, with the stately grandeur of one about to "tread a minuet," led her to the stern of the boat, to a small space cleared for the dance.

Thrum, thrum! went the guitar, the *caballero* beating time with his foot, and moving lazily from one foot to the other, in a see-saw sort of manner. The girl ever and anon changed her attitude—now provoking, then voluptuous; now entirely hidden under the folds of her *rebozo*; then, on the contrary, bare-necked, and displaying her comb (*chiliuzalco*), inlaid with pearls and other precious stones, her diamond ear-rings and sparkling necklace—her dancer watching her movements with eyes of fire. The dance lasted for about fifteen minutes, and whilst the man did little but stamp in the dust, the girl went through a series of movements lithe, graceful, and expressive to the last degree.

A good dancer will follow the music for half an hour with a glassful of water on her head without spilling a single drop, or tie into a knot a waistband with her feet, and then untie it after the same method. Suddenly, also, the siren will seize her partner's *sombrero*, or that of a bystander, and from beneath its shade cast a glance full of provocation upon the lookers-on. She will even grasp the *machete* (knife) of an on-looker, and dexterously plant it in her luxuriant hair, flinging defiance to her betrothed the while. If the green-eyed monster stings the heart of the latter, the *caballero* must instantly regain his knife and place it at his mistress's feet. It is then his duty to spring into the dancing circle, and see it out with the *caballero* with whom the señorita has been tripping it up to this. If there be no animosity between the two men the dance passes off into boisterous fun; but if they be excited by passion, or *pulque*, the *machete* alone will settle the account. In a few seconds the dancing-board is converted into an arena; the spectators form a circle around it, and the musician ceases his monotonous notes. All is silent as the grave.

The two champions sternly confront each other. They have thrown off their *sombreros* and *chaquitas*; then *zarapes* are rolled tightly round their left arms, thus forming shields, whilst the knife partly disappears in their shirt-sleeves. Not a word is uttered. Everybody awaits the result with an anxiety that causes the heart almost to cease its beating.

After glaring at each other for a moment, the men spring forward, and the two bodies are interlocked. Blows are given and parried—ah! and one of them has received a stab that sends the blood spurting in great gouts all over his opponent. The wounded man falls, and the victor coolly wipes his *machete* in his *zarape*, while his victim is being borne away by his friends. Upon the following day another *fandango* takes place on the same spot, with perhaps a similar outcome. *Sic itur ad astra.*

The villages of Santa Anita and Ixtacalco are both situated on the Chalco Canal, and will well repay a visit. The former was *en fête* on the occasion of my visit. The Indians were decked with flowers; garlands of flowers were extended from house to house; small boys were up in the belfry of the church, tolling the cracked bell with an energy only begotten of amusement; crackers were being fired, and a rusty old cannon, that might have been used by Cortez in his triumphant march upon the halls of the Montezumas, was being discharged at stated intervals, to the intense delight of groups of Indians—who, however, stood from this venerable piece of ordnance at a very respectful distance, and they were wise in their generation.

This is a typical Indian village. The huts are constructed of reeds, and roofed with a mossy substance called *heno*. The gardens are inclosed by high reeds dried in the sun, and bound together by pieces of bark. The interior of a Mexican hut presents rather a picturesque appearance. Hammocks are slung from the cross-beams; the floor is earthen; and the walls are invariably decorated with a colored representation of the Virgin of Guadalupe, as she miraculously appeared to Juan Diego, an Indian, on the 12th of December, 1531, stamping her likeness upon his *ayate de pita*, or apron of tissue of aloe-thread; the apron being still extant, and under glass in the cathedral built in honor of the apparition on the Hill of Guadalupe, about two miles and a half from the city. A number of red earthen pitchers, of designs that would astonish even Di Cesnola, are spread in profusion about the hut, and in one corner stands the inevitable apparatus for the making of the dearly prized *tortilla*.

The huts in the *tierra caliente* (hot country) are built of

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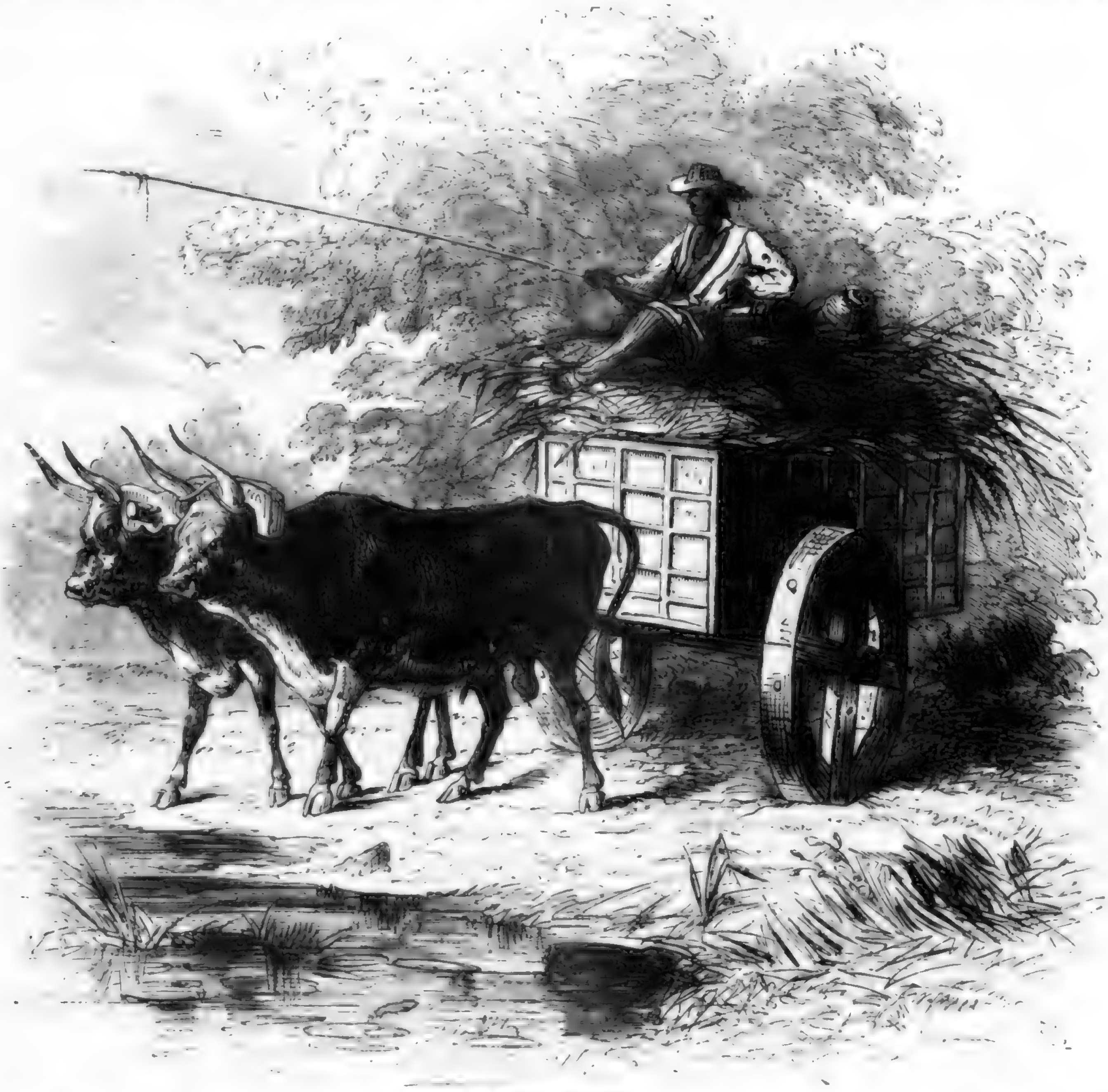
adobe, a sort of grayish clay that resists the heat, and is admirably adapted to house-building; while in the *tierra templada* (temperate country) the huts are very open, depending very much for walls on the spreading branches of the banana or the cocoa-palm. The Indians bask in the sunshine; their children, all attired in the garment of white, frisking like little lambs in front of the parental home. In the hot country the junior members of the family dispense with wearing apparel altogether, while the ladies go about *décolletté* as a London society beauty.



A MEXICAN OX-CART.

The ox-carts in Mexico are of the same pattern as those used on the plains of Asia two thousand years ago. The patient animals that bear the yoke are singularly well trained, for at a word from their driver, a picturesque-looking fellow enough, they move to the right or left, stop or go forward; but should they prove refractory, a goad, composed of a long willow switch, pointed with a steel pin of about half an inch in length, is used to "stir them up," while their guide utters two words, "Oi da." He would seem to have no others for his team, and the movements of the oxen depend upon the key in which he utters them. What a simple, yet expressive language!

You will recognize the existence of an ox-team for a distance of ten or twelve miles across the *maguey*-dotted plains, by the cloud of sand-dust raised *en passant*, while a team of mules raises a greater dust still. Mules travel in long strings, and I have counted twenty, one after the other, "like recruits at a funeral." The ox is well cared-for in Mexico, living on the veritable fat of the land.

CASTILE SOAP.—The reason that Castile soap is so extensively advised by physicians, is because of its purity and freedom from alkali. In the manufacture of Castile soap, vegetable oil is used instead of animal fat, and great care is taken to avoid an excess of the soda; only enough being used to take up or neutralize the oil. This soap, therefore, is mild and gentle, and can be used on irritated surfaces or wounds, where common soap would give pain, perhaps occasion injury. The mottled sorts of Castile soap are made by the addition of a small quantity of sulphate of iron—copperas. This copperas in solution is stirred into the soap while in a fluid state. At first the color is bluish—on exposure to the air it changes to a red. This soap was called "Castile," for the reason that it was largely made in the province in Spain so called. The largest amount, however, comes from the South of France; and in Europe this variety of soap is more generally known by the name of Marseilles than Castile.

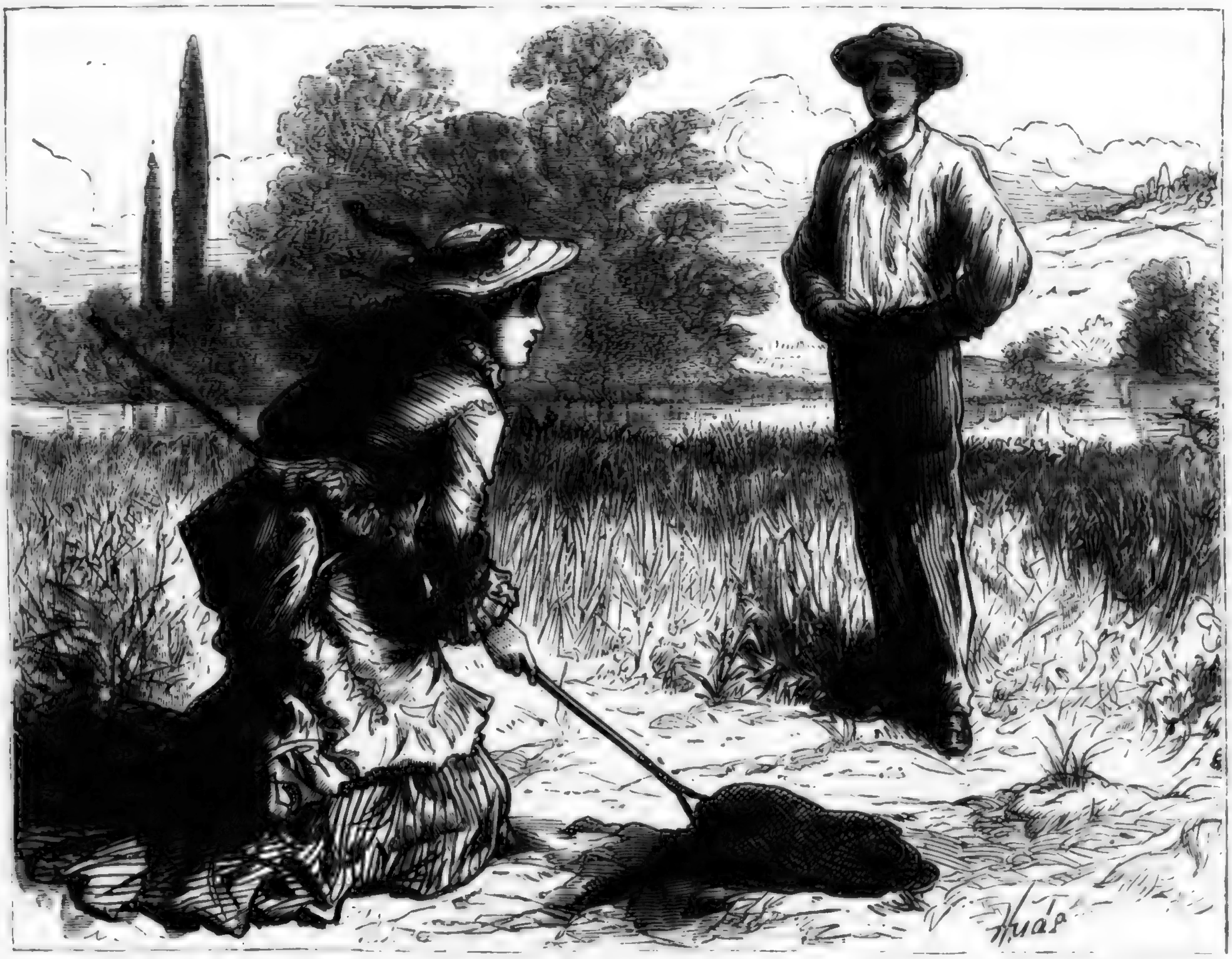
THE YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON.

"FEEL a little stiff, eh, Jim?" asked Farmer Wilbor of his brother, as at evening they sat in the porch of the old homestead.

"Yes; but I shall sleep as I have not for months," said the young professor from C—— College. "I have abused my brains lately; but I hope much from a few weeks of outdoor life."

"I see you have muscle yet, and that is the main thing; but you'll find it dull staying here—no society for you."

"No, thank Heaven!" said the professor, perfuming the air with a choice cigar.



THE YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON.—"'I WAS DETERMINED I'D HAVE HIM!' SHE CRIED, WITH A GLANCE AT PROFESSOR JIM'S SHIRT-SLEEVES. 'SUCH A SPLENDID FELLOW! I CHASED HIM OVER THREE STONE WALLS AND AROUND THE WOODS.'"

"There is the young lady from Boston," quoth Mrs. Wilbor, coming to the door.

"The *what?*" asked "Professor Jim," as she called him for politeness's sake.

"Oh, we have taken a Summer boarder—a Miss Emerson, from Boston."

"The deuce you have!" was what the gentleman wanted to say. He swallowed it down with the quick thought that, in hard times, a paying visitor might be better than a privileged one, and he, being the last, must not stand in the way of the first.

"Don't you like Boston ladies?" asked his sister-in-law, unrolling her dress-sleeves.

"Oh, I like everything wonderful in art and nature; but just *now*, as the organ-grinder put it, 'I know the walue o' peace and quietness.'"

"She won't hurt you—will she?"

"She will talk to me—she can't help it, 'for it's her nature to.' She will start discussions on the Over-soul and pre-Raphaelitism. I want to talk about prize pigs, and dig potatoes, get an appetite like a savage, and wear out my old shirts. How can I do it all in the atmosphere of a young lady from Boston?"

"Easy as not," grunted the farmer.

"No; I am foiled. I know the race. I had hoped to be at rest—to flee to some spot where—where" (with a salaam to the farmer) "only man is vile."

"Don't let her know," suggested Mrs. Wilbor, "that you have an *idee* on them heathenish subjects. We can pass you off as a farm-hand, hired for the busy season."

"Sarah Wilbor, I am proud to be, by marriage, related to you! You have made the telling speech of the evening," said the professor.

"You ain't got much beauty to spoil, anyway," added the farmer; "and you're black enough to be sun-burned; anyway; let your hair run wild and keep your mouth shut, and maybe she won't know the 'schoolmaster is abroad.'"

"Agreed," cried the professor, and went to bed in serenity.

He was not averse to being entertained, if no social demands were made upon him. He was even now pleased

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at seeing the young lady from Boston; but in the morning he had forgotten her existence.

About one week later the professor was at work in a cornfield; at one side was a creek, in whose clear water the cows ruminated under willows that overhung the bank. Beyond were flats, overgrown with the greenest flags, and then wheat-fields, with rolling hills in the distance.

Near him, as he stood at the further end of the lot, was a patch of woods, into whose long shadows the professor was gazing. He could not be said to be a steady hand at farming. He had more than once dropped work and plunged in there among the flickering lights and falling acorns, and showed far more enthusiasm over some tiny bit of vegetation than over the pigs which he professed to admire.

That day he was planning a similar slight upon the corn-hills he was hoeing, when—out from a wing of the wood darted a figure, which fled by him on the wind and left him with two conflicting ideas—Was it an escaped lunatic?—was it the farmer's scarecrow, who of a sudden felt its life in every limb? For, beyond him when he turned was the flutter of flying garments streaming from the Atalanta-like figure which fled first here, then there; now toward the creek, as if for a raid upon the cows, now back and off again at a tangent; while ever stretched out before it, and wildly brandished in the air, was a slender wand, ending in a hoop, and a net distended like a balloon.

Ere the astonished professor could draw his breath, the ground was smitten with the wand, the balloon flitted over a distant corn-hill, capping it like a bee-hive, and the lunatic sank on her knees before it.

"Professor Jim" strode before it in unmeasured amazement, his whole being one animated interrogation-point. He reached the spot, and at the first near glance would fain have retreated; but it was too late. It was the young lady from Boston. She had seen him, and she had marked him for her own.

What she was doing was a mystery; but she herself, on closer proximity, was not at all like a scarecrow, whatever might be said on the lunatic question. The puffs and flounces and sashes of her buff morning-dress had been all afloat on the breeze, but now settled about her like a canary-bird's ruffled plumage. Her scarlet hooded cape hung from her neck, into which had tumbled her light-brown hair, and what could be seen of her face from under a sun-hat the size of a Chinese pagoda was not at all ugly. Cheeks, lips, and clear, gray eyes were all aglow with eagerness.

"I was determined I'd have him!" she cried, with a glance at Professor Jim's shirt-sleeves. "Such a splendid fellow! I chased him over three stone-walls, and around and around the woods. Now I want your help in putting ether to his nose."

A wild fancy shot through the professor's head—that he had so overworked his brain that dreadful hallucinations were coming upon him. He gasped, faintly:

"Whose nose?"

The young girl's laugh was like the quick clang of silver bells; then she daintily peeped into the balloon, whispering:

"My beautiful blue butterfly's, of course. Now you stay here one moment. Farmer Wilbor won't scold. I'll tell him I hindered you. Hold this ether-bottle and bit of cotton, while I take the poor fellow carefully out. Please put your other hand on the stick—steady now! Here he comes! Oh, you beauty, don't flutter so—you break my heart with pity! There, now; won't you just hold that cotton quickly to his nose, and it will be over in a second."

By that time she had the butterfly between her pretty thumb and forefinger, while the professor was applying the ether, very deftly, indeed, for a farm-hand.

"You are not a bit clumsy!" she exclaimed. "Dear me! Why don't he die—he struggles so! I thought they rather liked it. My teacher said they just squirmed once and gave up the ghost. Oh, soak the cotton, or I shall let him go!"

"Keep cool," said Professor Jim. He had started to say in official tones, "Be calm," etc.; but remembering his *rôle*, he added, "He'll kick the bucket in a second."

"He is kicking me, and I know he suffers. I wish I had never caught him! Take that cotton off his nose!" she added, peremptorily, as if Jim had been torturing the little wretch quite on his own account. "I can't hurt him so!" and suddenly uplifting her hand, she gently released the prisoner, who had not been at all overcome by the odor, and who now floated off like a fog let loose from a lily-bell.

"If that is what I must do for a collection, I shall never have one. I am much obliged to you."

As he turned to go—giving her back the bottle—she caught sight of the cloudless blue over her, of the sleepy cattle in the low, plashing water of the green flats shimmering in the sunshine.

"Is it not all *perfect?*" she added, looking directly into his face, with her clear eyes full of admiration.

Had the veriest clodhopper been in his place, that appeal for innocent sympathy would have touched him into sense of kinship with—nature and the young girl. Her gentle dismissal a moment later pleased him also; and he went back, thinking as he trod the plowed ground: "So this is the young lady from Boston—yes, a lady, and I like her just as well that she could not finish the 'poor little divil of a bug,' as Pat would call it." Then he laughed. "How she turned on me, too, when he struggled, quite as if I had done the pinching—that is the woman of it! Butterfly 'collections' hobby first, and that is the Boston of it. Well, I shall have amusement, mayhap."

"Mrs. Wilbor, that dark-complexioned young farmer of yours has an intelligent face."

It was Miss Emerson who spoke, and who sat one evening alone with the farmer's wife. On this occasion her hair was exquisitely smooth, her attire faultless, and her manner repose itself.

"Yes; Jim isn't wooden-headed. He always had a hankering after learning."

"Can he read and write?"

"Mercy! yes, child! Every New England fellow can do more than that!"

"Of course. Well—is he much of a reader?"

"Pretty considerable—newspapers and what he picks up. He never will be satisfied that he knows enough."

"I like that," said the young lady, with ardor; "it is very commendable in such a person."

"To be sure," giggled Mrs. Wilbor over a wash-towel she was hemming, "his handwriting might be better—I can scarcely make it out."

"Doubtless he came of a good stock," said Miss Emerson, who, in a mild little way, used to deal out Oliver Wendell Holmes's theories. "He has a good accent; he talks of very common things, but his ideas are clear cut."

"Yes," said wicked Mrs. Wilbor, "if you could draw him out, you would do him good."

"Then I will certainly try," returned the young lady from Boston, her soul filled with philanthropical sentiments.

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Meanwhile the professor of Greek, Latin, and *belles-lettres* washed his unblushing face in the tin basin behind the kitchen-door, and "smiled and smiled," and was just as determined to be, to a limited extent, "a villain" still. A little later he came out and sat down on the lowest step of the piazza, considerably below Miss Emerson. After a while Mrs. Wilbor was called away, and the two were left together.

The last flush of daylight was fading off the tops of the oak-trees, the crickets and tree-toads were chirping noisily; while from afar came the faint bleat of a lamb, or, nearer, the twitter of some restless bird among the branches.

"I suppose you are very weary after the day's work, James?" said Miss Emerson, kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," meekly returned Professor Jim.

He had spent most of this day on his back in the woods, evolving ideas for an article in the Fall *Quarterly*.

"And so you have little time for reading—of which Mrs. Wilbor tells me you are fond?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What kind of books do you like best, James?"

"Them as has the most in 'em," said the professor, with an atrocious attempt to fall into a dialect.

"Ah, very true! Did you ever read Froissart's 'Chronicles'?"

"James" knew that to be in character he had best say No; but he remembered the father of his country, and compromised on the lie by saying:

"I've heard it spoke of."

This surprised Miss Emerson; she grew enthusiastic to develop this young man, who seemed to have such an attentive and retentive mind. She went on "drawing him out," and finally offered to send home for some books, which she was sure would interest him. Averse to making her needless trouble, and yet not knowing how to deter her, the professor took from his pocket a pencil and paper, and had the wit to say he could put down their names and get them from an excellent free library in the near town.

"Let me see the list, please?" she asked. "Have you them all rightly named?" She scanned his writing, wondering how he had spelled all so exactly. "You write like a minister, James—or an editor," she added, with a smile that could not hurt his feelings; "but such men are seldom *plain* writers. I could suggest a few changes for the better in your letters—your *t's* and *l's* are alike; your *m's* and *n's* are flat and run out to nothing."

James received these hints with graceful meekness, while Miss Emerson, upon further conversation, was sure he must have had a very good "common education."

She wondered, suddenly, if he did not eagerly desire to study Latin. Why he *should*, it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to tell; but the young lady from Boston failed to understand how a man could know much and not have this same hunger and thirst, and so she, then and there, proposed to teach him the rudiments.

When Professor Jim went to bed that night, he felt that he deserved to be hanged; but he was "bound" that hanged he would be before he would confess to this sweet-tempered, benevolent girl that he was an impostor. Why, he had actually agreed to take his first (!) Latin lesson to-morrow night.

For three evenings he avoided Miss Emerson, and she thought him occupied with work. On the third, she caught him at leisure, and brought forth an old Latin grammar she had found in the garret. He blindly repeated after her everything she said, and left her in doubt whether he had the memory of a prodigy or only the tongue of a parrot—he did not "go at" the thing like a beginner.

Jim endured it three nights, and could no more. What with playing his part, keeping watch of himself, and seeing her bright eyes bent upon him—her white hands fluttering with her dainty handkerchief or clasped in playful and encouraging applause at some forgetful and *so* remarkably fine effort of his, it was too much.

He engaged Farmer Wilbor to send him into town every night, until Miss Emerson saw that he was not over eager to learn Latin. It was a little damper on her efforts in behalf of a young man who, as she told Mrs. Wilbor, had "intelligent eyes and an entire absence of coarseness."

She did not talk much to him after that, but amused herself all day long rioting like a happy child among the bees and flowers, following the willow-bordered creek, bringing wonderful rustic treasures from the woods, and, in short, getting the full benefit of an out-door life.

One exquisitely beautiful evening, after a day almost as perfect, she returned from a long walk and approached the house at a different angle from usual, through the flats, stopping to pluck the crisp green mint, across the wooden bridge full of gaps under which the water swirled and gurgled, then into a sheep-pasture, threading her way among the flock, until she reached a gate that led her, after passing through a clover-field, into the farm-yard. Coming to that gate, she stood drinking in, with delight, the beauty of the night and of the scene.

The full moon had rode up into a cloudless sky, and poured sheets of light over the sparkling water. The red-clover-field was a mass of blossoms, whose color came out even in the moon's light, and whose odor filled the air with honeyed sweets. The wandering sheep gave an Arcadian aspect to the landscape, which the dark woods hemmed in as with a frame.

The young girl leaned on the rustic gate, with her head uncovered and the dew falling softly on her garments, making, had any seen it, the fairest picture possible of a shepherd maiden.

What fancies filled her mind she only knew; perhaps they were no more unfolded than were the bunch of blush-roses she held in her hand; but be that as it may, she lingered until the farmer's wife called her to come in out of the heavy dews.

All at once she heard, in the absolute quiet of the night, a *patter, patter*—a kind of palpitating *beat, beat*, like the soft tramping of fairy horsemen. The sound came from the clover-field, and, thinking of its rosy bloom out there in the silvery light, of its intoxicating perfume, she glided to the window, hoping to surprise a troupe of sprites on a nocturnal revel.

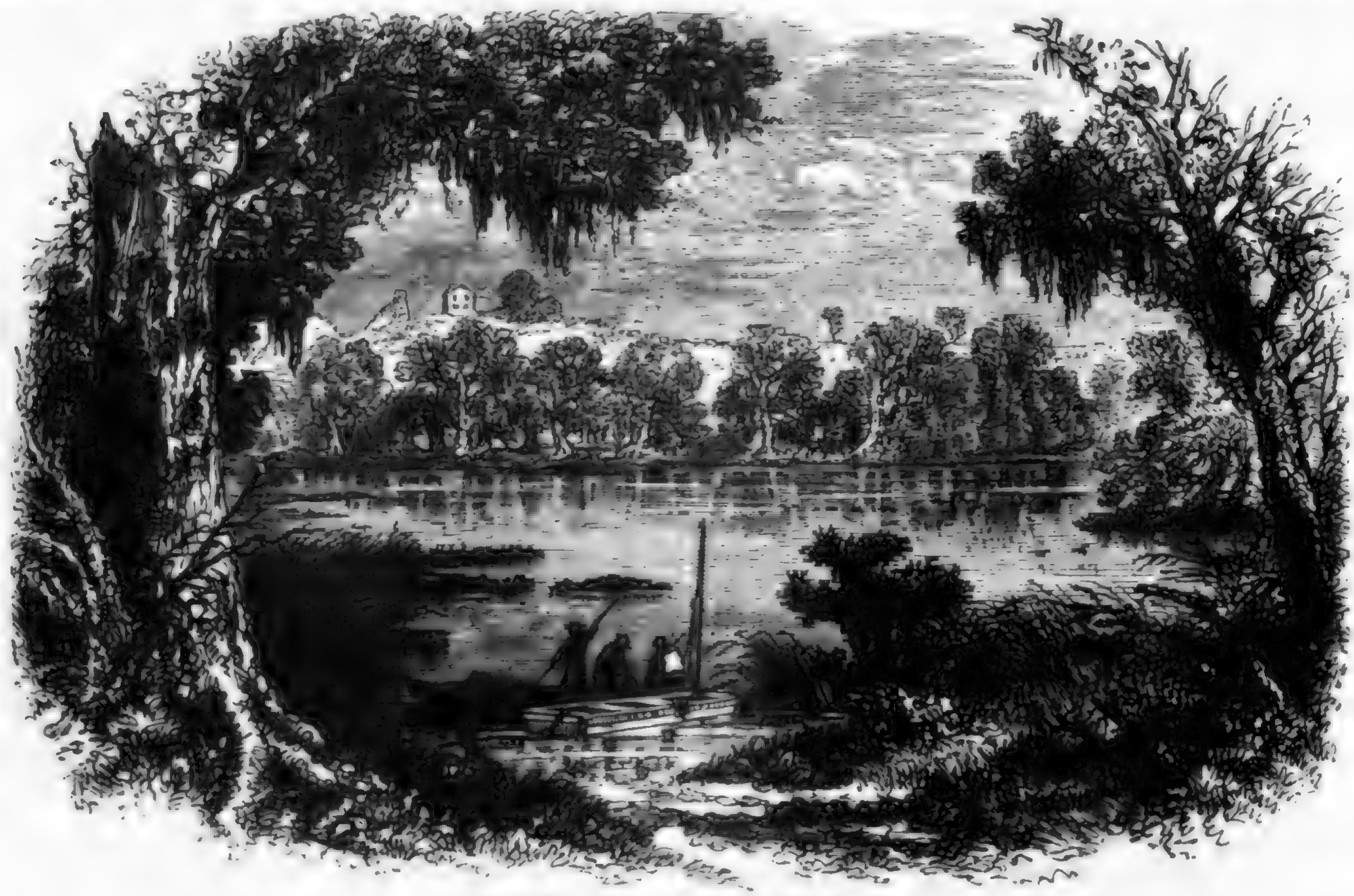
Prosaic truth! She had left the gate open, the sheep had escaped from their pasture, and were roaming amid the clover at their own sweet will.

She fled noiselessly out of the house and across the wet grass, eager to turn them out, when, at the first gate, she met James. He, too, had been making lunar observations, and had heard the trampling feet.

It was not the professor's clover, nor his sheep, and he did not know about the amount of harm done; but he *did* know that Miss Emerson, with her light-flowing drapery and loose-floating hair, was as lovely as a poem. He had watched her before to-night, and she reminded him of the quaint pastoral of "Doris"; so, utterly forgetful of *stage proprieties*, he broke forth:

> "We linger: we must not stay.
> My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
> Behold them yonder, how far they stray."

She looked at him in astonishment, and he stammered



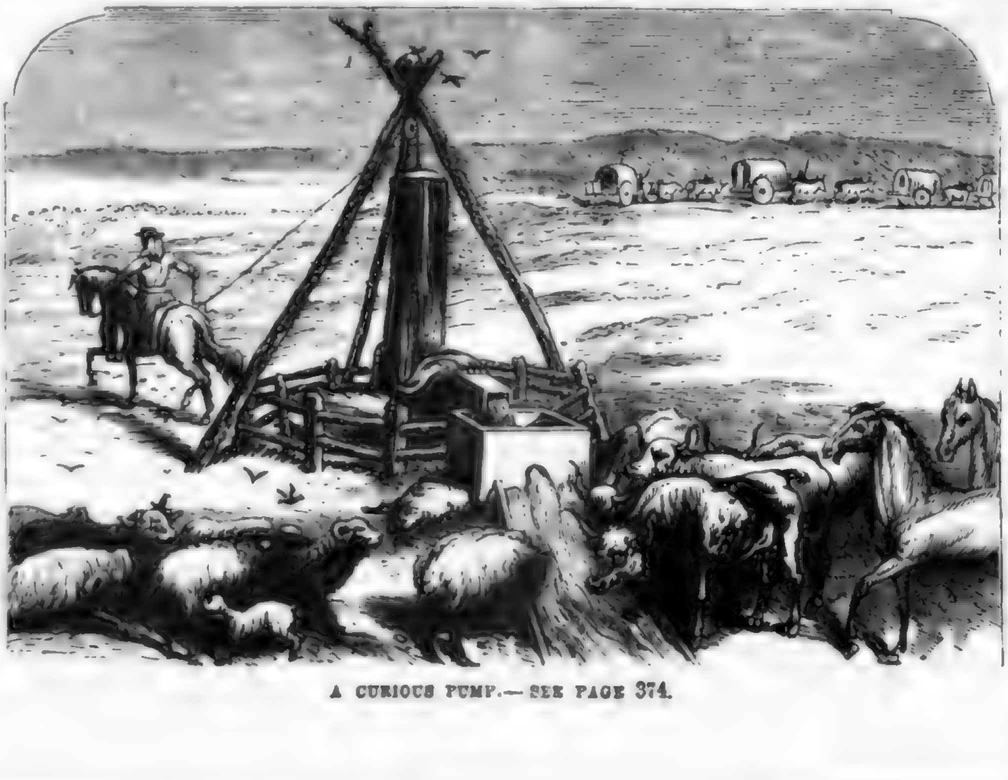
LAFAYETTE LAKE, FLORIDA.— SEE PAGE 374.

"I—I learned that once out of the back of the spelling-book. You keep the gate open, and I will turn them out."

He did it, after they had made the circuit of the field sundry times, and then the twain went houseward—the professor in love with "Doris," and "Doris" very much puzzled by "James."

This bright, beautiful evening was the prelude to a week or more of intensely hot weather. During these days the farmer and his men arose and went to work about four o'clock in the morning, and rested for several hours in the middle of the day.

Miss Emerson used to recline on an old-fashioned sofa, just inside of the cool sitting-room, and hold sleepy conversations with Mrs. Wilbor.



A CURIOUS PUMP.— SEE PAGE 374.

Often James used to sit near by in the piazza and smoke very good-smelling cigars. She surprised him one day reading "Ivanhoe," which she had dropped there; and, again intent on his mental culture, she encouraged him to read aloud. It was pleasant for her and good for him—so, day after day, he read Scott. Each time, when he had ended, and gone away, she had wondered that he had read so simply well—she had forgotten the reader; only sometimes, looking up, she had caught him *looking at her* so—well, so strangely; it was intensely respectful, but peculiar.

When, one day, in reading a love-scene, his voice fell and trembled, she said to herself, "He must have a very sensitive nature."

She mused a while, and firmly resolved to cease her efforts in behalf of this young man. She might be making trouble for him. One caught human butterflies, sometimes, whom one had never thought of chasing. Then, they suffered if you held them tightly, and it was not a legal method of getting rid of them to hold ether under their noses until they died.

After this resolution, Professor Jim did not see the young lady for a week. She took her meals at quite irregular hours, and sat no more on the piazza. He was, therefore, off his guard; and one day being in the kitchen while Mrs. Wilbor fried potatoes, he fell into the deepest of reveries, which she interrupted by calling out:

"What are you planning, professor? You have not taken your eyes off the copper tea-kettle for ten minutes."

"My dear sister, I was recalling to mind a line of Virgil: 'Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.'"

I know all about it now," said Sarah, who was not a Bostonian, and so did not understand Latin.

Professor Jim laughed gleefully, and went out. Miss Emerson, who had overheard the quotation, came in.

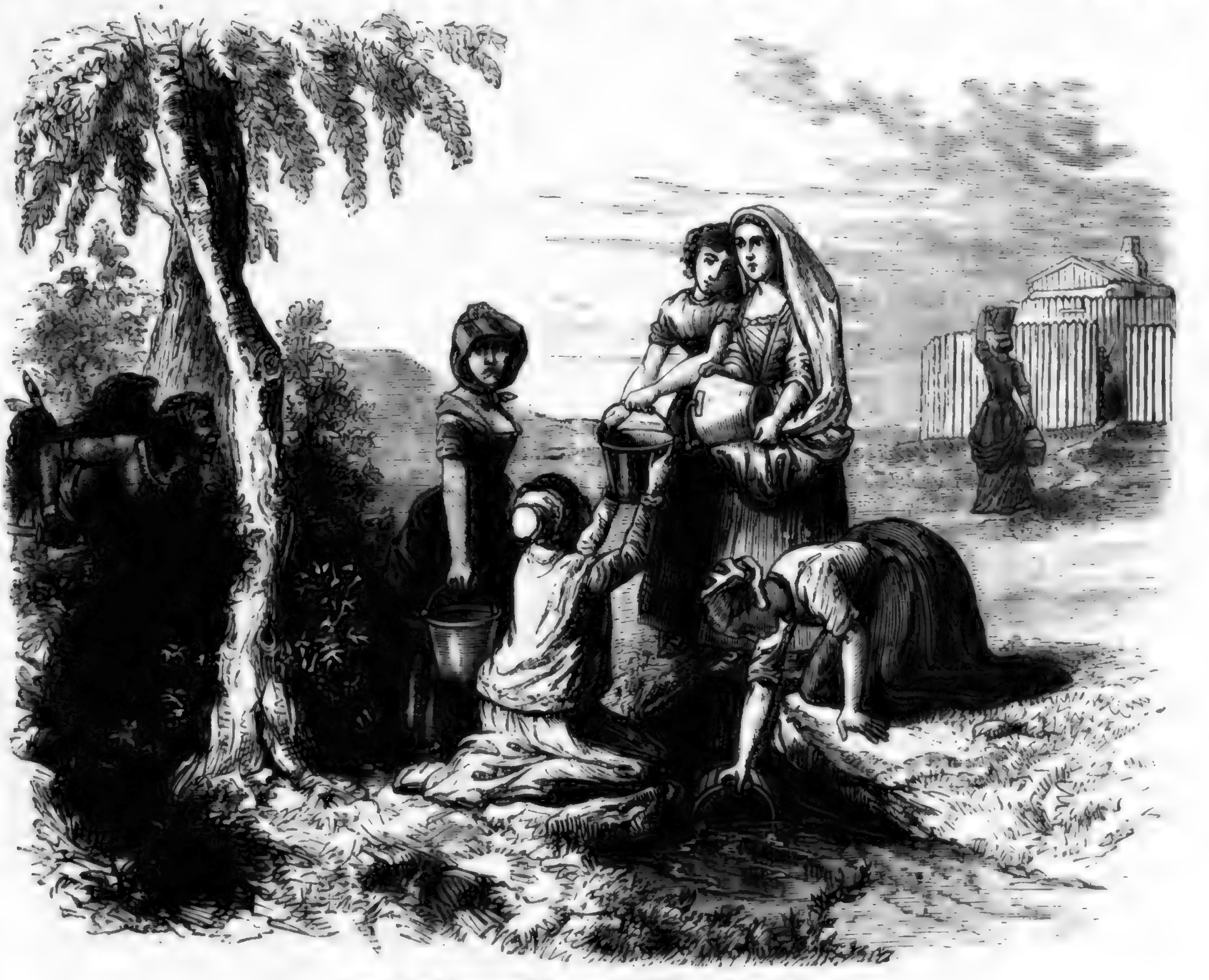
"Mrs. Wilbor, *who is that man?*"

It is needless to say that Mrs. Wilbor had to tell; and, if ever two eyes gleamed with wrath, the two gray orbs pertaining to the Boston lady were the very ones. She grew, every instant, more and more irate.

"Think of it! *I* teaching a college professor easy Latin out of a primer, and *he* submitting, rather than to have to make my acquaintance. He shall never have that annoyance or fear—never! never again!"

Poor Jim! he was wretched thereafter. He made every attempt, consistent with any sort of dignity, to effect a reconciliation; but she disdained even to answer Mrs. Wilbor, whom he implored to act as a mediator.

The time set for her return to Boston came on apace, and the professor began to pass sleepless nights; but, inexorable to the last, Miss Emerson refused even to see him. She chose a day when he had gone away, and, in spite of a threatened storm, insisted on going home in the evening train.



THE BRAVE KENTUCKY WOMEN OF 1782.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

She had been gone about half an hour when he returned, and nothing had so depressed him for years as the fact of her absence. With a look that had more than once told for him in the class-room, the professor mentally vowed she had not done with him yet.

Then, as if Fortune succumbed to a love so determined, the boy who had driven to the depot with her, came back with the information that he "guessed she'd have to sit on the track all night." He had loitered about the place after the cars left, and ere long a telegram came from the next station. There had been an accident, several persons were slightly injured—none killed; but the baggage-cars were demolished, and others overturned and off the track.

Now, the scene of this accident was not quite nine miles distant, and in almost as many minutes the professor was well on the road, with the farmer's fleetest horse and carriage. He reached the place without delay, and, surveying the whole, shivered at the wonderful escape from death.

He passed through group after group of bewildered men and women, some stunned or fainting, some rushing hither and thither. Big drops of rain were falling, and the night coming on fast.

The women and children were crowding into the upright cars, and babies were screaming lustily.

He found Miss Emerson, pale and trembling, standing, with her hands still clasped, apart from all the rest. He forgot everything but her escape and her helplessness, and cried out:

"My poor child! how you have been frightened! You are not hurt! Come and let me take you right home!"

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She blushed rose-red through her late pallor, or flushed with anger, and said, coolly:

"I shall do very well here."

"Where?"

"Why, *here*—until the cars are ready."

"They may not be ready for hours."

"I can wait."

At that, a blast of wind nearly tore her shawl from her, and made her stagger to keep her equilibrium.

"But there is a storm coming—you must not. I have a carriage here."

This well-bred young lady was actually guilty of saying:

"Go home in it, then!"

"I will, when I have persuaded you to go also."

Once more she refused, while he urged and finally entreated. The rain increased, the cars were already filled, and yet her slender form swayed in the wind, and her spirit was as unyielding as ever.

The professor hesitated only a second longer; then gently, but firmly, as if she had been a little girl, he lifted her in his arms, hastened to the carriage, and, springing in beside her, covered her well from the rain, and started for home.

Not one word did she speak; but he did. In college life Professor Jim had always been noted for his logical arguments, and now he pleaded his own case well, as they drove through the lonesome woods.

Silence herself could not have remained more mute than that Boston lady. When they were on the last mile, he thought he ought to have melted a stone, and opened the lips of the Sphinx herself.

As he helped her from the carriage he grew desperate, and whispered:

"Will you not tell me, by just one word, if I am forgiven?"

The heart of that young lady, who could not kill the butterfly, relented, and she said:

"Yes."

"Jim" was tenderly kissing the little right hand that had held the insect when Mrs. Wilbor enlightened the scene with a tallow candle, which blew out in the wind.

The next day, however, he did, as Dickens's fat boy said, "worser nor that"; for Mrs. Wilbor saw him, through a crack in the sitting-room door, end a two-hour interview by a kiss, as she told her own spouse, "square on Miss Emerson's lips! Think of that, now!"

"I have thought!" said her phlegmatic lord. "That's nothin'. I saw from the first it would be a go!",

LAFAYETTE LAKE, FLORIDA.

FLORIDA abounds in beautiful lakes, which have no apparent outlet, though the constant shifting of this level shows that they must be connected by subterranean channels with the outside world of waters. These lakes are generally well stocked with fish, and during the Winter season innumerable flocks of wild ducks, geese, and other aquatic fowl frequent their quiet bosoms.

Lafayette Lake, of which our artist furnishes a sketch, is located in Leon County, about six miles from Tallahassee, of Revolutionary fame, to whom the United States Government made a grant of a township of land, in which the lake is situated. The lake is a spot much frequented by the French and English tourists who visit the South, on account of the beauty, as well as the magnificence, of the scenery which surrounds it—all agreeing that the preconceived idea of its claims fails to come up to the reality.

A CURIOUS PUMP.

A VERY curious field-pump is used at the present day in the interior of Buenos Ayres. In ordinary seasons, in some districts at least, abundance of water is obtained from streams and *lagunas* all the year round for the various domestic animals; but during such droughts as that which occurred in 1865-66, it is necessary to raise the water to the surface. This is done by simple but ingenious machines, peculiar to that country.

The principal one is the *manga*, or sleeve—a long canvas bag, like a windsail, one end of which is kept open by an iron ring, and connected with a rope which passes over a pulley above, while the other terminates in a wooden pipe, as shown in the engraving. By slackening the rope, the upper end of the bag is let down into the well, and, as the horse then draws it up, the water is easily lifted, and is discharged through the wooden pipe at the other end of the bag into a trough, whence the thirsty flocks are watered.

Other devices are used as in other countries, such as the common bucket and windlass, and a contrivance by which the bucket empties itself into the trough on reaching the top of the well.

THE BRAVE KENTUCKY WOMEN OF 1782.

THE annals of the West from the days of our Revolutionary struggle abound in heroic incidents connected with the fierce Indian tribes. As the red men were gradually forced back, these scenes moved westward; but within a century Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, were the theatre of stirring incidents.

In the Summer of 1782, the Wyandot, Miami and Shawnee tribes of Ohio resolved to make a grand effort to drive the whites from Kentucky. An army of 600 men, under the command of the renegade whites, Simon Girty and McKee, was collected at Chillicothe, and early in August they commenced their march.

With a secrecy and celerity peculiar to themselves, they advanced through the woods without giving the slightest indications of their approach; and on the night of the 14th of August they appeared before Bryant's Station as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth, and, surrounding it on all sides, calmly awaited the approach of daylight, holding themselves in readiness to rush in upon the inhabitants the moment that the gates were opened in the morning. The supreme influence of fortune in war was never more strikingly displayed.

The garrison had determined to march at daylight on the following morning to the assistance of Hoy's Station, from which a messenger had arrived the evening before with the intelligence of the defeat of a party on which they relied for protection.

Had the Indians arrived only a few hours later, they would have found the fort occupied only by old men, women and children, who could not have resisted their attack for a moment. As it was, they found the garrison assembled and under arms, most of them busily engaged throughout the whole night in preparing for an early march on the following morning.

The Indians could distinctly hear the bustle of preparation, and see lights glancing from block-houses and cabins during the night, which must have led them to suspect that their approach had been discovered. All continued tranquil during the night, and Girty silently concerted the plan of attack.

The fort, consisting of about forty cabins placed in par-

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allel lines, stands upon a gentle rise on the southern bank of the Elkhorn, a few paces to the right of the road from Maysville to Lexington. The garrison was supplied with water from a spring at some distance from the fort on its northwestern side—a great error common to most of the stations—which, in a close and continued siege, must have suffered dreadfully for want of water.

The great body of Indians placed themselves in ambush within half rifle-shot of the spring, while 100 select men were placed near the spot where the road now runs after passing the creek, with orders to open a brisk fire and show themselves to the garrison on that side, for the purpose of driving them out, while the main body held themselves in readiness to rush upon the opposite gate of the fort, hew it down with their tomahawks, and force their way into the midst of the cabins.

At dawn of day the garrison paraded under arms, and were preparing to open their gates and march off as already mentioned, when they were alarmed by a furious discharge of rifles, accompanied by yells and screams, which struck terror to the hearts of the women and children, and startled even the men.

All ran hastily to the picketing, and beheld a small party of Indians, exposed to open view, firing, yelling and making the most furious gestures. The appearance was so singular, and so different from their usual manner of fighting, that some of the more wary and experienced of the garrison instantly pronounced it a decoy party, and restrained the young men from sallying out and attacking them, as some of them were strongly disposed to do.

The opposite side of the fort was instantly manned, and several breaches in the picketing rapidly repaired. Their greatest distress arose from the prospect of sufferin for water. The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that a powerful party was in ambuscade near the spring, but at the same time they supposed that the Indians would not unmask themselves until the firing upon the opposite side of the fort was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint had succeeded.

Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women, without exception, and, explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring, and each to bring up a bucketful of water.

Some of the ladies, as was natural, had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why the men could not bring water as well as themselves, observing that they were not bulletproof, and that the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps.

To this it was answered that women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and that if the Indians saw them engaged as usual, it would induce them to believe that their ambuscade was undiscovered, and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing at a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort. That if men should go down to the spring, the Indians would immediately suspect that something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambuscade, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, or shoot them down at the spring.

The decision was soon over. A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point-blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors. Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror, but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure which completely deceived the Indians.

Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption, and although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and, when near the gate of the fort, degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size.

The various attacks upon the fort proving unsuccessful, the Indian army at length retreated. Unfortunately, the whites followed them, with insufficient forces and reckless hardihood. The disastrous battle of the Blue Licks ensued. The whites were completely defeated, and the Indians returned home with a large number of scalps.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Raleigh, or Ralegh, as he himself spells it, was born at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, in 1552. From his earliest years he was distinguished for his precocious ability and his love of adventure. While still a boy, he fought for the Protestants in France; and a few years later began his career of maritime adventure by joining in an expedition to Newfoundland. On his return, unable to rest in peace, he procured employment in the war against the Irish, and it was in connection with this war that he was first introduced to the Queen.

The story, familiar to every child, of his ready gallantry in spreading his cloak over a miry part of the way, that the Queen might not soil her feet, is eminently characteristic of the happy tact and captivating courtesy which formed striking features of Raleigh's life. His energy in the suppression of the Irish rebellion was rewarded by a liberal grant of the forfeited estates; but when the difficulty and danger were at an end, Raleigh was already planning fresh adventures.

America was naturally the cynosure of the adventurous spirits of the age; it was but imperfectly explored, and tales of the inexhaustible wealth of its mines of gold and silver excited the fervid imaginations of the enterprising youth of Europe.

It was in the bright hope of discovering some El Dorado in the West, that Raleigh fitted out an expedition in 1584, with the sanction of Elizabeth, who granted him a patent from the Crown. His golden dreams were not realized, yet the expedition has left its mark on the history of the world. The name Virginia remains as a record of Raleigh's voyage, and an abiding tribute of respect to his royal mistress; and the introduction into Europe of the potato and tobacco, which dates from this expedition, is almost important enough to be reckoned among the great events of history.

The threatened Spanish conquest of England, the various preparations for meeting the invaders, and the exciting conflicts with the Armada, furnished Raleigh with new occupation at home, and afforded him fresh opportunities for displaying his attachment to his Sovereign and the versatility of his genius. Once, indeed, Raleigh forfeited Elizabeth's esteem: he married one of her maids of honor, and this was an unpardonable crime in her eyes, for it was a proclamation that she was not the supreme object of his regard. The offense was followed by a short confinement in the Tower, as an appropriate punishment for his imprudence.

After this brief imprisonment, he paid a visit to his Irish

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THE HONEYMOON—FULL MOON.

estates; and it was at this period he formed his intimacy with Spenser, who had also received a grant of forfeited land in Raleigh's neighborhood. Both men had so much in common that they cordially loved and esteemed each other; and many a sweet discourse of wit and poesy must have charmed the hours of their Irish seclusion. Raleigh introduced his friend to Elizabeth, and Spenser, in return for his kindness, has added his tribute of poetic compliment to the genius of the "Summer's Nightingale."

Incapable of rusting in peace and inaction, Raleigh set sail, in 1595, for Guiana, where he convinced himself the true El Dorado was to be found, of which he had so long been in search. His voyage was fruitless, and his well-equipped force, after landing in Trinidad, found no golden realms to vanquish. The expedition served merely to whet, not to satisfy, his imagination; but the Spanish war furnished him with occupation, and kept his spirits from flagging; and his courage and success in many a daring feat of naval warfare made him more than ever the favorite of his Sovereign and the idol of the nation.

The accession of James converted all Raleigh's sunshine into gloom. Burghley, the Prime Minister, disliked him, and had poisoned the Sovereign's mind against him. He was implicated in one of the many plots that marked the commencement of James's reign—that mysterious project for placing on the throne the Lady Arabella Stewart, whom many Englishmen looked upon as the rightful heir of the crown, from the circumstances of her birth. It is true, the evidence against Raleigh was exceedingly slight, resting on the sole testimony of Lord Cobham, and he defended himself with great eloquence and force; but all was in vain, he was found guilty of high treason, and condemned to death.

THE HONEYMOON.—THIRD QUARTER.

THE HONEYMOON.—SECOND QUARTER.

But James did not allow the sentence to be put into execution, ashamed, let it be hoped, of the weakness of the evidences of guilt, and of the vulgar abuse which the attorney-general had heaped upon the head of the gallant prisoner. Raleigh was recommitted to the Tower, where he remained a prisoner for twelve years. No imprisonment, however, could lull to sleep the activity of his mind. Secluded from a life of action, he occupied his leisure in the composition of his well-known "History of the World," a work which the unanimous voice of literary critics has praised in the highest terms, not for its learning merely (which, indeed, Raleigh in a great measure owed to others), but for its wise political reflections, its sweet, sad eloquence, its grave and stately philosophy.

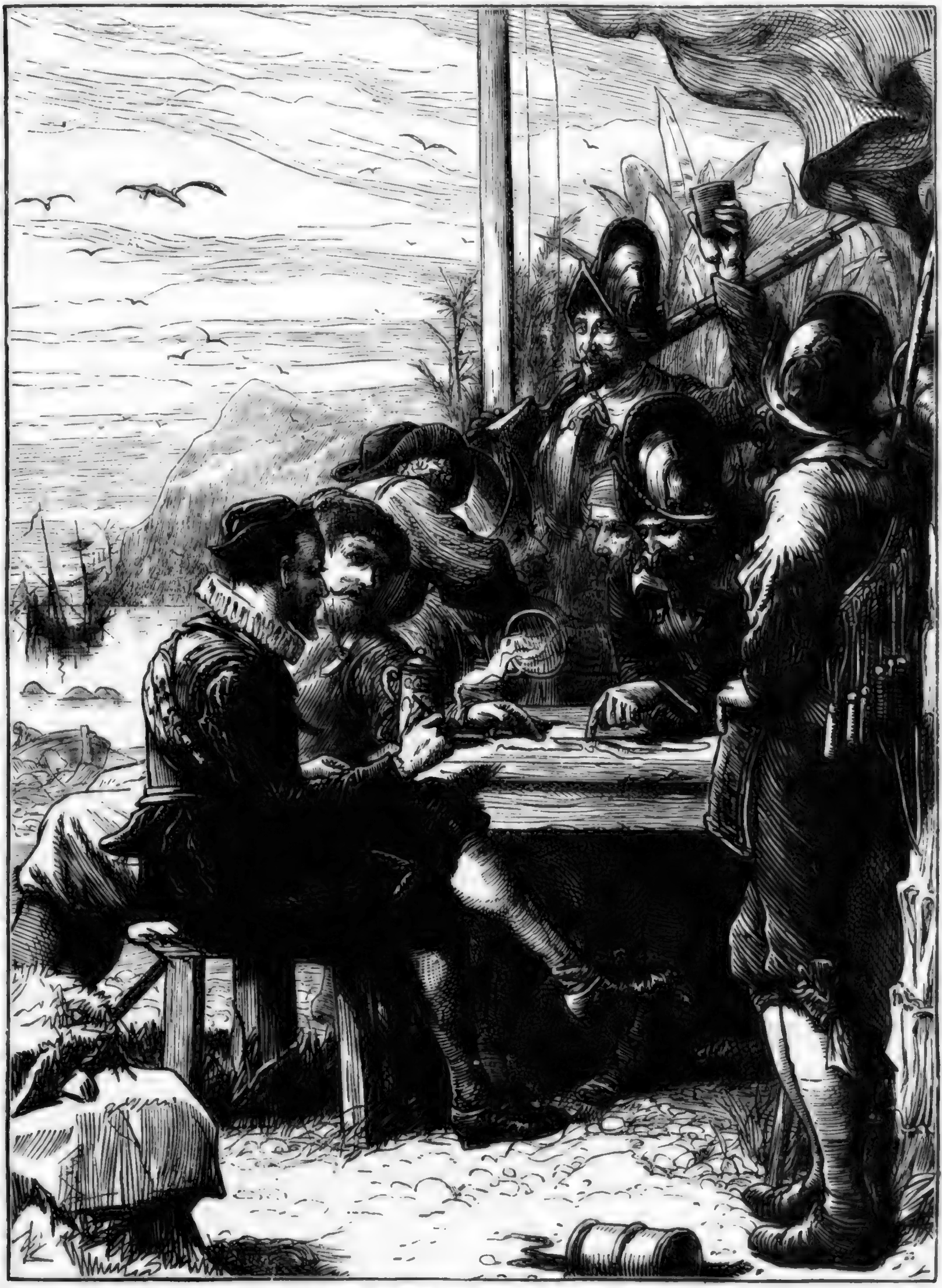
At length the prison doors were opened. Raleigh had worked upon one of the ruling passions of James—his avarice—by his wonderful stories of the wealth of Guiana, where gold and precious stones abounded to reward the courage of any one who was adventurous enough to gather them. Without, therefore, being formally pardoned, he was intrusted with the command of an expedition which was intended to colonize Guiana, and replenish with its untold wealth the exhausted coffers of the needy monarch. The Spaniards, however, who were nominally lords of all those American territories, looked upon Raleigh as merely a formidable pirate, and resolved to crush him. They worked upon James's other great ruling passion, timidity; they isolated Raleigh from royal protection, they deprived him of necessary help, and rendered his expedition a disastrous failure.

Raleigh returned, unsuccessful, to England; he was immediately arrested, and after some delay was executed on the

THE HONEYMOON.—NO MOON.

old sentence of treason. His execution was so great a blunder as almost to be a crime, and contributed largely to alienate the people from James.

Raleigh's proceedings in Guiana were, it is true, of a very equivocal character, not readily distinguishable from a modern filibustering expedition, and might easily have furnished his Sovereign with reasons for punishing him; but it was obvious to every one that the great adventurer had simply been sacrificed in order to propitiate the King of Spain, as the Spanish marriage was then the great goal of James's ambition. "If," says Macaulay, who was no admirer of James, "the execution had been done in a proper manner, it might have been defensible, but, under all the circumstances, it must be considered as a dastardly murder."



SIR WALTER RALEIGH AT TRINIDAD.

The executioner kneeled to him, asking forgiveness.

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Raleigh gave him the assurance that he forgave him with all his heart. Taking the ax in his hand, and feeling its edge, he kissed the blade, and said, "This gives me no fear. It is a sharp but a sound medicine, to cure me of all diseases."

Once again he earnestly asked the prayers of the bystanders, and laid his head upon the block. The headsman requested him to alter the position of his head. "So the heart be right," replied the undaunted victim, "it is no matter which way the head lies."

When the signal was given, the executioner feared to lift his hand against the life of the most heroic of living Englishmen, and forbore to strike. "Why dost thou fear?" exclaimed Raleigh. "Strike, man, strike!" The ax fell, and the head rolled upon the scaffold.

His many accomplishments would alone have sufficed to obscure his faults beneath a blaze of glory; and his tragic death added the sole element that was wanted to fill up the full measure of his fame, and to make him, what he has ever since been, one of the darlings of the British people, one of that select band of heroes the bare mention of whose names makes the hearts of Englishmen beat with pride that they can call such men their countrymen.

The poet has not failed to bring his tribute of melodious song to adorn the memory of Raleigh:

> "Who can speak
> The numerous worthies of the Maiden reign?
> In Raleigh mark their every glory mixed;
> Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! Whose breast with all
> The sage, the patriot and the hero burned;
> Nor sunk his vigor, when a coward-reign
> The warrior fettered, and at last resigned
> To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.
> Then active still and unrestrained, his mind
> Explored the vast extent of ages past,
> And with his prison-hours enriched the world;
> Yet found no times, in all the long research,
> So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
> In which he conquered, and in which he bled"

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

There is a beautiful and suggestive thought of Leibnitz, that there are three modes of life on this earth: the sleeping life of plants, the dreaming life of animals, and the waking life of man. Any one who has passed through the heart of a great city at earliest dawn in Summer, and who has stood in the heart of a great forest at noon, will feel at once the beauty of the analogy; will have traced in himself the impulse to tread softly and speak low in the deep woodland quiet, with its continuous hum of insect life, as if he alone were awake in the midst of a sleeping and dreaming world.

But it is in this dim, sleeping world of plants,

> "Where only harmless lights, not hearts, are broken,
> And weep but the sweet-watered Summer showers,
> World of white joys, cool dews and peace unspoken,"

that we are beginning to realize, not only the wonderful functions that plants perform, but the strange activities that are at work to enable them to perform those functions. Accustomed as we are to look upon the life of plants as lower and less developed than that of animals, we have still to remember that it is by their humble agency that that great miracle is wrought which as yet baffles our scientific gaze, the mysterious passing of the inorganic into the organic, of what we are accustomed to call "dead matter" into living tissue, with "organs of reproduction that take hold upon eternity."

Animals have no power of assimilating inorganic matter as food. The higher organism can only feed on the lower. It is by the frail instrumentality of the plant that the stupendous energies of the inorganic world are yoked to the car of life.

Some recent discoveries have been made in vegetable physiology in connection with carnivorous plants, and the strange contrivances by which they are enabled to perform their functions. The existence of this curious order of plants was first suggested by the American botanists, Messrs. Curtis and Canby, in 1834 and 1868, confirmed by Asa Grey, and adopted in England by Sir Joseph Hooker and Mr. Darwin.

A plant supplies itself with carbon from the air, decomposing the carbonic acid by means of the sunlight acting in some way on the chlorophyll, or green coloring matter of the leaf; whilst it obtains water and nitrogen from the soil by means of its roots. But in these plants the roots are either altogether wanting, or very poorly developed. The necessary nitrogen is accordingly obtained by absorbing animal matter, either by a process of digestion, or by simple absorption.

There is a little marsh-plant called Sun-dew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) common in upland bogs and very poor soil, with small round leaves fringed with crimson hairs, each headed with a tiny drop of cool, sparkling dew through all the burning heats of Summer, whence its poetical name of Sun-dew. The minute drops of harmless dew which adorn every hair, or tentacle, is in reality a drop of very viscid secretion surrounding an extremely sensitive gland. Attracted either by the glitter, or possibly by some honeyed odor, insects alight on the leaf. If the delicate feet of the smallest gnat do but touch one of the drops of dew at the end of a single filament, its doom is sealed. Caught by the tenacious secretion, in vain it endeavors to escape.

Slowly the filament begins to bend at its base, transmitting at the same time an impulse to the filaments next it, that in their turn begin to converge on the luckless victim, which is carried to the next inner row of tentacles, and so on to the next, with a curious sort of rolling movement, till it reaches the centre of the disc, the glands at the same time pouring out an acid secretion. By degrees, all the tentacles become closely inflected on the prey, which is bathed on all sides in the secreted acid, while the disk of the leaf often becomes strongly incurved, forming a sort of impromptu stomach; the whole movement taking place in a period varying from four to ten hours.

When the insect alights on the centre of the leaf, the short central filaments are not inflected, but the glands transmit, not only motor power to the external filaments, but also some influence which, before they are brought into contact with the prey, causes them to secrete more actively, and the secretion to become acid. According to Dr. Nitschke, insects are generally suffocated in about a quarter of an hour.

The number of insects which thus meet their death must be prodigious. On one leaf alone Mr. Darwin found the remains of thirteen flies, and as a single plant has some six or seven leaves, and the plant itself is very abundant, the tale of the slain must be enormous. The commonest victims are small flies, but on one occasion was observed a large dragon-fly with his body firmly held by two leaves.

The length of time for which a leaf remains inflected varies with the nature of the matter embraced. If it is a particle of inorganic matter, cinder, paper, quill, moss, or any object not yielding nitrogen, the inflection of the filaments is languid, and the leaf quickly re-expands; while flies or other objects capable of supplying the plant with the necessary nitrogen remain closely embraced for periods varying from five to ten days. When the leaves re-expand, the glands become dry, the remains of the poor digested fly, bleached and dry, being thus exposed to be carried away by the wind so as to disencumber the leaf. After the expansion is complete, the glands again begin to secrete, and as soon as the full-sized drops are formed, the leaf is ready for renewed action.

The extreme sensitiveness of the glands and the curious specialities of that sensitiveness is one of the most remarkable facts about the plant. One or two touches, or even sharp taps, with a solid object, produce no inflection; and as in high winds the plant must be often brushed by blades of grass and other leaves, this insensibility is of great importance to the plant to prevent its being brought into useless action. But the slightest repeated strokes with a camel's hair brush, or the lightest continued pressure, produce inflection. A particle of the thin end of a woman's hair, weighing less than the seventy-ninth thousandth of a grain, is sufficient to produce decided inflection. On the other hand, the repeated strokes of a heavy shower of rain, or the continued pressure of drops of water, produce no inflection whatever.

Moderate heat increases the excitability of the plant. A temperature of 120° to 125° Fahrenheit excites the tentacles to quick movement; but a momentary immersion in water of 130° temporarily paralyzes them.

These remarkable external movements of Drosera are accompanied by remarkable molecular changes. No sooner is a gland brought into action, than the purple fluid which fills the cells of the gland and pedicel becomes aggregated into variously shaped masses of purple matter suspended in an almost colorless fluid. These little masses of protoplasm incessantly change their shape and position, being never at rest; and are now spherical, now oval, now quite irregular, with necklace-like or club-formed projections. After the purple fluid has become aggregated, the layer of white granular protoplasm which flows round the walls of the cells can be much more clearly seen, till the granules coalesce with the central masses. The current flows at an irregular rate up one wall and down the opposite, round and round. Sometimes it ceases, and the movement is in little waves, whose crests toss across the whole width of the cell, and then sink down again. As the tentacles re-expand, the aggregated masses dissolve again into the ordinary purple fluid.

That Drosera has not only the power of absorbing matter already in solution, but also of rendering it soluble, in other words of digestion, is another fact. Digestion of albuminous substances is effected by means of pepsin, together with a weak hydrochloric acid. The same holds good in all points of the digestive powers of the Sun-dew. Not only does the secretion of the glands become acid on mechanical irritation, but this acid alone is incapable of effecting digestion, the proper ferment being only found when nitrogenous matter is present, just as with animals, mechanical irritation excites the glands of the stomach to secrete an acid, but not pepsin. On the other hand, the neutralization of the acid by an alkali immediately arrests the digestive action of the plant.

The plants experimented upon were put on the most curiously varied diet—white of egg, raw and cooked meat, areolar tissue from the visceral cavity of a toad, fragments of a cat's ear, slices of a dog's tooth, boiled cabbage, cheese, pollen, bits of human nails, balls of hair, etc. Out of this bill of fare, the plant always selected the substances containing nitrogen. The most marked in the phenomena they presented were the minute cubes of white of egg and of raw meat. The former after two days were often completely dissolved, and most of the liquefied matter absorbed; the latter exhibited the same phenomena as when submitted to the action of gastric juice.

The substances rejected by the plant were all substances not attacked by the gastric juice of animals. As it digests seeds, and pollen, and boiled vegetables, it must be looked upon as is in some measure a vegetable feeder as well as carnivorous.

The extraordinary sensitiveness of its organization is shown by the fact that the absorption by a gland of less than the one-twenty-millionth of a grain of phosphate of ammonia is sufficient to cause the tentacle bearing this gland to bend to the centre of the leaf.

The moot point which some objectors have raised, whether after all the plant is benefited by the capture of flies—whether the process is not a purely pathological one, has been set at rest by a series of experiments recently conducted. A number of plants in soup-plates divided into two compartments, and carefully covered over with muslin so that no extraneous flies could get at them, were placed in a greenhouse. The plants in one compartment were left to gain their nourishment through their roots and leaves, in the way that other plants do; in the other compartment the plants were regularly fed at frequent intervals with roast meat of about one-fifteenth of a grain in weight.

The experiment was virtually begun on the 5th of July, and by the end of August the plants had flowered, and nearly all the seed capsules were ripe. They were then gathered, the plants from three of the plates dried, and the two sets compared in respect to their number, weight and size, the number of capsules produced, and the weight of the contained seeds. The results obtained are conclusive. The number of the fed plants, compared to the unfed, was in the proportion of 149 to 100, though at first the latter were slightly in excess. But it was in the structures relating to reproduction that the difference between the two sets was the most marked, the number of the seeds being as 100 to 241.5, and their weight as 100 to 379.7—in other words, the fed plants were able to produce nearly two and a half times as many seeds, and nearly four times as great a weight of seeds as the unfed. Similar researches have been recently carried out in Germany by MM. Reiss, Kellerman and Von Raumer.

To conclude, however anomalous the conception may seem, a plant of Drosera, with the edges of its leaves turned inward so as to form a temporary stomach, with the glands of the closely inflected tentacles pouring forth their acid secretion which dissolves animal matter afterward to be absorbed, may be said to feed like an animal. But, unlike an animal, it drinks by means of its roots; and it must drink largely so as to retain sometimes as many as 260 drops of viscid fluid on one leaf, exposed during the whole day to the heat of a glaring sun.

Let us pass on now to a yet more remarkable plant, the *Dionœa muscipula*, or Venus's Fly-trap, found only in the eastern part of North Carolina, growing like the sun-dew in marshy places. Linnæus denominated it *miraculum naturæ*. The leaves, springing direct from the root with their foliaceous pedicels, spread in a rosette on the ground, and are bilobed, the two lobes standing at an angle of rather less than a right angle, like a butterfly with its wings only partially expanded. Each leaf is bordered with a row of sharp spikes, which, when the leaf-lobes are closed, interlock like the teeth of a rat-trap. Three minute filaments placed triangularly, so as necessarily to intercept the path of any insect alighting on the leaf, project from the upper surface of each lobe. Let an insect's tender wing, or delicate feet, just brush one of these filaments, and instantly, as by some secret spring, the valves of the leaf approach one another and the spikes intercross. If it is too small a fly to afford nourishment to the plant, it can squeeze itself through the narrowing bars of its prison-house and escape, when the leaf expands again, after some eight-and-thirty hours, for a more desirable prey. But if the captive is fat and nourishing, the old haunting story of the prisoner who finds the walls of his cell gradually closing in upon him comes true, not in gloomy human dungeons, but down among the starry moss, and windy lights, and lovely glancing things, and all the wide peacefulness of upland nature. Slowly the walls of his leafy prison approach, the intercrossing spikes interlock like the teeth of two combs, the lobes themselves become slightly concave, and the prisoner is gradually but irresistibly crushed to death.

Occasionally an active beetle, with his wits about him, rapidly gnaws his way through the walls of his living grave and escapes, as other prisoners have done. But generally his lifeless corpse can be traced, bulging out between the two partitions, so closely pressed together that, if separated by force, they reclose with quite a loud snap.

The curious adaptation of the plant to its wants is shown in the specialized character of the sensitiveness of the filaments.

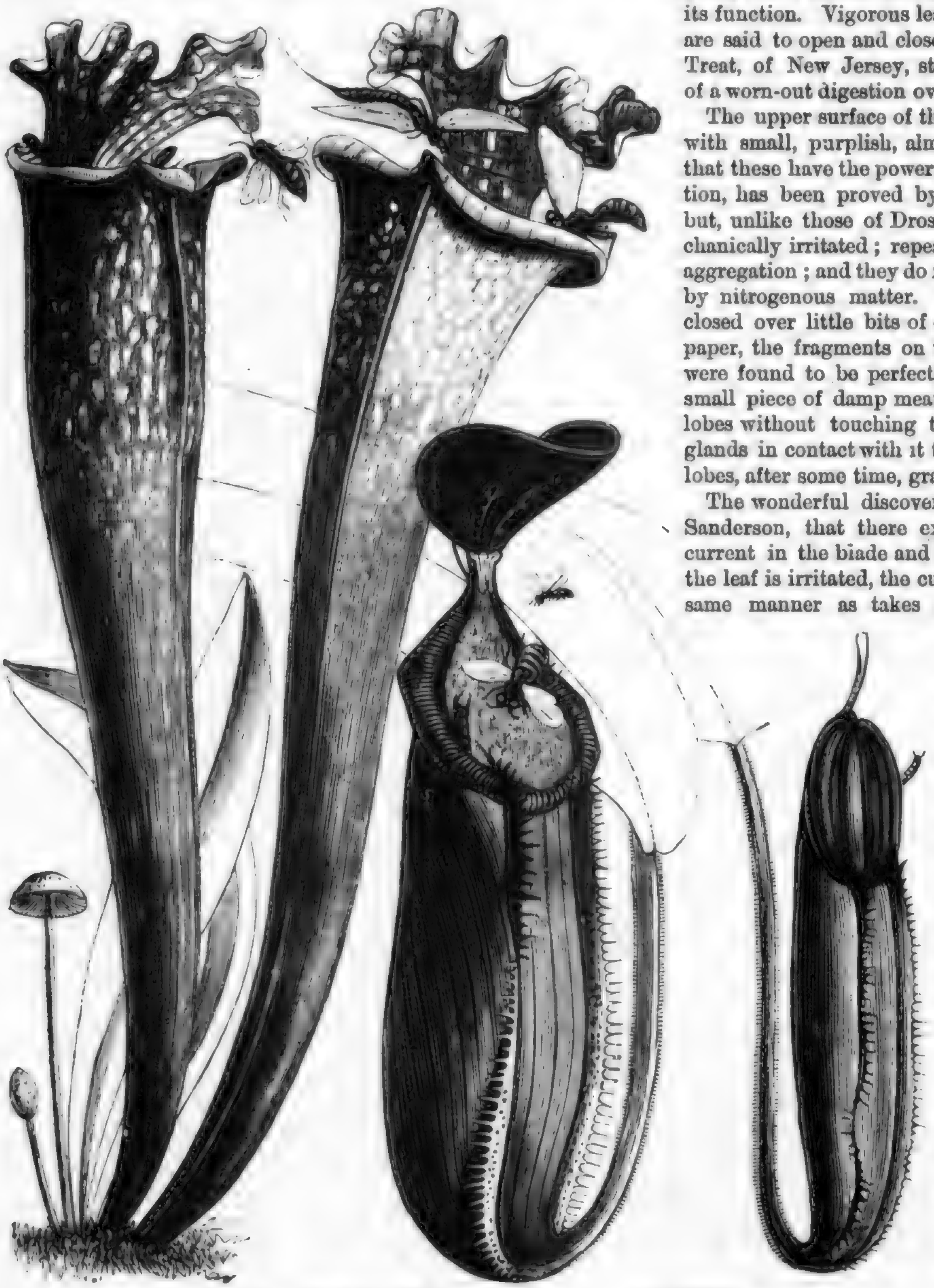
But, though quicker in its first movements than Drosera, it seems far more sluggish in its after operations. Thirty-eight hours elapse before the leaf completely opens again, even when it has caught nothing. But even over a small fly a leaf generally remains closed some ten days, so that the full use of the marginal spikes becomes at once apparent, securing the leaf only closing, as a rule, over prey sufficient for its purpose Often a leaf does not again expand, but withers, having apparently performed its function. Vigorous leaves, in their native soil, are said to open and close three times; but Mrs. Treat, of New Jersey, states that they often die of a worn-out digestion over their third fly.

The upper surface of the leaf is thickly studded with small, purplish, almost sessile glands; and that these have the power of digestion and absorption, has been proved by repeated experiments; but, unlike those of Drosera, they cannot be mechanically irritated; repeated touches produce no aggregation; and they do not secrete unless excited by nitrogenous matter. Even when the leaves closed over little bits of cork, wood, stone, moss, paper, the fragments on the expansion of the leaf were found to be perfectly dry. But a fly or a small piece of damp meat deposited on one of the lobes without touching the filaments, causes the glands in contact with it to secrete freely, and the lobes, after some time, gradually to close.

The wonderful discovery made by Dr. Burdon Sanderson, that there exists a normal electrical current in the blade and footstalk, and that when the leaf is irritated, the current is disturbed in the same manner as takes place during the contraction of the muscles of an animal, may ultimately lead to further light as to the leaf's mode of movement.

The curious little plant called *Aldrovanda vesiculosa* may be looked upon as a miniature aquatic Dionæa. Altogether destitute of roots, it floats about in stagnant water, with its little whorl of bilobed leaves, which, at a sufficiently high temperature, stand open about as much as the valves of a living mussel-shell, and when touched, suddenly close.

The geographical distribution of the plant is remarkable, both for its wide ex-

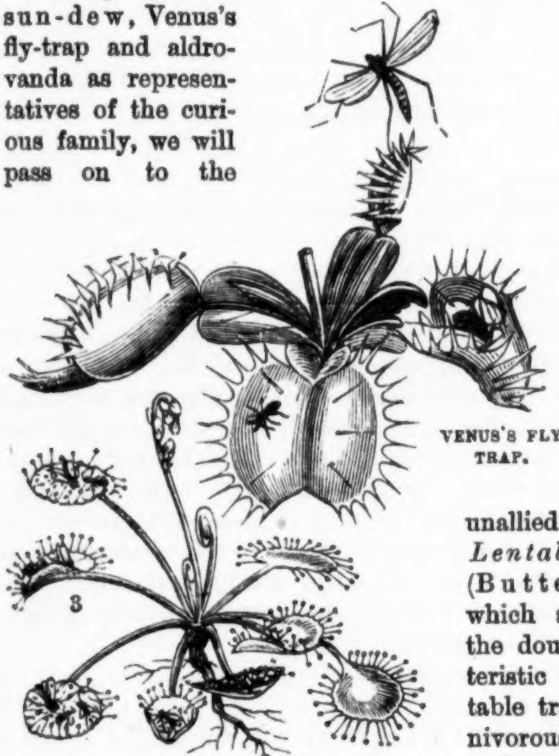


CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.—THE SARRACENIA.

NEPENTHES.

tension and narrow circumscription, the plant being found in India and Australia and Europe, but at the same time limited to a few spots. In France it is found only in two places, Raphèle, near Arles, and in a pond not far from Bordeaux. It is pre-eminently, therefore, a botanical rarity. As far as present observations go, it is probably related in its functions both to the Droseraceæ, that dissolve by an acid secretion a living prey, or any nitrogenous matter, and to plants like the Utriculariæ that simply absorb decaying and putrid matter.

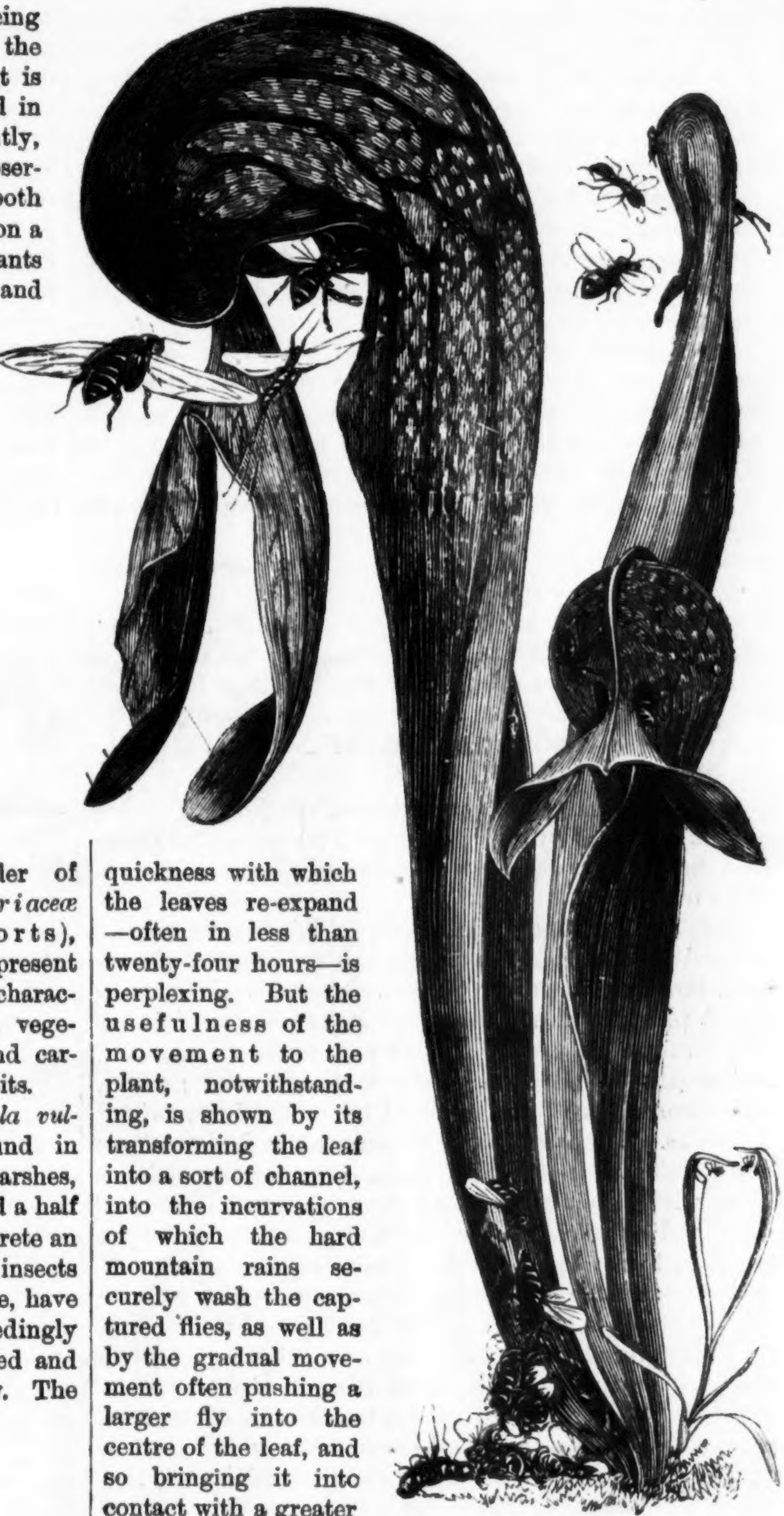
Having taken the sun-dew, Venus's fly-trap and aldrovanda as representatives of the curious family, we will pass on to the unallied order of *Lentabulariaceæ* (Butterworts), which also present the double characteristic of a vegetable trap and carnivorous habits.



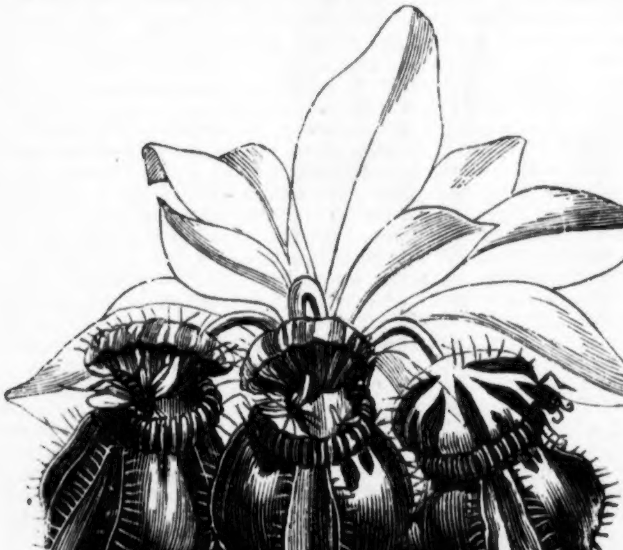
VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.

THE SUN-DEW.

Pinguicula vulgaris is found in mountain marshes, its rather thick, oblong, light-green leaves—one and a half inches long—being set with glandular hairs that secrete an extremely viscid fluid, to which a number of little insects adhere. The edges of the leaves, thick as they are, have the power of closing in on their prey with an exceedingly slow movement, the secretion being greatly increased and rendered acid by nitrogen matter, as in the sun-dew. The quickness with which the leaves re-expand —often in less than twenty-four hours—is perplexing. But the usefulness of the movement to the plant, notwithstanding, is shown by its transforming the leaf into a sort of channel, into the incurvations of which the hard mountain rains securely wash the captured flies, as well as by the gradual movement often pushing a larger fly into the centre of the leaf, and so bringing it into contact with a greater number of secreting glands.



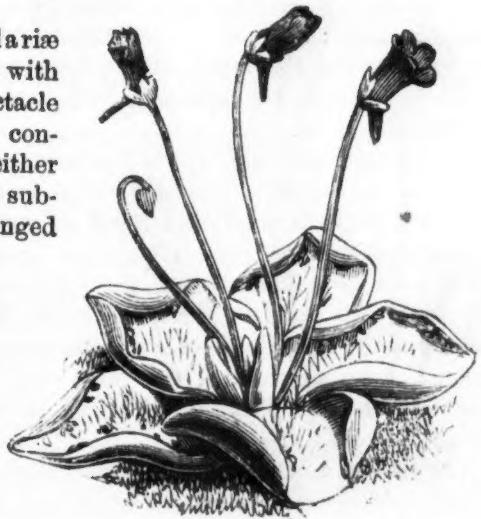
DARLINGTONIA.



CEPHALOTUS.

The Utriculariæ again present us with the curious spectacle of elaborately constructed traps, either above ground or subterranean, or plunged beneath the surface of stagnant ponds and peculiarly foul ditches.

The aquatic species, destitute of roots, with their fantastically



PINGUICULA.

shaped yellow flowers, are provided with minute translucent bladders attached to their pinnatified leaves, at first thought to be air-floats, till closer observation found they were full of water, and were, in fact, engines for capturing the entomonstracan crustaceous larvæ and other minute animals that swarm on stagnant water. Their delicate, transparent little trap-door, opening from without, is hermetically sealed from within; the approach to it protected by large bristles which ward off any creature of dangerous dimensions that might be tempted to force an entrance.

It seems that mischievous curiosity, an unreasoning propensity to poke one's nose into holes and corners where it has no business, is a passion that pervades the universe, and runs animalcules into mischief as well as men. To give the little trap-door a furtive poke, and see what is behind it, seems quite irresistible; and once touched, it springs open, and claps to again behind the unfortunate prisoner, who, after vainly swimming round and round the walls of his watery dungeon, at length dies.

In the South American *Utricularia montana*, the bladders form little subterranean cisterns for the capture of minute terrestrial creatures; in the Brazilian *Utricularia natumbifolia*, an aquatic plant, but only growing in the water which collects at the bottom of the leaves of a large Tillandsia.

The Nepenthes, and Sarraceniaceæ, like the Utriculariæ, are differentiated by the absorption of putrid matter rather than by the true digestive processes of Drosera, Dionæa, and Pinguicula.

The Nepenthes, or pitcher-plants, inhabitants of the tropical parts of India, Australia, and the Seychelles, partake, however, apparently of both characters. The leaves of this plant form themselves into the most graceful urns and Etruscan pitchers, which are at once traps, reservoirs, and organs of digestion. Some rest upon the ground, others are balanced in the air at the end of long, twisted footstalks. To complete the likeness this leafy pottery bears to the work of men's hands, they possess a delicate hinged lid, sometimes closing the orifice, sometimes half open, and sometimes thrown back as if merely to attract attention to the opening. In the latter case, not having to serve as a bait, the lid has no nectar-secreting glands; but in the other cases the interior surface of the lid and throat is covered with glands that secrete a sweet fluid to attract the prey to the mouth of the pit of destruction. Below are two distinct zones, the upper one smooth, slippery, and glandless, and the lower aqueous zone, where multitudes of minute glands exude a limpid liquid, into which the insect ultimately slips.

Inorganic matter produces no effect on the glands, but the presence of organic matter causes the glands to secrete more rapidly; and the action of the fluid on white of egg or meat being the same in character as the secretion of Drosera, though far feebler, would seem to indicate digestive functions.

This function disappears in the Sarraceniaceæ, which, it has been suggested, might be designated putrivorous plants in contradistinction to the strictly carnivorous plants with the digestive apparatus, since the former only absorb putrid matter. The representative type of this Order, the Sarracenia of Linnæus, is a marsh-plant like Dionæa, with no apparent stem, the leaves forming curious trumpet-like shapes, tapering toward the base, the posterior lip of the wide orifice running up into a tongue-like vertical process.

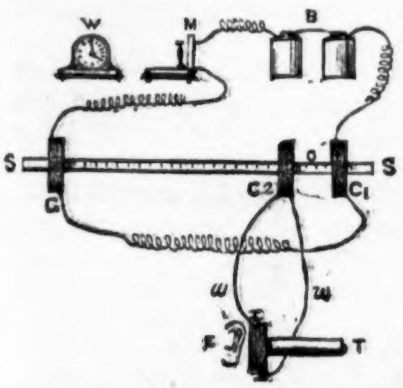
The careful researches of Dr. Mellichamp, an American botanist, conducted especially on the *Sarracenia variolaris*—in which the orifice of the trumpet is always closed by a lid-like process, and guided by the suspicious circumstance of the accumulation of putrid and decaying animal matter always found in their leafy formations—have proved not only that the liquid of the reservoir is not rain-water, but a vital secretion from the plant itself; but also that it acts as a strong anæsthetic on living flies, and after death produces rapid putrefaction. After half-a-minute's immersion in this terrible bath they appear to be dead, but if rescued recover in from half-an-hour's to an hour's time. From the rapid putrefaction of their remains, Dr. Mellichamp concludes that the fluid is not digestive, an opinion in which Sir Joseph Hooker coincides, while confessing the utter ignorance of science as to the way in which the plant absorbs the quantity of decaying nitrogenous matter with which it elaborately manures itself, and which must pass into its system through the tissues of the leaf instead of by its roots.

But whatever obscurity still rests on this point, one point is at least clear—that Linnæus's benevolent drinking fountains are in reality perfidious traps. Nectar-secreting glands stud not only the orifice of the trumpet, but both sides of a winged membrane which runs along the whole face of it, so that the unsuspecting insect is conducted by a double "primrose path of dalliance" to the mouth of the pit. Within, conical-shaped hairs pointing downward form a velvet carpet for the descending feet, but turn into a wall of bristling spears the moment the insect attempts to retrace his steps. Below this again the slippery surface forms a glissade, and lastly in the gulf itself, into which the victim is precipitated, long, stiff, downward-pointing hairs converge and intercross, like pitiless arms outstretched on all sides to sink the drowning creature deeper and deeper in the deathful waters.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Faber's Talking Machine.—Several years ago, Herr Faber exhibited in the United States a veritable talking machine. It was on an entirely different principle from the phonograph, as it actually talked by means of cords and strings, which imitated the complicated machinery of the larynx and mouth. It was a wonderful mechanical invention, but has been superseded by Edison's invention Faber's instrument has been purchased for the museum of the School of Medicine in Paris, and will be used in the lectures on the organs of speech in the courses of that institution. It was exhibited to the public for the last time February 24th, 1879, in the presence of a large number of scientific men.

A New Electric Marvel.—A new electrical apparatus, termed the Induction Balance, has just been invented by Prof Hughes, the well-known perfecter of the microphone, and it promises to be of great and far-reaching importance to science. Prof. Stokes, indeed, the distinguished Cambridge physicist, has characterized it as the most remarkable instrument of our time. Its value will lie not so much, perhaps, in its practical as in its scientific application; for it is likely to become, in the hands of the physicist, a means of throwing light on the molecular structure of bodies, and enabling him to probe the secrets of matter by help of the subtle electric current. There is no branch of science that may not profit by it, whether it be light, heat, magnetism, electricity, acoustics or chemistry; and it may be the mainspring of a series of new discoveries. The induction balance is another result of Prof. Hughes's microphonic and telephonic researches, and it involves the use of both the microphone and the telephone. It is based on the fact that whenever a current of electricity is started or stopped in a wire, there will be another current set up in any wire which should happen to be near; the latter current, which is called an *induced* or "secondary" current, flowing in the reverse direction to the motive or "primary" current in the first wire. In his induction balance, Prof. Hughes causes a current to pass along *two* wires, having a third wire placed between; and he so opposes the two wires in which the primary current is flowing, that they tend to *induce* opposite currents in the mid-wire or secondary circuit. Therefore, by shifting the position of the mid-wire with respect to the others, he can arrive at a point where the opposed induction currents in it exactly neutralize or "balance" each other, and the induction is zero. This will become clearer by a reference to the figure, which shows one form of the induction balance in its experimental state, a finished instrument not having yet been made. The two opposed wires are represented by two coils of fine, silk-covered copper wire, C and C_1, the mid-wire by the coil C_2. This being the secondary or induced circuit, a telephone, T, is connected into it, so that an ear, E, listening at the mouth of the telephone will hear the induced currents circulating in it. The current which is passed through the primary coils is obtained from a galvanic battery, B, and a carbon microphone, M, is inserted in circuit. The little watch, or "reveille" clock, W, ticks alongside, and acting on the telephone, transforms the current into a vibratory one corresponding to the ticking. This vibratory current traverses first one of the coils, c c_1, and then the other, inducing sympathetic currents in the independent circuit, c_2, so that the ticking of the clock can be heard in the telephone. It can be heard, however, only when the balance is disturbed. The extreme coils, c and c_1, are so wound that they oppose each other in their inductive action on the mid-coil, c_2, and there is a point between them at which there is absolutely no induction on c_2, so that when the mid-coil is placed there the telephone is silent. This point is the zero of the graduated scale, S S, on which the mid-coil slides, and it is marked o on the figure. In order to give a long range of observation, the zero is, for convenience, made near one end of the scale. When the mid-coil is slid to one or other side of this zero point, the ticking of the clock can be heard in the telephone with a degree of intensity which can be measured by the graduations of the scale, for the scale indicates the amount by which the balance is disturbed. An important application of the induction balance consists in the delicate, rapid and simple manner in which it tells a good coin from a base one, or the proportion of alloy in similar coins. For this purpose, the balance as represented above is somewhat modified. Another secondary coil is added, so that there are four coils in all. These are arranged in two pairs, one pair consisting of a primary, c_1, with its secondary, c_2, and the other pair of the primary, c, with its secondary, c_3 (not shown in the figure). The microphone current, as before, flows through both primaries, and in this case both secondaries are connected together and to the telephone. Now these secondaries are so adjusted with respect to each other, that the induced currents in them balance each other as they before did in the single secondary coil, so that no ticking is heard in the telephone. When silence is thus obtained the balance is perfect, and the coils do not require to be moved with respect to each other. The two pairs of coils, or two separate induction "pans" of the balance, as we may call them, should be kept about a yard apart, so as not to influence each other by induction. If now even a grain of metal be interposed between the primary and secondary coil (say) c c_3, on one side of this electric balance, the induction equilibrium will be upset, and ticking will be heard in the telephone; and to restore the balance a similar grain of the same metal will require to be interposed between the other pair of coils, c c_3. If a coin be thus interposed, the balance will only be made perfect again by means of a similar coin; and so sensitive is the instrument, that if the compensating coin be worn, or of a different alloy or temperature to the disturbing one, the balance will not quite recover itself. Tables of the proportion of alloy in gold and silver coins can by this means be made far more correctly than by any known chemical method; and a considerable saving to the mint will very likely attend the introduction of the balance. Electric clairvoyance, or second-sight, can also be performed to a certain extent by the balance. For example, let us suppose that the "pan" of the balance, c_1 c_2, is in a distant place—say Edinburgh—and the other pan, c c_3 (c^3 being the extra secondary coil not shown) in London; the scale being dispensed with altogether in this case. Let the telephone-wires, W W, be long enough to reach from Edinburgh to London, so that a person listening in the telephone at London can hear the state of the Edinburgh balance; and let the battery-wires be so long as to convey the same microphonic current through both primary coils, c_1 and c, at Edinburgh and London. Now, it is clear that if the observer at London listens in the telephone, he will hear the disturbance caused by inserting something in the pan of the balance at Edinburgh, and will be able to allay it by operating on the pan beside him. Indeed, the apparatus can be so adjusted that if a sovereign, or a shilling, or a threepenny piece, or a farthing, etc., be made to disturb the balance at Edinburgh, the observer at London will be able to tell what it is, since only a like coin interposed in his balance in London will produce the same disturbance on the latter.



A War Stratagem of Claude Bernard.—In order to introduce cattle into Paris during the siege, it was necessary to silence their cries to prevent detection. Claude Bernard proposed to cut the nerve which enables the animal to emit the usual cry. The operation is so easy that it could be executed in a few seconds by an ordinary butcher, and the animal does not appear to suffer in any way by the mutilation which has made it mute. But the Germans were too vigilant, and the stratagem failed.

The little town of Hohenstein, in the Erzgebirge, will celebrate the centenary of one of its most celebrated sons on April 25th, 1880. The eminent naturalist and philosopher, Gotthilf Heinrich von Schubert was born at Hohenstein, in 1780, and died at Munich on July 1st, 1860. It is intended to erect a monument to his memory, and to establish a school under the name of Schubert Institution.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

There isn't a light-house on the coast that weighs less than a ton.

When your wife falls asleep by the fire, take the tongs and poker.

When did measles first break out, and what was the cause of the riot?

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

Is it certain that dogs delight to bark and bite, and is it their nature to?

Archie: "See how I am hunted after; all these are invitations." *Friend*: "Good gracious!—all invitations! Invitations to what?" *Archie*: "To call and settle their accounts!"

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he will manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

A priest said to a peasant, whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Should think I was," replied the clodhopper; "as I feeds myself, and you teaches me!"

"**Your** judges have sentenced you to death," said a friend to Socrates. "And has not nature passed the same sentence on them?" quietly responded the sage old philosopher.

"**Mary**," said a mother to a little girl, "if I were a little girl like you, I should pick up all these chips." "Well, mamma," answered Mary, "ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

A man being taken before a justice of the peace, on a charge of stealing eggs, the magistrate asked where the eggs were. "They're in custody, if your honor please," answered the constable.

Sixty-seven thousand acres were devoted to the cultivation of castor oil in Madras last year. Those who have had any fear of a scarcity of this exhilarating beverage may now take comfort.

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said an old bachelor; "it is more like climbing up to it!"

"**My** dear," said Mrs. Lilton to her husband, "why do they so often put 'Appraiser' after an auctioneer's name?" "Because, madame, an auctioneer is always a praiser of the goods he sells."

Crusty says that falling in the street is bad enough, without having the first idiot that passes try to thrust the additional misfortune of his acquaintance upon you by asking, "Did you hurt yourself?"

"**What**," asked a ladies' paper—"what won't a young man do for the woman he devoutly loves?" Well, he won't go out to the corner shop for a pint of milk in daylight, if there are people sitting on the next doorstep.

Pedestrian (who has dropped half a crown in front of "the blind"): "Why, you wretched humbug, you're not blind!" *Beggar*: "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me a wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb!"

Sworn Off.—A contemporary tells of a young man who swore off smoking, and was worth ten thousand pounds in five years. That's a mistake. We know a young man who has sworn off fifteen times in five years, and isn't worth a farthing.

At a wedding breakfast, a clumsy waiter contrived to upset a tureen full of rich soup over the satin dress of a lady, who took it to heart terribly, and threatened hysterics. "Don't worry, ma'am," said the waiter, kindly; "there's lots more soup in the kitchen!"

"**I say**, Sambo, were you ever intoxicated?" "No, Julius, neber; was you?" "Well, I was, Sambo" "Didn't it make you feel good, Julius?" "Yah. But, golly, next morning I thought my head wasa woodshed, and all de niggers in Christendom was splitting wood in it!"

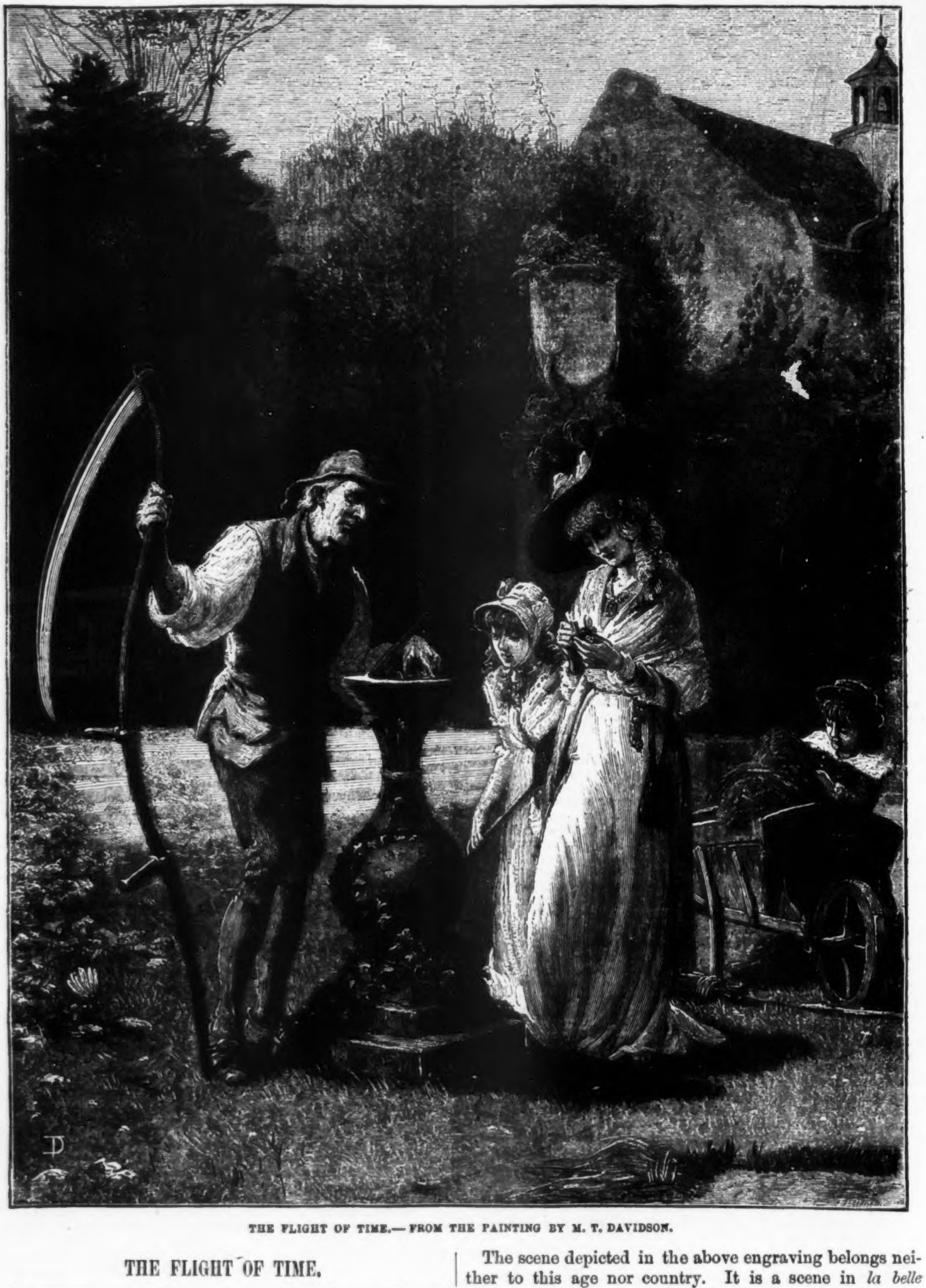
An attorney, not celebrated for his probity, was robbed one night on his way from Wicklow to Dublin. His father, meeting Baron O'Grady the next day, said, "My lord, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No, indeed," replied the baron, with a good deal of surprise. "Pray, whom did he rob?"

M. Delaunay one night left the theatre in the Rue Richelieu, Paris, with the manuscript of a play called *Vercingetorix* under his arm. At the corner of the street he was attacked by a footpad. "Rascal!" exclaimed the actor, "if you are not off, I will break my *Vercingetorix* over your head!" The thief incontinently fled.

Before and After.—"Women, before marriage, want nothing but husbands, and when they get them they want everything else," said an old bachelor. "How different it is with men," said his laughing niece. "When a man gets a wife, he just settles right down contented, feeling that he has secured the best blessing that Heaven could bestow!"

While one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State of California was recently staying in Paris, he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked him a number of questions, and, among the rest, "Where do you live?" "In California." "Well," asked the rude Gaul, "what is your occupation?" "I am a Judge of the Supreme Court." "Oh, ah," returned the Frenchman—"then I need not ask your name—it is Lynch, eh?"

XUM



THE FLIGHT OF TIME.—FROM THE PAINTING BY M. T. DAVIDSON.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

SOMETIMES, on the lawn of a gentleman's country-seat there may still be found one of the old-fashioned sundials; but for the ordinary purposes of indicating the hour, the flight of time has indeed banished the sundial to the antiquarian's cabinet.

The scene depicted in the above engraving belongs neither to this age nor country. It is a scene in *la belle France,* and the old gardener is pointing out to his mistress just what the hour is, in order that she may set her watch, which, like so many other ladies' watches, is certain to be wrong. Alas! it will not be right after it is set, for the sun himself is not a reliable guide.